

THE MUNSEY



*The October Munsey
made a big hit. This
is a better number than
October—stronger, cleverer.*

Frank A. Munsey

NOVEMBER

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Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

The Greatest of World's Fairs.

BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

DESPITE THE WIDE SPREAD REPORT OF ITS FAILURE, AND WHATEVER ITS FINANCIAL RESULTS, THE EXPOSITION OF 1900 HAS UNQUESTIONABLY PROVED TO BE THE GREATEST, THE MOST COMPLETE, AND THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

MANY a visitor, standing on the steps of the Trocadero, and viewing below and around him the throngs of light hearted people and the crowded and wonderful epitome of the world's work, must have pondered with some amazement the origin of a wide spread belief

that the Paris Exposition of 1900 has proved a failure. The term, to be sure, is relative; we cannot know what has failed until we know what has been aimed at. But surely, if the object of the exposition was to show typically and compendiously the present utmost prog-



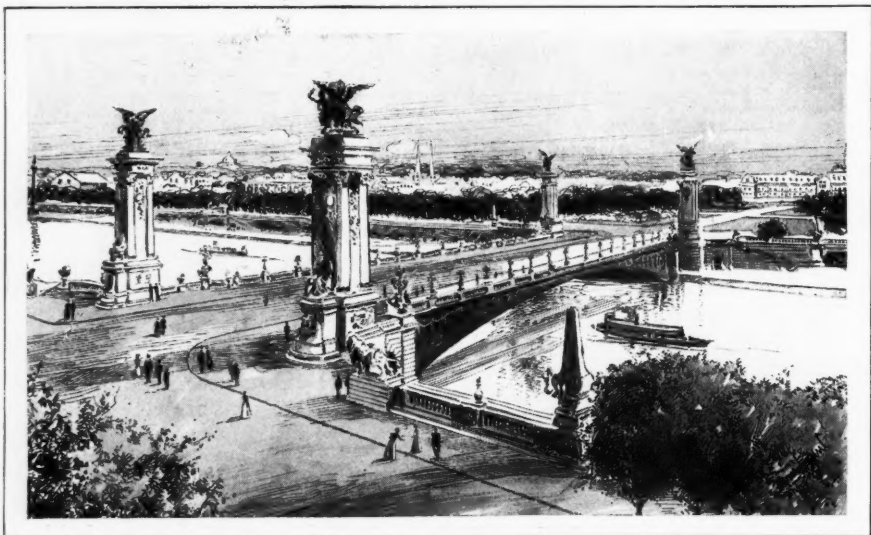
FROM THE BACK OF THE STREET OF NATIONS—THE TURKISH PAVILION, WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE BACKGROUND. THE ARCHITECTURAL EFFECT OF THE AMERICAN BUILDING IS SPOILED BY ITS CRAMPED POSITION.



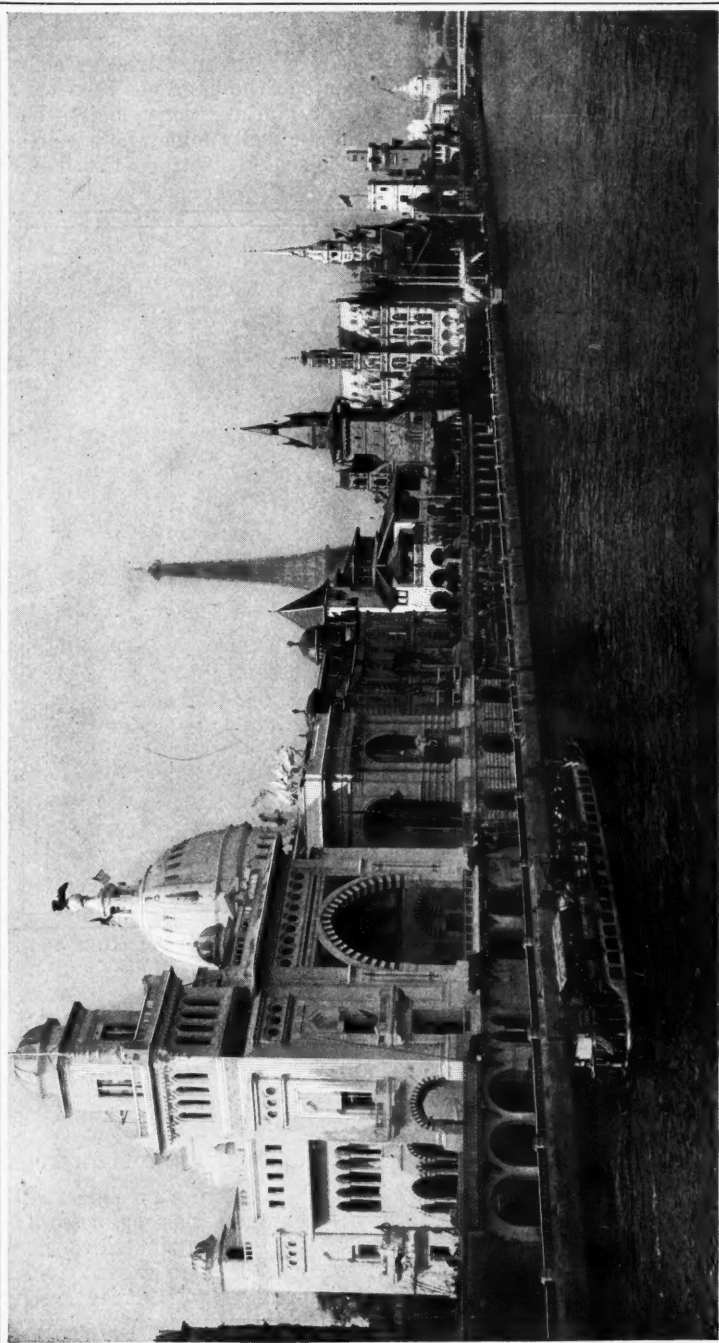
BUILDINGS ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, NEAR THE PONT D'ÉNA—THE WHITE BUILDING IN THE CENTER IS THAT OF THE PARIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE; TO THE RIGHT, AMONG THE TREES, IS THE KIOSK OF THE CRÉDIT LYONNAIS, AND BEHIND THIS RISE THE PANORAMA DU TOUR DU MONDE AND THE TALL SIAMESE PAGODA.

ress of the race, the exact state of human civilization at the close of the wonderful century, the best that man has done in all the reasonable activities that engross his attention, here is not failure, but a memorable success.

A great part of the contrary notion, especially among Americans, springs, no doubt, from the first visual impressions. Architecturally, the exposition of 1900 is not remarkable; with the exception of the two permanent art buildings, the



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE, NAMED IN HONOR OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA, AND BUILT TO CONNECT THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES WITH THE AVENUE NICOLAS II AND THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

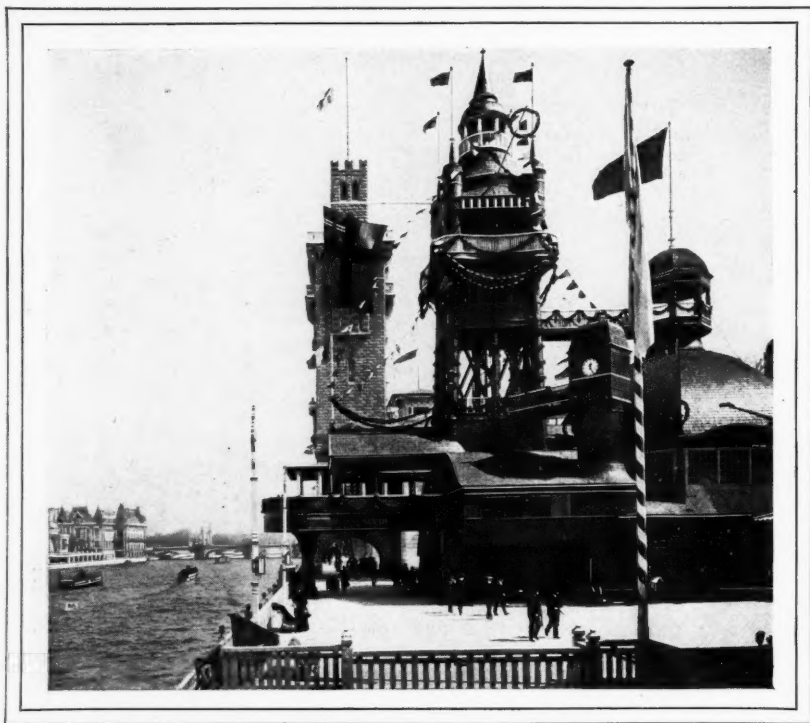


Turkey United States Austria Bosnia Hungary England Germany Spain Monaco
 Norway

THE STREET OF NATIONS (PAVILIONS OF FOREIGN POWERS), ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE BETWEEN THE PONT DES INVALIDES AND THE PONT DE L'ALMA (THE QUAI D'ORSAY). THIS VIEW IS FROM THE PONT DES INVALIDES.

Alexander Bridge, the Street of Nations, and the Chateau d'Eau, it has no structure one would care to remember for its beauty. It is the great difference in this respect from the resplendent white city of the Chicago World's Fair that has struck almost every American with disappointment. But the architec-

model of designed and sensuous beauty that made all expositions before, and many that shall come after, seem poor indeed. Yet if one cares more for the contents of the buildings than for their exterior, and questions chiefly what the world is actually doing, there is no doubt that he could be better satisfied at Paris



IN THE STREET OF NATIONS—THE SWEDISH PAVILION, WITH THE PAVILION OF MONACO IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE DISTANCE, DOWN THE RIVER, IS THE PONT DES INVALIDES.

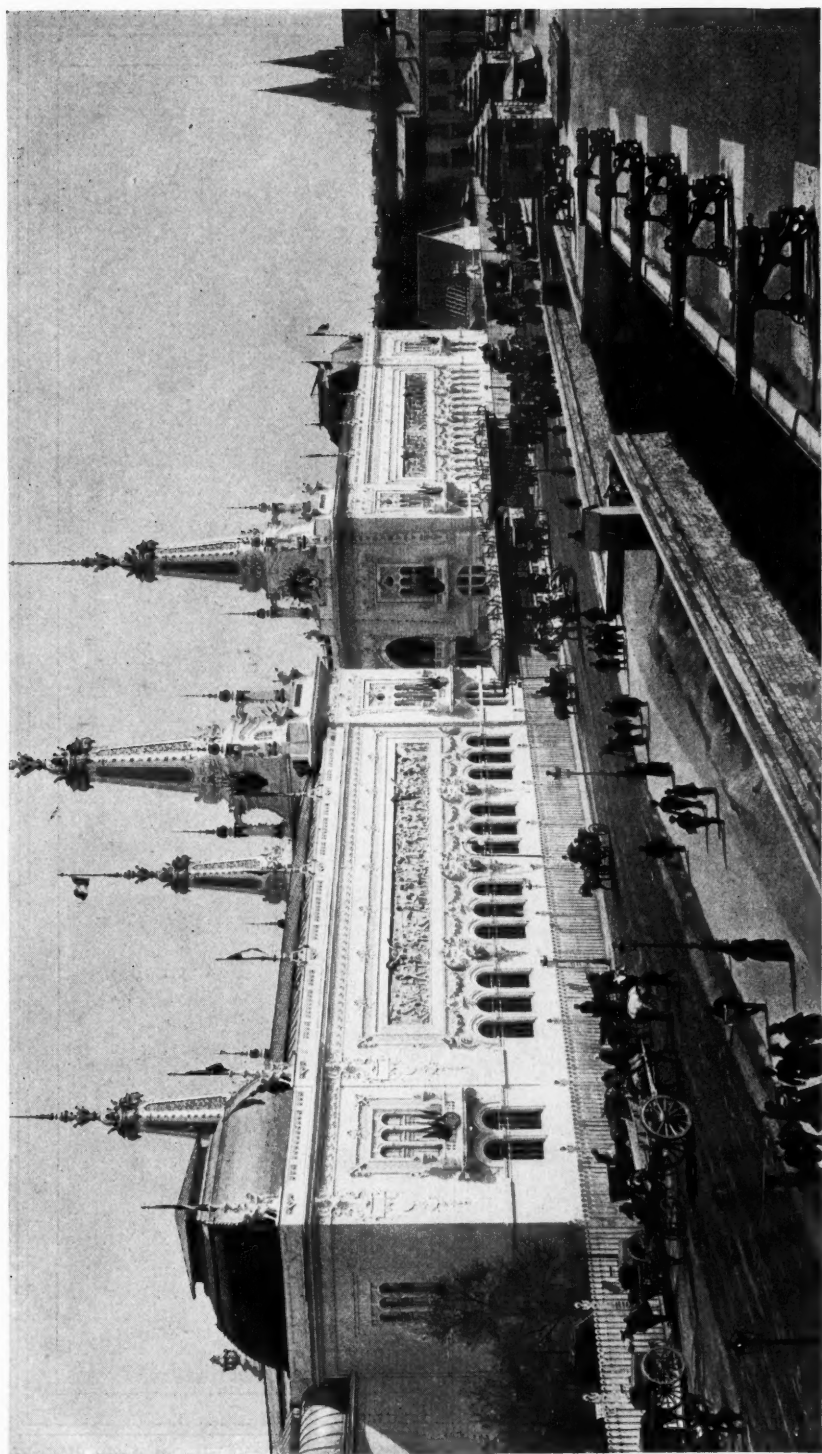
tural glories of the Chicago display reached a limit not likely soon to be equaled in any other exposition, and certainly impossible of imitation in the French capital. Fairness in the comparison requires that the enormous difficulties of the Paris location should be borne in mind; for here the advantages of a site so close to the heart of the city are counterbalanced by narrow, irregular, and scattered grounds that make impracticable the effective grouping of buildings and the spacious and lordly expanses of the American fair.

So much depends upon the point of view. The American architects set a

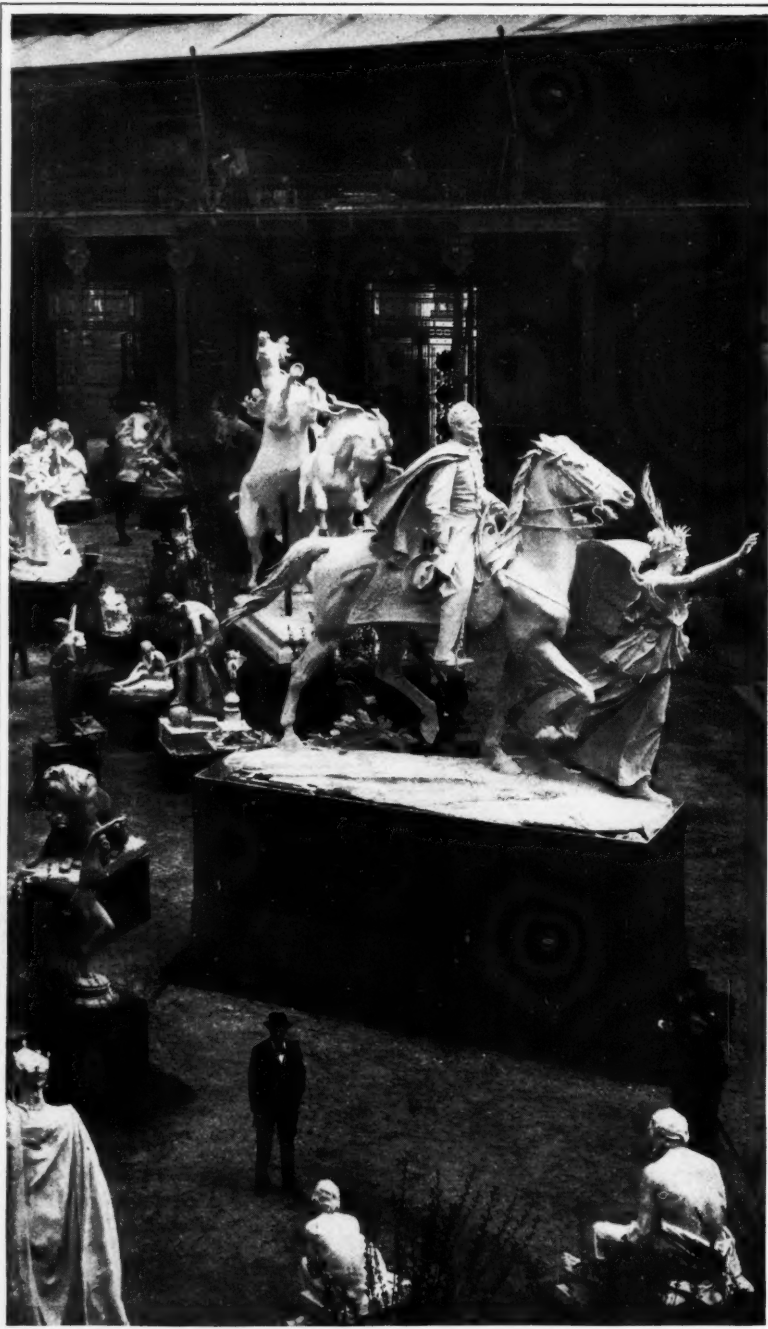
in 1900 than at Chicago in 1893. Never before has been gathered to an accessible place a representation of the world's industries so complete, so intelligently arranged, and so instructive.

AN ARRAY OF THE WORLD'S WORK.

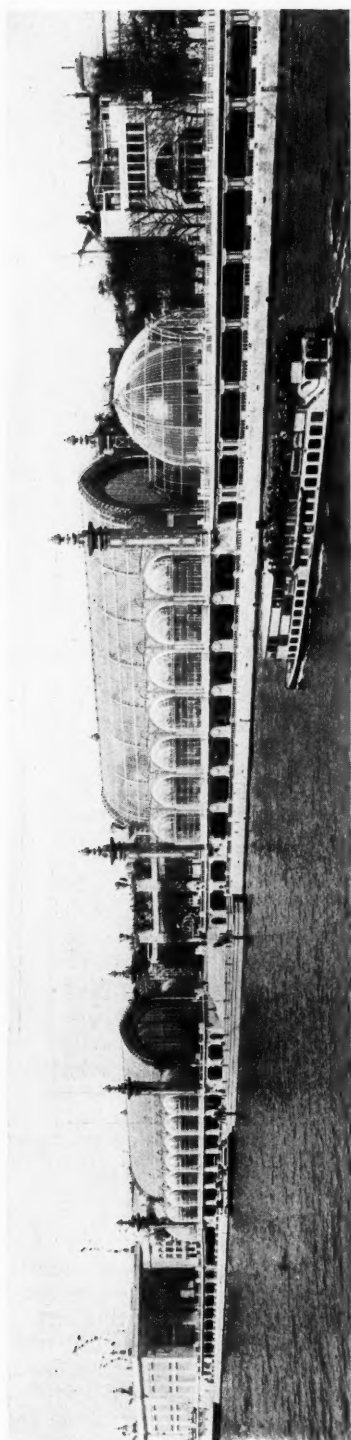
Indeed, it is quite possible that the very extent and thoroughness of the Parisian display contributed to the idea of its failure. It is too large to yield adequate impressions without far more time and study than the average visitor can give. And although the plan and arrangement are most simply and lucidly ordered, the inevitable effect of a casual



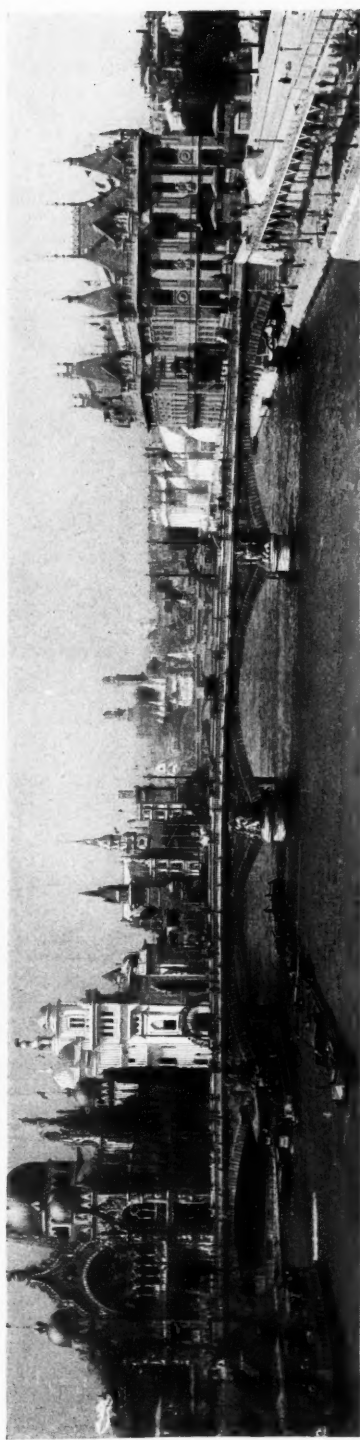
THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE PALAIS DE L'ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES, THE GREAT BUILDING DEVOTED TO THE DECORATIVE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES, IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE RUE DE GRENELLE AND THE OLD CANNON IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES, TROPHIES OF FRANCE'S WARS.



THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS—THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, BY
FREDERICK MACMONNIES, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



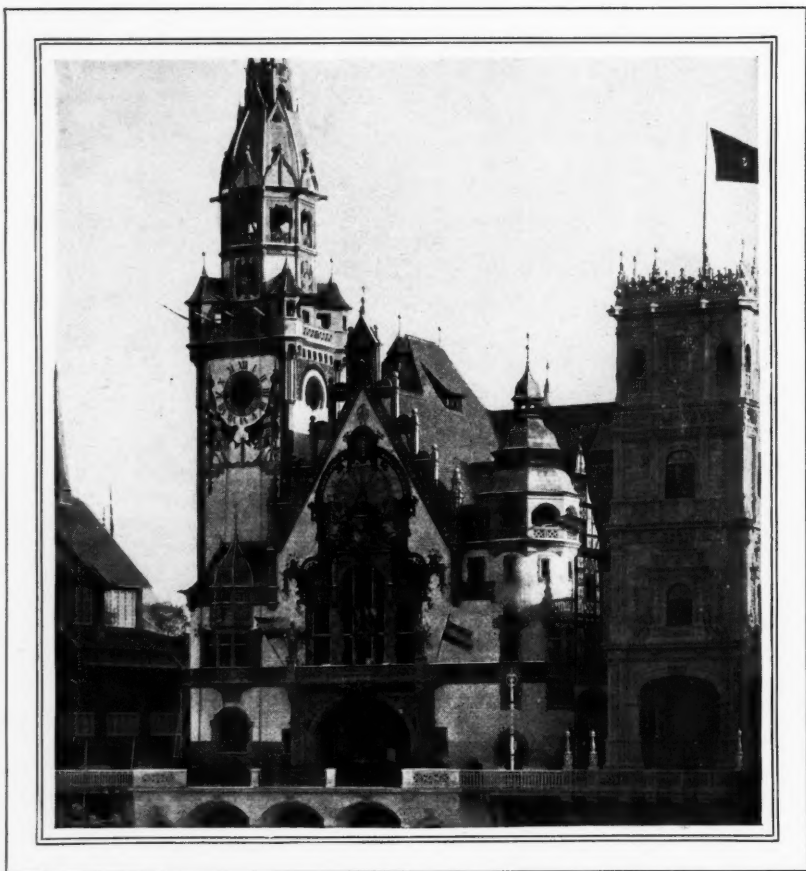
THE HORTICULTURE AND ARBORICULTURE BUILDINGS, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SEINE, OPPOSITE THE STREET OF NATIONS. ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THE PALAIS DES CONGRÈS, THE BUILDING IN WHICH MEETINGS AND CONFERENCES WERE HELD.



THE FONT DES INVALIDES—ON THE LEFT IS THE STREET OF NATIONS, WITH THE ITALIAN BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND; ON THE RIGHT THE PARIS MUNICIPAL BUILDING, AND BEHIND IT THE HORTICULTURE AND ARBORICULTURE BUILDINGS.

or hurried inspection is somewhat chaotic, from the vastness of everything. It is not possible to get the right perspective quickly. Thus, for instance, to absorb a fairly adequate notion of the contents of the building devoted to engineering and mechanics, I surmise to require four or five days of uninter-

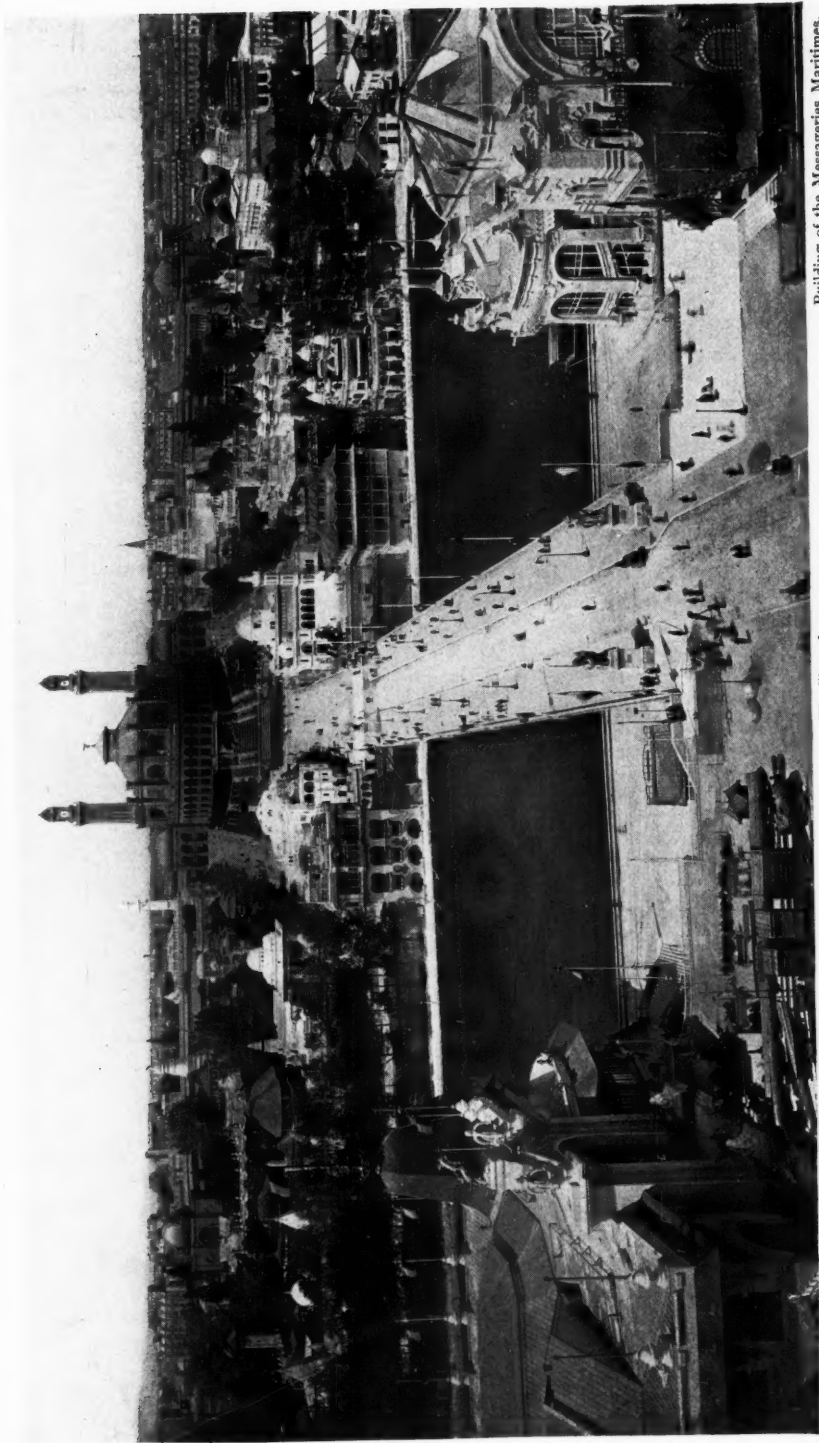
It is so with all the exhibits. The miles of fabrics and the vast array of cabinets in the buildings devoted to domestic arts present a positively appalling problem to one who would in a short time inform himself of the true scope of this tremendous exposition. What must strike all observers is the amazing va-



IN THE STREET OF NATIONS—THE GERMAN BUILDING, AN IMITATION OF MEDIEVAL GERMAN ARCHITECTURE. ON THE LEFT IS THE NORWEGIAN PAVILION, ON THE RIGHT THAT OF SPAIN.

rupted attention. Yet observe the significance of such study; for one passing through the building on a trip of hasty observation gathers an impression of a huge jumble of unassorted things; one sifting the matter with diligence finds before him the foremost strides of all the world towards mechanical excellence, the highest product of man's ingenuity, skill, invention, labor.

riety of the products shown, the great number of nations and peoples whose toil and skill are here represented; for the circuit of the globe in every industry is made before us. It is this fact that, to my notion, preëminently distinguishes this exposition. It has brought together the sample and significant products of the world; it is truly representative of the race. To consider these



Forests and Fisheries Building. The Trocadero. Building of the Messageries Maritimes. VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER, LOOKING ACROSS THE PONT D'ÎÉNA TO THE TROCADERO. IN FRONT OF THE TROCADERO ARE GROUPED, ON THE LEFT, THE PAVILIONS OF THE DIFFERENT FRENCH COLONIES; ON THE RIGHT, THOSE OF THE BRITISH AND OTHER COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES, INCLUDING THE TRANSVAAL.

exhibits in their true and relative values, as symbolic of the world's mental condition at the century's end, can hardly be the work of the few hours

the display. Evidently the managers and designers were impressed with the dignity and worth of their first purpose—to show to the world the world's work.



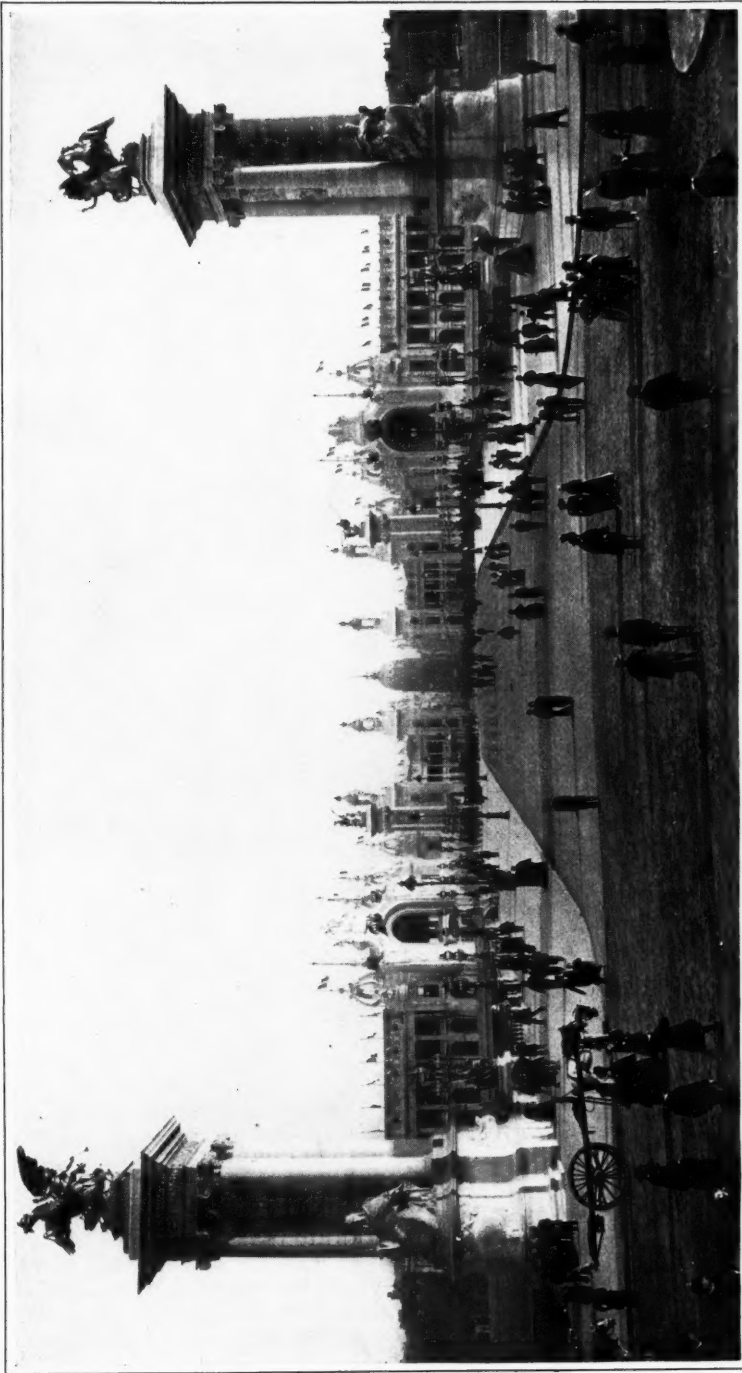
"ANCIENT PARIS," ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SEINE, BELOW THE PONT DE L'ALMA—THE BUILDINGS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE TAVERNE DU PRÉ AUX CLERCS AND THE CHURCH OF ST. JULIEN DES MÉNÉTRIERS.

most visitors devote to the exposition, and I may be pardoned for pointing out that matters are involved of much greater moment than the architecture of the buildings.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Some part of a sense of disappointment may also have been contributed by the intense seriousness that pervades

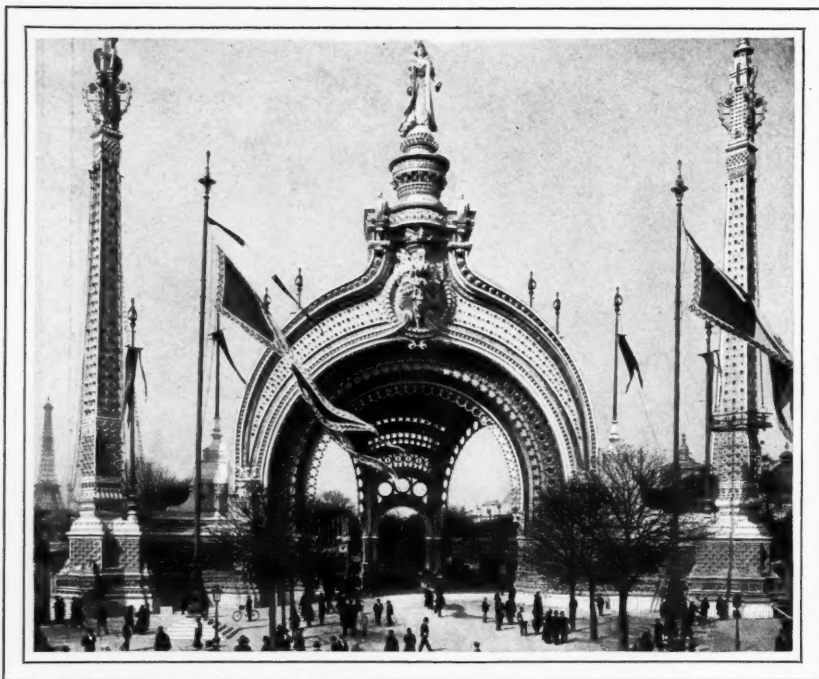
There is very little here simply to amuse or entertain—one little street, in fact, of vaudeville and theater—but much to instruct and inform. Those that know the French people only through legend and their enemies were doubtless surprised at the total lack of the traditional levity. Few features of the exposition are more interesting than this manifestation of the underlying gravity and



VIEW FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SEINE, AT THE FOOT OF THE AVENUE NICOLAS II, LOOKING SOUTHWARD OVER THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, AND ALONG THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES TO THE GILT DOME OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES. BEYOND THE BRIDGE, TO LEFT AND RIGHT, ARE THE BUILDINGS DEVOTED TO THE DECORATIVE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

good sense of the national character. Indeed, it is as much a symbol of France as of the world's work, the good taste of everything, the care of the arrangements, and the bold yet excellent designs of the adornments, being typical in ways worth more attention than I think they may have received.

hibit alone would be sufficient to save this exposition from any just charge of failure. Nothing, we may think, since the race began, has afforded a lesson so impressive of the real progress of mankind. To know that in the eleven years since the last exposition on this spot men have learned to construct greater and

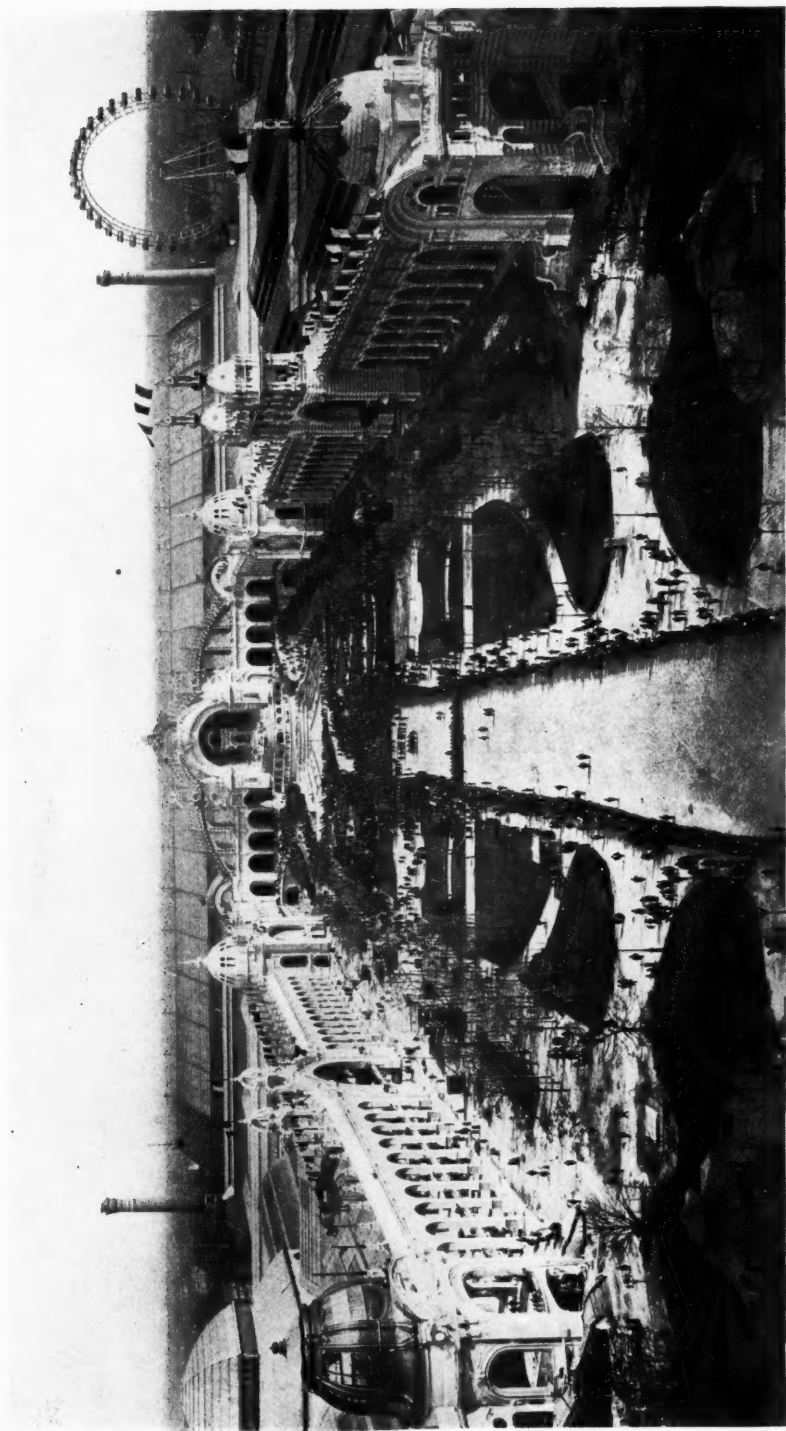


THE PORTE MONUMENTALE, OR MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE EXPOSITION, FRONTING UPON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. THIS PECULIAR STRUCTURE, DESIGNED BY M. BINET, WAS NOT ONE OF THE ARTISTIC SUCCESSES OF THE FAIR.

The one exception to this prevailing good taste is the entrance gate that looks towards the Place de la Concorde. The colored arch, surmounted by that strange and bizarre tinted statue of a Parisienne, is hard to reconcile with the chaste and beautiful design of the art palaces or the view up the esplanade of the Invalides. It is no wonder that the people of Paris objected to the statue on sentimental considerations, for it is not in any way typical of the real woman of the French city; and on artistic grounds one would expect them to rise and cast it into the Seine.

It may well be believed that even if all the rest of the show were mediocre and of inferior significance, the art ex-

surer weapons to kill one another, or even that they have better machines to make buttons or weave cloth, may be interesting, or even instructive, if you choose, but can hardly be said to be inspiring. You are very likely to ask yourself whether, after all, the thirteen inch shell is the perfect symbol of a better civilization. But to observe in the Art Palace this stupendous representation of the world's progress in painting, these endless corridors and chambers filled with the greatest collection of pictures ever gathered, to see how fresh, strong, vital, and beautiful the work is—from this one gets a very different impression. If there were here only the nearly two thousand paintings of French



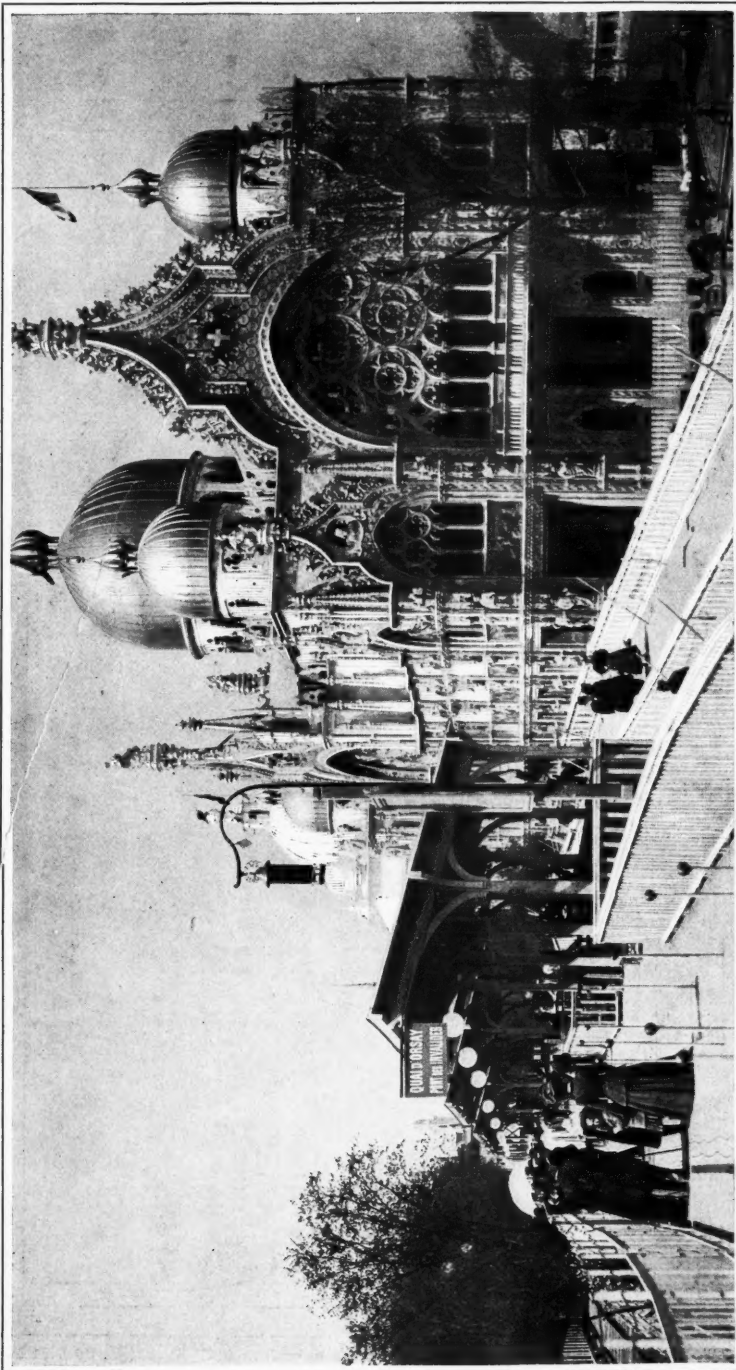
THE MAIN COURT OF THE CHAMP DE MARS, WITH THE CHATEAU D'EAU IN THE CENTER, AND THE TWO PALACES OF MANUFACTURES ON EACH SIDE. THIS VIEW WAS TAKEN ON THE INAUGURATION DAY, WHEN THE OFFICIAL PROCESSION WAS PASSING DOWN THE CENTRAL AVENUE.



THE TROCADERO, WITH THE TWO ALGERIAN PAVILIONS ON LEFT AND RIGHT. THE TROCADERO WAS BUILT FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1878.

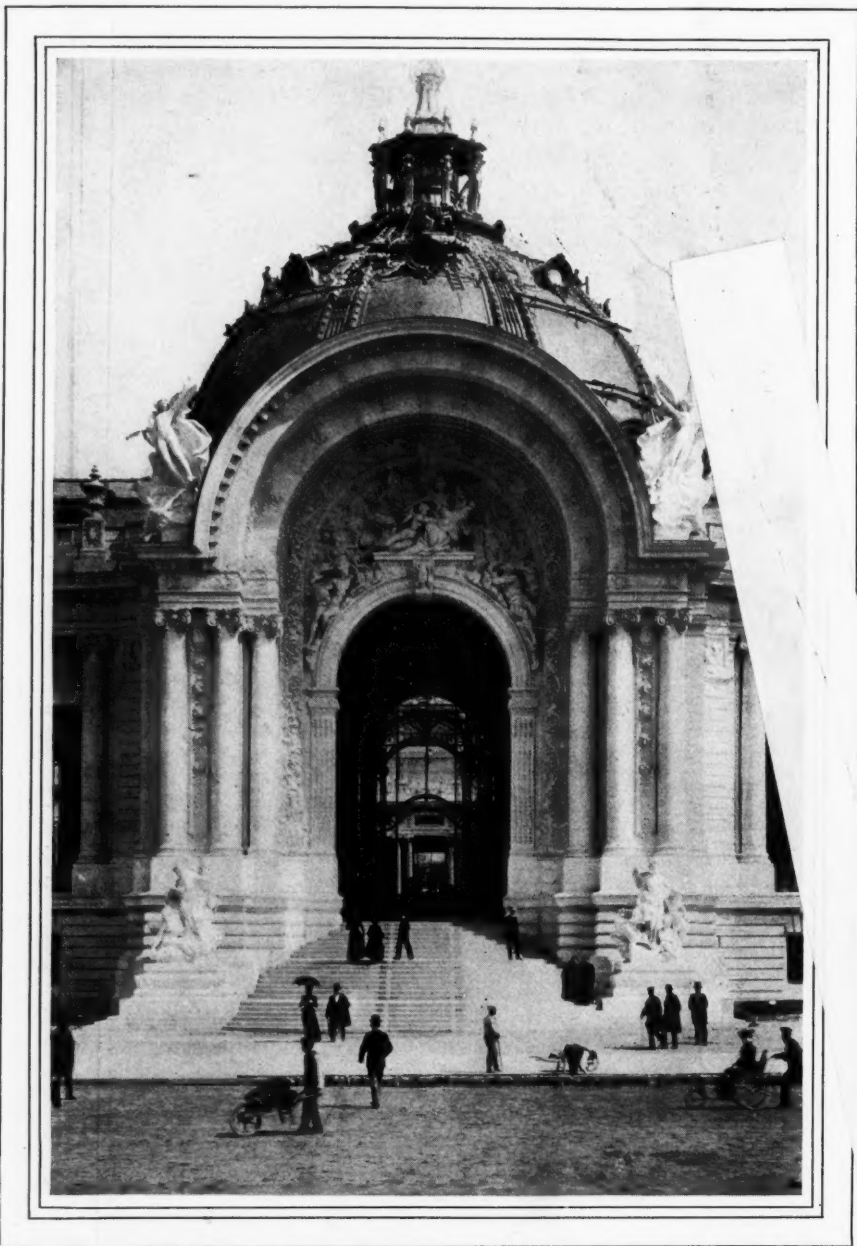


ON THE STREET OF NATIONS—THE AUSTRIAN PAVILION IN THE FOREGROUND, BEHIND IT THAT OF BOSNIA, AND THE PECULIAR TOWER OF THE HUNGARIAN BUILDING.



THE ITALIAN PAVILION, THE LARGEST AND SHOWIEST OF THE FOREIGN BUILDINGS, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE DOME OF THE UNITED STATES PAVILION IN THE BACKGROUND.
IN THE FOREGROUND IS A STATION OF THE TROTTOIR ROULANT (MOVING SIDEWALK) WHICH RUNS ALONG THE REAR OF THE STREET OF NATIONS.

artists, one might reasonably hold it extraordinary merit, and scarcely six worth while to journey from a far corner that are unprofitable.



ONE OF THE FINEST BITS OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE EXPOSITION—THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PETIT PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE AVENUE NICOLAS II.

of the world to see, for this division contains literally hundreds of canvases of But observe that this is only the beginning of the tale. From all the coun-



THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS—VIEW OF ONE OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES. ON THE RIGHT IS A NEW FRENCH MONUMENT TO VICTOR HUGO ; BESIDE IT IS AN EQUESTRIAN GROUP MODELED BY MACHONNIES FOR PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

tries of civilization, from the remotest ends of the earth, have come the works of artists, virile and distinctive, already striking out in new ways, beautiful, keen, thoughtful, or spiritual. Often the breadth and daring of design and treatment in these works from remote regions, the total lack of conventionality, and yet the great beauty and worth, strike the sudden beholder with a kind of physical shock of surprise. Surely art is, after all, the true tie of brotherhood. Perhaps it is only on such an occasion as this, when one passes from nation to nation, and sees how in all climates and among all races the inspiration of art is the same, and the sense of beauty is the same—though so exquisitely varied in its minute expressions—that one feels exactly how artificial are the distinctions of race.

Perhaps the general excellence of the statuary is less observable than that of



"MEDIEVAL FRANCE," ONE OF THE DECORATIVE FIGURES ON THE MONUMENTAL COLUMNS OF THE PONT ALEXANDRE III.

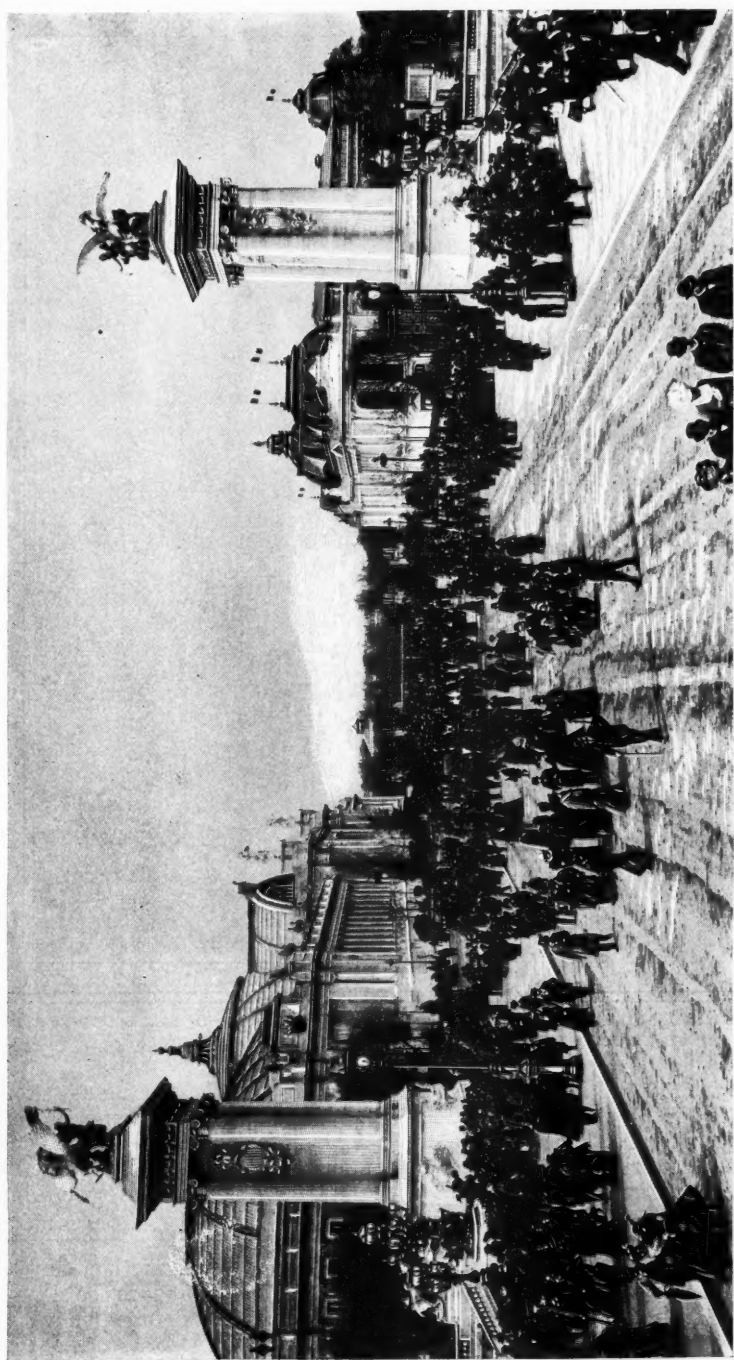
the paintings. Yet to stand in the gallery of the Art Palace and look down into the vast and noble court filled with that prodigious array of sculptures, the best thought of the world's best artists, is to receive a memorable impression of the extent and variety of man's highest activity. In size, in beauty, and in real significance—that is, in its requirement that the objects shown shall be typical and representative—one may conceive that there has been no other collection to compare with this.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE DISPLAY.

Our own part in these glories is sufficient to gratify national pride and to do us decent honor in the line of progressive nations. One may notice with satisfaction that, except France itself, we are the largest contributor, in every way, to the success of the exposition, and there are available excuses for the



VIEW LOOKING UP THE SEINE FROM THE PONT D'ÎÉNA. ON THE RIGHT IS THE NAVIGATION BUILDING, AND BEYOND IT THE CIRCULAR PAVILION OF THE CREUSOT STEEL WORKS.



VIEW FROM THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, LOOKING NORTHWARD ALONG THE AVENUE NICOLAS II TO THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, WITH THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS ON THE LEFT AND THE PETIT PALAIS ON THE RIGHT. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM ALMOST THE SAME SPOT AS THAT ON PAGE 171, BUT LOOKING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



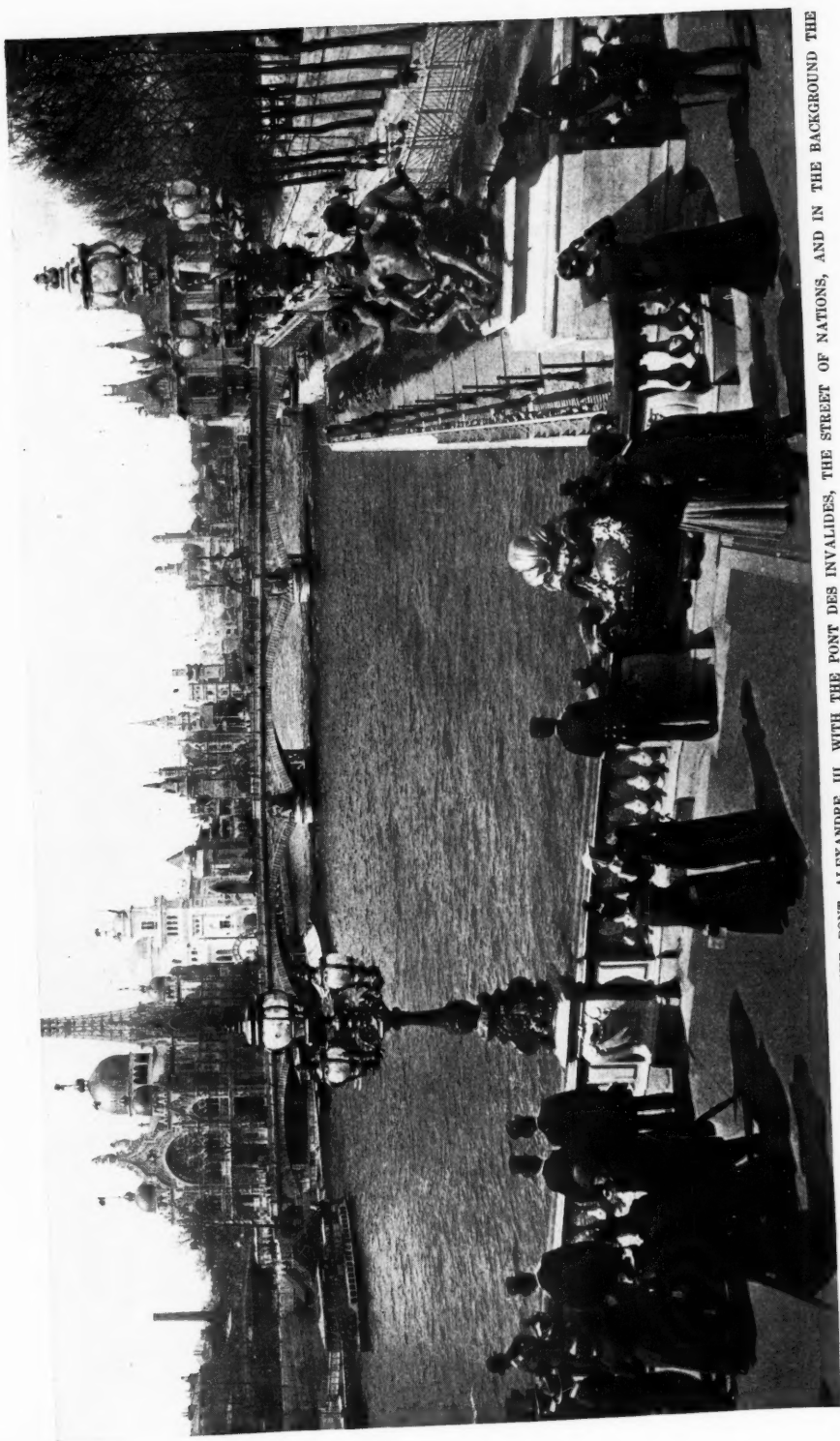
THE SPACIOUS AND ELABORATELY DECORATED GALLERIES OF THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, WHICH WILL BE A PERMANENT MEMORIAL OF THE EXPOSITION.

instances wherein we do not appear to advantage; for the national building, for instance, begun so late and therefore in a space necessarily so narrow that its architecture is cramped and unimpressive; or for an occasional tendency to diffuseness and want of compactness in the exhibits. One might wish that the prevailing spirit of the American art exhibit were not so uniformly restrained and severe; but the merit of every work therein is unquestionable. Lack of courage as a national trait would be a new imputation against us. But

something of the prevailing effect of quietness in the American art section is doubtless contributed by the decorations of the rooms, which, while in excellent taste, are still in very low tones.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Of livelier interest than any other quarter of the grounds is the slope leading to the Trocadero, filled with the colonial exhibits. Here strange men and strange products are gathered from distant provinces to make a liberal and instructive entertainment. The long



GENERAL VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE SEINE FROM THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, WITH THE PONT DES INVALIDES, THE STREET OF NATIONS, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE
EIFFEL TOWER AND THE TROCADERO.

struggle of greedy Europe against brown men and yellow men wears its fairest aspects. Remote peoples are shown in the light of obedient subjects of European monarchies; or, in the case of France, of glad citizens of the republic.

The other side of the picture we can scarcely look for here. France shows us her Senegambians, Dahomeyans, Cambodians, and Cochin Chinese wearing the French uniform, members of the French army—loyal Frenchmen, no doubt, as in the next street the thin, brown Hindoos are loyal Britishers; but what is more important is that the hill-side is covered with these far away men and their works that tell us what the men really are, do, and think. Here you may glance into a million strange minds, one after another, and observe with

the four colored flag of Mr. Krüger's luckless republic.

THE IMPRESSION OF FAILURE.

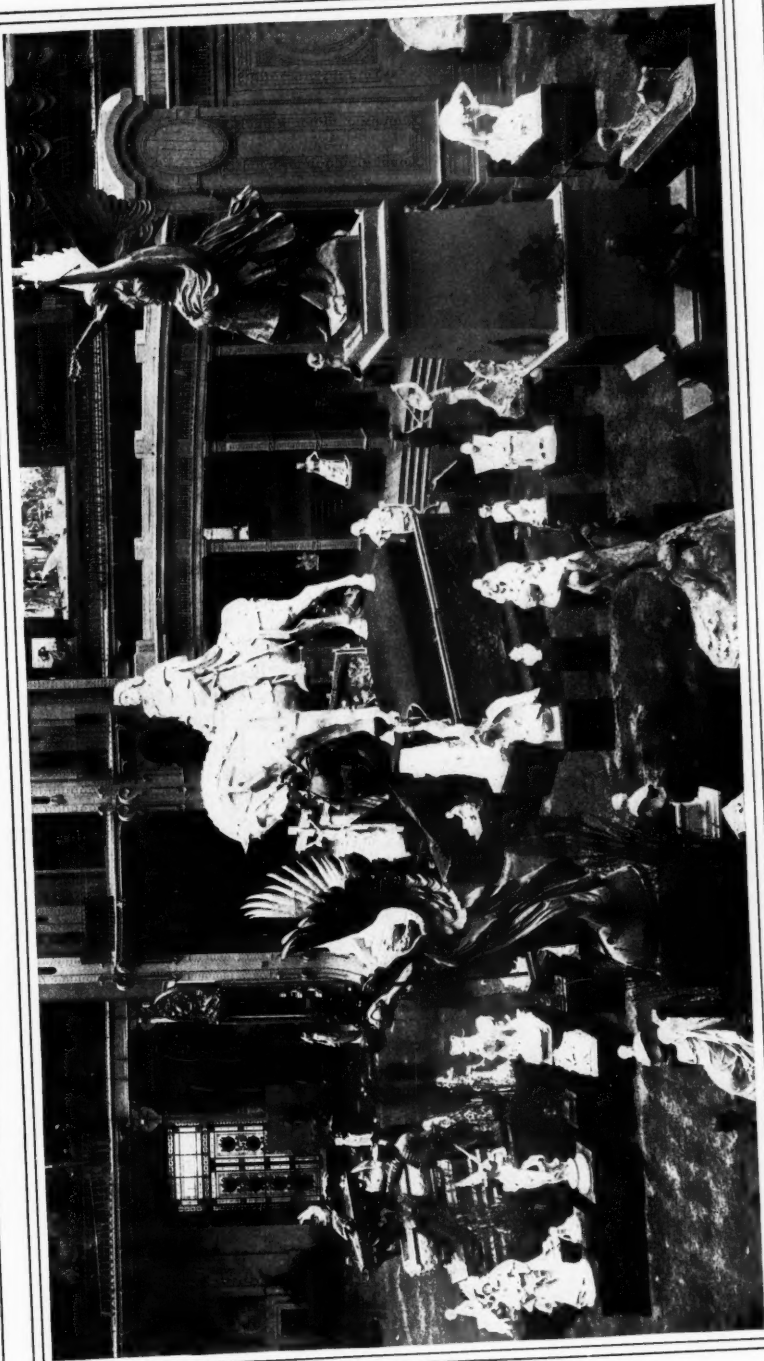
We return, therefore, to the original question, why an exposition so varied and strong in interest, so complete and



MONUMENTAL COLUMNS AND DECORATIONS AT THE NORTH END OF THE PONT ALEXANDRE III. IN THE BACKGROUND, TO THE LEFT, IS THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION.

curious delight variations of climate, knowledge, and purpose. Canada is here, and Egypt; you may compare Siberia and the vast wealth of middle Asia with the industries of Dutch Java; Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis; the British in India, China; even we of America appear in this category, somewhat strangely, with a wing of the Trocadero devoted to Cuba. About one building in this group centers a curious interest. It is the Transvaal building, I suppose the only official edifice over which still flies

beautiful in design, beyond all question the greatest in the world's history, should be esteemed a failure. To this there is no answer, except to tell of untoward circumstances aided by misrepresentation; part, no doubt, ignorant, and part, as the French people have some ground for believing, intentional and malignant. The opening of the exposition before it was ready gave an impression of incompleteness that never wore off. A singular contribution came through the peculiar financial arrange-



THE SCULPTURE EXHIBIT IN ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.



VIEW FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS ACROSS THE SEINE TO THE TROCADERO, LOOKING THROUGH THE ARCH AT THE BASE OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

ments. To see tickets of admission nominally worth twenty cents each hawked about the streets at ten, eight, or even five cents was strongly suggestive of failure to those who did not take the trouble to discover the reason of these sales. As a matter of fact, the exposition management did not sell admission tickets to the public, and received no part of the proceeds of sales at reduced rates. Tickets of admission were allotted to holders of the exposition bonds, and such holders subsequently sold the tickets for whatever they could get for them. The arrangement seems hardly to be com-

mended, in view of the false impression it has created, but it is certainly innocent enough.

But in spite of whatever deductions must be made, the fact remains that the Paris Exposition of 1900 is the greatest, the most extensive and instructive exponent of the world's thought and work that has ever been seen. Before its closing it will doubtless be found to have entertained and informed more persons than any other such enterprise of which we have record. These two facts will seem, hereafter, incompatible with the idea of failure.

FATE.

THE nothingness of all the other years.
 The undiminished distances of stars;
 A rude old earth which cannot feel its scars;
 The man thereon—with all his hopes and fears,
 His love of love, his hate of hate, his tears;
 The unknown that oft beckons and yet bars;
 The fatal blemish that fair beauty mars;
 Unbroken silence round unending cheers!
 And that serene, unconscious, ceaseless flow
 Of light and dark, of life and death, which makes
 Good out of evil, order out of odd,
 Spirit and substance mingling as they go,
 Until a new self centered soul awakes
 To know—all is the gentle will of God.

Charles W. Stevenson.

The Romance of the Telephone.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF A GREAT MODERN INVENTION, AND THE LONG STRUGGLE, WITH A HUGE FORTUNE AS THE STAKES, BETWEEN THE MEN WHO HAVE CLAIMED IT AS THEIR OWN.

THE toy of a quarter of a century ago has come to be the key to a treasure chest whose gold has grown past all precedent; grown overnight, from the air and the water, the curiosity of men, the laws of nature. It is not the vulgar accumulation of toil, but the joint product of luck and pluck, of opportunity improved and advantage mercilessly pressed, fostered always by the Patent Office and the courts of the United States.

Interwoven in this story of the golden growth of the Bell Telephone Company, which has so long controlled the latest and most useful gift of science to mankind, are such marvelous oaths, such charges of corruption and treachery, such tales of ruin and oppression, such accusations against men high in the public esteem, such sacrifices of truth and honor, such disappointments and defeats of the many who have sought to share the reward of the one, that the bare relation of them all, were that possible, would surpass any romance ever written.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN TELEPHONE HISTORY.

On a stormy Monday in the month of February, 1876, a patent lawyer in Washington sat in his office at work. There was nothing in the air, in the morning papers, or in the formal caveat over which he bent at his desk to hint to him that this 14th of February was to be a red letter day, a day to be remembered for all time in the history of American patents. The lawyer worked patiently away until lunch time, and then rested and refreshed himself. After a while, an office boy came to the private office and announced Professor Elisha Gray, who was at once shown in.

The papers, now ready for signature, were carefully examined by Professor Gray, whose discovery of "a new art of transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically" they were to announce to the world—not for the world's benefit, but for Professor Gray's, after he should have applied for and obtained a patent. Some time before the Patent Office was closed for business that afternoon, this caveat was duly filed, according to law, in the department of electricity. The fees incidental to this filing were paid in, and entered as paid on the blotter in the chief clerk's room. Had the chief clerk also entered on his blotter the hour of filing, millions of dollars since spent in litigation would probably have been saved.

For this same blotter showed, at the close of business hours on that same day, that some time between the opening and closing of the office one Alexander Graham Bell had paid the fees incidental to the filing of an application for a patent "for the electric transmission of noises or sounds of any kind"—not mentioning vocal sounds or human speech. But whether the caveat was filed before the application, or vice versa, the records did not show, nor do they show to this day.

Now, if the filing of these two papers, the legal effect of which was quite different, as we shall presently see, indicated that two inventors were honestly striving to patent—each for his own benefit—a valuable discovery, and to obtain that precedence which in patent law is so vital by filing each his own papers at the earliest possible moment, there was one plain duty incumbent on the examiner in the electrical department. That duty was to give each of

the inventors the same opportunity to perfect his claims, and to stand by impartially until the law should declare which one was entitled to priority.

What did happen? Out of the tangled web of contention which at once began to be woven about the telephone, what undisputed facts stand out? First, the fact that Alexander Graham Bell was notified in writing, in care of his patent lawyers, that his application for a patent was suspended in consequence of the filing of Professor Gray's caveat. Second, that Bell was subsequently notified, under date of February 25, that this suspension, "having been declared under a misapprehension of applicant's rights," was "withdrawn." Both these notices were signed "Z. F. Wilber, Examiner." The same day, the 25th of February, Examiner Wilber made a formal entry that "the cash blotter in the chief clerk's room shows conclusively that the application was filed some time earlier on the 14th than the caveat."

On the other hand, it has been charged under oath that Gray's caveat was actually filed before Bell's application, but having been filed first, *was entered last*, being at the bottom of the pile of papers accumulated for entry by the close of the day. It has also been suggested that while the fees for filing were paid in by Bell's attorneys before Gray's caveat was filed, the actual Bell papers were not filed until later. Such surmises are not profitable; they have already proven expensive—for the Bell Telephone Company has paid out as much as four hundred thousand dollars in one year for the quieting of the legal curiosity outsiders have felt about these and similar questions. "Not one cent for tribute, millions for defense," is a costly motto when lavishly followed out.

On March 7, 1876, eleven days later still, a patent, numbered 174,465, was duly issued to Bell in accordance with his application. Such alacrity of action on an application filed only three weeks before must have been extremely gratifying to Mr. Bell. It is quite unusual in the Patent Office. For example, the famous Berliner patent, now in litigation in the United States courts (the

last patent, by the way, that stands between the public and the unrestricted use of the telephone), was not issued until fourteen years after the application was filed. Before passing on to the next telephone tragedy, it should be remembered that Mr. Bell has consistently denied that he took or tried to take any unfair advantage of Professor Gray. It is said for Mr. Bell, also, that if Professor Gray had sent in an application for a patent instead of a simple caveat, he, Gray, would have received the same notice as Bell, an application being a paper requiring official action, while a caveat is simply a private paper not requiring official action—so private, the anti Bell people add, that it ought not to be shown, or its contents made known to any one, especially not to a rival. The anti Bell people have the daring to state that Mr. Bell was allowed to see the caveat, which contained the first written description of a speaking telephone, and that he profited by this to such an extent that he constructed a talking instrument which apparently corresponded to the description in his patent of March 7. More, they charge that Bell was thus enabled, having at last realized that a speaking telephone, a thing of enormous commercial value, would soon be patented by somebody, to go on and apply for another patent, this time describing it in no ambiguous terms, which second and conclusive patent was issued on the 30th of January following, and numbered 186,787. Mr. Bell denies any such inspiration from either the Gray caveat or the Reis telephone, then on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute.

These two patents, No. 174,465, of March 7, 1876, and No. 186,787, of January 30, 1877, have been the famous Bell telephone patents which have made more than a hundred million dollars for their owners. The life of a patent being seventeen years, both are now defunct; but they served their purpose.

The next scene in the telephone melodrama is more comic than tragic. It takes place on a hot Sunday in June, in this same centennial year, which, curiously enough, brought to a head the struggle to construct a telephone. The Emperor of Brazil and a number of

other distinguished visitors to the World's Fair were invited by Professor Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, to attend, in one of the Exposition buildings, an exhibition of a novel apparatus. This was a "harmonic multiple telegraph," by which a number of messages could be sent over a single wire by means of musical notes. The exhibition was an interesting one; the inventor, Professor Gray, was superintendent of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, Professor Barker was a well known scientist, and, besides Dom Pedro, the eminent electrician Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, was among the auditors. So was Alexander Graham Bell, comparatively an unknown man, who was then exhibiting, on week days, at the Centennial, the interesting scientific toy known as the Bell telephone. This instrument Mr. Bell had completed that spring. He had not been required to comply with the usual regulation that a practical model should be filed with his application for a patent. The obliging Mr. Wilber had been kind enough to pencil on the "jacket" or envelope of the Bell papers, "Model not required."

THE TELEPHONE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

This gave plenty of time for the construction of the speaking telephone which Mr. Bell now, on this Sunday morning in June, 1876, humbly requested that he might have the privilege of showing to the distinguished gentlemen gathered to hear Professor Gray's musical telegraph. There was some disinclination to waste time over a "toy" which, however interesting, could not share in scientific importance with Professor Gray's apparatus; but Mr. Bell got the chance he sought. He has taken chances all his life, and improved every opportunity. He knew that the telephone would be a gold mine, no matter who called it a toy.

Speaking into the transmitter, he asked one of the gentlemen to go to the other end of the long hall and listen at the receiver—which, by the way, was a duplicate of the transmitter, and not an entirely distinct part of the apparatus, as it is in the telephone of today. Various tests were made, and everybody was

pleased. Finally Sir William Thomson spoke into the telephone *Hamlet's* soliloquy, and Professor Gray, of all men in the world, went to the receiver to hear the prophetic words, "To be or not to be." It was not to be, for Professor Gray. He said that he could hear only a confused jumble of sound, and at last these words, "Aye, there's the rub!"

So the company dispersed. Some of them, of a surety, knew that at that moment there was in the Smithsonian Institute, not a hundred miles away, another telephone, so named and made by Philip Reis, who had died in Germany two years before, believing himself the inventor of the telephone, and supposing that he had given his invention to the world.

Bell and Gray separated that June Sunday, not suspecting how soon and how often they were to meet in the press, in the courts, in the tribunals of public opinion. Nobody else thought much about the speaking telephone. Gray himself never took the trouble to make one until November, 1877. But Bell never flagged in his energies. He believed in himself and in the invention, though he knew that much remained to be done before it would be useful. His transmitter bothered him above all things. He did not realize the far reaching importance of the undulatory electric current he used in his telephone instead of the "make and break" current used in telegraphing. That was what his lawyers say he had attained and patented—the use of an undulating current to take up the sound waves in his transmitter, to transform them into electric waves, to speed them over a telegraph wire, and then to convert them back in the receiver into other sound waves, exact reproductions of the original ones talked into his telephone. He had learned how to project the simulacrum of the human voice over leagues of space, enabling us, with the latest development of his magic instrument, to materialize the vocal spirit at a distance of two thousand miles. He declares he did not learn this from Reis or Gray.

By a strange series of coincidences, as subsequently recorded in the courts and the newspapers, at least a dozen men

-in different parts of this country were at this very time working at telephone inventions, trying to construct a machine that would reproduce or carry the human voice. The atmosphere seethed with telephone thoughts, according to the claimants who began presently to spring up.

OTHER TELEPHONE INVENTORS.

Nearly all of these claimants are living today, their modest competence strikingly contrasted with the gilded eminence of Bell. Learned and incorruptible scientists support, as against Bell, the claims of McDonough, Drawbaugh, and Dolbear, which the courts have denied. Edison, Blake, Berliner, and Short, whose telephone inventions passed for a valuable consideration into the control of the Bell company, are also to be named in this category. Antonio Meucci, the veteran of Garibaldi's wars, found, in his last years on Staten Island, many believers in his assertion that he had invented a speaking telephone in 1857. But of them all, perhaps James W. McDonough, of Chicago, can claim precedence as an inventor of the telephone receiver, for, given a Reis transmitter, in the Smithsonian Institute, free to anybody's use, the telephone receiver became at once the all important mechanism. On April 10, 1876, McDonough applied for a patent on a "teleloge, or means of transmitting articulate sound by electricity." His application was formally "placed in interference with"—that is, declared apparently to conflict with—the patent of Bell and the applications of Edison, Gray, Dolbear, Richmond, and Holcombe. The examiner, the first official to pass on the McDonough receiver, awarded him the priority. And there, for a moment, fortune shook her horn of plenty over his head. But the *examiner in chief* promptly reversed the decision, and his reversal has stood unshaken. Yet McDonough, who began experimenting in 1867, before Bell ever thought about a telephone, had by June, 1875, completed, by the help of the Reis transmitter, an apparatus "which was successfully employed for the transmission of articulate speech, on many occasions during the same

month," according to Professor E. J. Houston, of the Franklin Institute.

But, say the Patent Office experts and the United States courts, McDonough used a Reis transmitter, he employed a make and break current to transmit speech, instead of the undulating current discovered by Bell, and Bell only; and therefore we cannot recognize McDonough's claims, for the undulating current is *the only one* which will transmit human speech. In other words, you may talk as much as you like through a Reis transmitter into a McDonough receiver, but the courts of the United States will not admit the existence of your talk, or even the possibility of its existence, because they once decided that only the (Bell) undulating current can transmit human speech, and that decision must and shall stand.

So what chance had Professor Amos E. Dolbear against the Medes and Persians of Washington? Professor Houston declares that "the experiments of this gentleman in telephony were contemporaneous with those of Bell, and cover a wide field of research." He unquestionably invented the electrostatic telephone, and "did much to give commercial efficiency to the telephone." But he didn't pay enough attention to the Patent Office!

And poor Drawbaugh, the most pathetic figure of them all, what chance had he, a humble mechanic, experimenting for years in his shop at Eberly's Mill, Pennsylvania, knowing nothing of Reis, but telling his neighbors forty years ago that speech could be conveyed by electricity; and then, in the next seven years, according to their sworn evidence, actually constructing an apparatus which did transmit speech electrically, by an undulating current, it was claimed, from a table tumbler transmitter to a tin can receiver? What chance did he have, in his poverty, too poor to push his claims, too poor even to go to Washington—against the world, and the Patent Office?

PHILIP REIS AND HIS TELEPHONE.

Professor Gray's disappointment has been the most bitter of all, in some respects. His rank in the scientific world gave him a great advantage. Such an

expert as Houston says of him that "he is clearly entitled at least to share with Bell the honor for the invention." As long as he lives, and his family live, the honors and the enormous wealth that were so nearly in his grasp will not be forgotten. All of which points inevitably to the prologue of the play, the story that the telephone had already been invented in Germany more than twenty years before the centennial year by Philip Reis, who may truthfully be described as a martyr to science, and upon whose tombstone at Friedrichsdorf may be seen to this day the singularly pathetic sentence, "*Erfinder des Telefons*." The epitaph is pathetic, because the life of John Philip Reis was itself a tragedy. He was born on January 7, 1834, at Gelnhausen, near Frankfort, and his father, a master baker, spared no means at hand for the lad's education. His lungs were weak, his health delicate, his application to his studies incessant. He came across a copy of the French journal *L'Illustration* of August 26, 1854, in which a young French telegrapher, Charles Bourseul, published a plan for the transmission of sound (not speech) by a "make and break" electric current. This emphasized the direction of Reis' mechanical studies. He constructed an electrical apparatus consisting of a transmitter and a receiver connected by a telegraph wire, in which "each sound wave," as he described it, "caused a breaking and closing of the current."

The whole telephone controversy turns to some extent on what Reis did with this apparatus after he devised it. Bell says the instrument was "a musical toy"; that it reproduced musical pitch and no more. Professor Paddock, of the Stevens Polytechnic Institute, stated under oath, in the patent suits, that he could and did "talk over the Reis apparatus." The Bell lawyers, the ablest money could retain in this country, have always insisted that Reis did not aim at inventing a speaking telephone and did not invent one, although they concede that Bell's invention applied to the Reis apparatus makes the latter a speaking telephone. But Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, now holding the chair of experimental physics in

University College, Bristol, England, declares deliberately not only that Philip Reis was "the inventor of the telephone," but goes so far as to say that "Reis' telephone was expressly intended to transmit speech; it did transmit speech; it will transmit speech" if made today according to the inventor's instructions. Professor Houston, of the Franklin Institute, says that the Reis telephone could and did transmit articulate speech.

Some Bell advocates say, "Reis did invent a speaking telephone, but he did not know it." Contemporary publications show that Reis "publicly exhibited" his instrument from 1861 to 1864, lectured on it, and practically devoted his life to it. There is no sort of doubt that he originated the name "telephone" and applied it in the year 1860 to the most important part of his apparatus, the transmitter.

Now, the transmitter is still the most important part of the telephone. It was the Blake transmitter that made the Bell telephone commercially valuable. It is the patent on the Berliner transmitter that has held the anti Bell world at bay since the Bell patents expired. It was the Edison transmitter, patenting the use of carbon, which perfected the discoveries and appliances of Bell and Berliner. Those three—Bell, Berliner, and Edison—are the men whom the electrical world of today, or the vast majority of its representatives, regard as the telephone trinity. What is one to think of Professor Thompson, whose integrity and scientific ability no American expert can deny, when he asserts that "all transmitters" utilize Reis' fundamental principles; that "they come back to Reis' fundamental idea" of "setting the voice to vary the degree of contact in a mechanism which he called an interrupter." Reis used a "tympanum," or drum, like the ear drum, in his transmitter. Gray speaks of a "tympanum" in his caveat. Bell describes the same thing as "stretched membrane" in his application. They simply followed in Reis' footsteps, according to Professor Thompson, who has already been quoted. What is more, Professor Thompson affirms that Bell's crowning achievement, his one

vital contribution to the composite telephone as we know it today, "the undulatory current," was known to and used by Reis.

BELL'S STRANGE IGNORANCE OF REIS.

Of course if the United States courts believed with Professor Thompson and believed that Mr. Bell knew of Reis' discoveries and their publication, the whole telephone situation would be different; the Bell patents would never have been issued. The hundred million dollar chest would have no gold in it.

Reis died January 14, 1874; the Bell patent was applied for February 14, 1876. And what a death this young German enthusiast met, after all! He, the "*Erfinder des Telephons*," the discoverer, some say, of the art of electrically transmitting speech, to lose his voice and die of the breaking down of the organs of speech!

Bell and Gray were both educated men. Would it not be strange that neither one of them had read or heard of the Reis telephone? The European world of science knew all about it. Bell had even been to Germany, prosecuting his studies in deaf and dumb language, in which he was an expert. His father and grandfather before him had been teachers of languages. As a youth in Edinburgh—where he was born March 3, 1847—he had learned the anatomy of the vocal organs, and, according to his own account, had built an automaton speaking machine. At this very time Reis was lecturing before the Physical Society of Frankfurt on the Main. No. 15 of *Böttger's Polytechnic Notizblatt*, published in 1863, declares that persons using "the Reis telephone could even communicate to each other words, only such, however, as they had already heard frequently."

Bell and Gray must surely have known all about the Reis telephone. But Bell denied it, in court, although he admitted that he had read parts of a German book in which the Reis telephone was described.

In 1870 Mr. Bell emigrated to Canada, in 1871 to Boston, all the while studying and experimenting in the deaf and dumb language and in the transmission of speech, as he says. One would

think that the Reis telephone in the Smithsonian Institute might excite the liveliest interest in his mind. His friends say Bell "was not the first who tried to invent a speaking telephone, but he was the first who did." But it was Gray, in his caveat, who made the first claim to this invention—"I have invented a new art of transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically."

THE FINANCIAL ROMANCE OF THE BELL TELEPHONE.

The Bell telephone, as exhibited in 1876, excited only passing interest among the wonders of the Centennial. The transmitter was not reliable; you never knew whether you were going to hear a buzz, a break, or a word. Mr. Edward S. Renwick, the well known New York expert, brother of the architect who designed St. Patrick's Cathedral, swore in court—in one of the telephone suits whose name is always Bell against somebody or other, and whose pages of evidence are legion—that he, Renwick, made a pair of Bell telephones according to Bell specifications, and that they would not transmit speech. As late as the summer of 1878, when the Bell Telephone Company, for convenience' sake, moved from New York to Boston, its future seemed dark and uncertain. The assistant secretaryship of the Bell company was offered to a New York newspaper reporter if he would go to Boston. He did not think well of the proposition, surmising that his pay would be in stock, for the company sadly lacked money. A single share of such stock as he would then have received is now worth from twenty five to thirty thousand dollars. The original stock has been watered and watered over again, expanded and inflated, paying dividends and extra dividends, with tremendous legal expenses, and is still piling up millions besides.

It was in those troublous days, when the Bell transmitter would not work properly, and the Bell company had no money in its treasury, that the manufacturing firm of E. S. Greeley & Co. were asked to make Bell telephones for the owners of the patent. They looked askance at the proposition; they were in the habit of receiving cash, and plenty

of it, for their work. So the Bell Telephone Company applied to Charles L. Williams, Jr., of Boston, and when his bill became due, paid him in stock, "the supposed equivalent" of the cash. More bills were paid in stock, and Mr. Williams acquired quite a lot of it; he tried to sell some of it at twenty five cents on the dollar, but nobody wanted to buy it, and so the Williams stock was laid away.

Francis Blake, a bright young man who afterwards entered the service of the Bell company, invented a new kind of transmitter which the Bell concern acquired the exclusive right to make. Bell telephones with Blake transmitters were introduced as if by magic into every big city in the United States. Their value was instantly recognized. The stock went up by long leaps. Mr. Williams, of Boston, was one of those now able to pull a trunk full of stock from under the bed. He got three shares of new stock for each of his original shares, and the dividends on his new stock made him a very rich man. Mr. Blake at once began to reap his reward. He is declared to have "made telephony an art."

WHAT EMIL BERLINER ACCOMPLISHED.

Here Berliner and Edison come into the story of the telephone. Emil Berliner, born in Hanover in 1851, came to the United States in 1870, friendless, craving knowledge, looking for opportunities. He worked for a German druggist in New York. One day his master gave him an old copy of Müller's "Physik." While he was intent upon this, he found La Cour's "Researches in Phonic Wheels" on an old book stand. The idea of transmitting human speech by electricity began to burn in his brain. In the centennial year he went to Washington, where he became clerk in a dry goods shop; but he never relaxed his devotion to his electrical and telegraphic studies.

He was standing at the key one day when an operator named Richards said to him, "You'll have to press down harder, or it may happen that the sounder at the other end will not respond well." The thought at once flashed through Berliner's mind that if

pressure modified the electrical current, by making this difference in the contact, a vibratory contact would transmit human speech—since sound waves are undulations—by a vibratory current. He at once began experimenting with a transmitter of his own devising and a Bell receiver. In his transmitter he used a metallic diaphragm touching screws tipped with broken lead pencil points. He also conceived the idea of placing his transmitter in the primary of an induction coil, and got a patent for that. The value of his discoveries was at once recognized, and he was invited to join the staff of the Bell Telephone Company. But his invention did not become that company's property as yet.

Berliner is always spoken of as one of the three telephone discoverers. "If," said the Bell company in the brief in support of its complaint against the National Telephone Company, in the case heard in Boston in November, 1899—"if Berliner and Edison are to be regarded as rival inventors of the telephone, Berliner is plainly the prior inventor, as he clearly conceived the invention in January, 1877, and completed it in April, 1877, by filing the description of his caveat. . . . Berliner was the first to conceive the microphonic principle." This principle, "constant contact, variable pressure," enabling the electric current to transmute the undulations of the voice into electrical undulations, was Berliner's discovery, ranking second in telephone science to Bell's of the undulatory current itself. Reis called his transmitter the "telephone"; that is why Berliner's wonderful improvement over Bell's transmitter justifies Berliner's being called one of the "inventors of the telephone."

Although Berliner applied for his patent in 1877, it was not issued until 1891. The sinister influence of the Bell Telephone Company is declared to have been responsible for this delay. Having the Blake transmitter to use in its business, it was content to allow the Berliner patent to rest in abeyance, since no one else could use a Berliner transmitter under these circumstances. It also owned the patent on a telephone

receiver issued to Berliner on November 2, 1880.

EDISON'S CARBON TRANSMITTER.

At this point in the story of the telephone we encounter Thomas Alva Edison. The marvelous Ohioan, then some thirty years of age, had been getting out electrical patents for ten years past. His genius had attracted the attention of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which offered him a high salary to give the company the right to examine and purchase, if it chose, any and all of his electric inventions. Among other discoveries made about this time was this: that the microphone, or Berliner transmitter, which produces the variations of current in the telephone, worked much better when one or both of the wire ends, or electrodes, as they were called, were made of carbon. From the universal use of carbon in transmitters since Edison's discovery they are now called "carbon transmitters." This was the third discovery contributing virtually to the telephone of today.

Now the Western Union at once bought Edison's carbon transmitter invention under its contract. An interference on the loose contact principle having been established by the Patent Office between Edison and Berliner, the latter not having yet joined the Bell company, it also bought Berliner's application. The Western Union people were not slow to realize the full value of the telephone and the growing power of the Bell company. Among others they acquired Gray's rights, Gray being at that time the most conspicuous anti Bell claimant. In a suit brought by the Bell Telephone Company against one Dowd, who really represented Gray, Gray's rights were fully canvassed and considered. It was urged on behalf of Gray that the Patent Office had defrauded him of his lawful rights by not giving him notice of Bell's application as it had given Bell notice of his (Gray's) caveat. It was even charged that "Bell's patent was surreptitiously issued."

BELL'S VICTORY OVER GRAY.

The result of this suit settled forever Gray's claims to the invention of the

telephone. He made, through his counsel, a formal admission that "Bell was the first inventor of the telephone." It is said the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was paid to Professor Gray for this admission. The decree, entered by consent of counsel on both sides, not only put Gray on record against the claims of his own caveat—and the claims he has since made again and again—but it had another and even more important effect. It transferred to the Bell Telephone Company absolutely all the Western Union's electrical patents, and rights to have patents issued, including the Berliner transmitter, the Edison transmitter, the Page patent, covering the induction coil used in the transmitter; the Short transmitter, the patent on which was awarded to Professor Short, now a distinguished electrical engineer, in an interference, over Edison's contemporary claims; and others still. Four thousand shares of Bell telephone stock passed at this time to the Western Union Telegraph Company. The arrangement practically gave over the telephone field to the Bell company—at least, until the expiration of existing patents. The last of these was the Berliner patent, finally—and, the anti Bell people say, fraudulently—issued in 1891, in order to prolong as much as possible the Bell supremacy. Should the Berliner patent be held effective for seventeen years from 1891, the Bell company will continue to have until 1908 a great advantage over independent companies. The latter aver not only that the Berliner patent of 1891 was fraudulently held back, but that it is invalid anyhow, by reason of the expiration of Berliner's patent of 1880, which covered substantially the same principle.

The next scene in the telephone drama is pathetically farcical. Again Elisha Gray is the hero, and again Alexander Graham Bell is accused of being the villain.

Notwithstanding the settlement in the Dowd case, which was supposed to conclude the Bell-Gray controversy, on December 24, 1886, Gray filed a petition for a reopening of the whole case in the United States courts. This time the charges of fraud, involving Wilber

by innuendo, are spread formally on the record as follows:

That on or about the first day of March, 1876, A. G. Bell, the successful party in said interference proceedings, went to the Patent Office and by undue and unlawful means and influence procured full knowledge of the contents of and drawings attached to a certain caveat accurately describing a speaking telephone then recently (viz., on the 14th day of February, 1876) filed by petitioner. . . . By the knowledge thus obtained . . . the said Bell was enabled to construct an apparatus a few days afterward by which he succeeded in transmitting articulate speech . . . and which apparatus the said Bell claimed was the apparatus described in . . . an application which he had filed in the Patent Office on the said 14th day of February, 1876.

This suit was decided against Gray. Nor have the courts of the United States, no matter who attacked Bell, failed as yet to decide in Bell's favor. That is why the consensus of expert opinion is that Bell must be regarded as the inventor of the telephone, because he first made it practical and introduced it into general use. This opinion ignores all charges of fraud and innuendos of bribery and perjury. It is the opinion held by such eminent experts as F. W. Jones, chief engineer of the Postal Telegraph Cable Company.

A STRANGE CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

There are many thousands of American citizens who conscientiously believe not only that Gray is a much abused man, but also that Dolbear, McDonough, and Drawbaugh, all of whom have been parties to some of the various litigations, have each and all been cheated of their just dues, cheated by the courts, and in the courts, by perjured testimony, by the admissions of treacherous counsel, by the oppression of the Bell millions, by precedents fraudulently established.

Professor Gray is now sixty four years of age, a resident of Highland Park, near Chicago, and still an active worker in the electrical field. A patent was issued to him some months ago. He is a professor in Oberlin College, at which he studied in his youth, a raw blacksmith's apprentice. His has been a long and wonderfully interesting life. Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College, was bred, like Gray and Edison and Short, in the telephone school of Ohio. Dol-

bear was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan College, at Delaware, in 1866, having already invented a "magneto electric telegraph." Going as professor of physics to Tufts in 1874, Professor Dolbear shortly afterwards began experiments in telephony and the conversion of sound vibration into electricity. In 1876, the year of Gray's caveat and Bell's application, he actually invented a speaking telephone, but not until September. Bell's first patent had already been issued in March; his second patent had been applied for. Before Dolbear had completed the model of his speaking telephone, to be filed in the Patent Office, he "was informed," the records say, "that Professor A. Graham Bell had declared that he had secured a patent upon the same thing."

That was the Bell-Dolbear encounter, and Professor Dolbear was unhorsed, like all the other anti Bell champions. In 1881 Professor Dolbear secured a patent upon a new (static) system of telephony. His original rights are believed to have passed to the Bell company by purchase.

Speaking of the Bell telephone exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, Professor Dolbear says in his book on "The Telephone":

That was the first speaking telephone that was ever constructed so far as the writer is aware, but it was not a practicable instrument.

If the original Bell telephone was the "first speaking telephone," then the Bell contention is gained. There is no doubt that it was soon made "practicable," and the courts have consistently refused to impeach the means used to reach that result. And once more there is an apparent vindication of the intelligence, energy, and resourcefulness of the man who tried so hard to sell Don Cameron a one third interest in the Bell telephone for ten thousand dollars "that Senator Cameron ordered the 'crazy inventor' to be turned away from his door."

That was in 1878; and a quarter of a century has never in the history of the world seen such marvelous developments from any one product of man's mechanical genius as have crowned what has all that time remained and is yet "the Bell telephone."

Dramatic Art in England and America.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE REMARKABLE CHANGE THAT HAS COME OVER PUBLIC FEELING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC SINCE THE DAYS WHEN AMERICAN ACTORS WERE COLD SHOULDERED IN LONDON, AND WHEN MACREADY'S APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK CAUSED A BLOODY RIOT.

NOW that such a firm and cordial friendship has been established between the English speaking nations of America and England in relation to dramatic art; now that the interchange of hospitalities and courtesies in connection with English and American theaters is complete and fixed on a definite basis; in a year when we find Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal acting in a Broadway playhouse, and William Gillette, John Drew, Annie Russell, Nat Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, De Wolf Hopper, and Edna May as popular in London as they are in New York, it may be interesting to note how, and in the face of what difficulties, this happy result has been obtained.

Less than forty years ago there existed a very violent prejudice against the foreign actor in England, not only the French, German, and Italian actors, but the American artists as well. This ignoble flame was fanned first by the English actor himself, who considered any rivalry or competition a hardship, who went growling and grumbling about the Strand saying how unfair it was "for these foreigners to take the bread out of the mouths of English actors"; and also by the leading theatrical papers, such as the *Era* and the *Sunday Times*, which, as they were bound to do, supported the cause of the actor, who is the champion grumbler of the world.

EARLY TRANSATLANTIC EXPERIMENTS.

Up to that time interchanged visits between the actors of England and America, and England and France, had been very fitful and partial, and usually gave rise to hostile discussions, if not to riots and public disturbances. The

skirmish at Drury Lane when the Parisian company of the Théâtre Historique came over to London to play "Monte Cristo," and was literally hooted off the stage, has not, I believe, been forgotten in Paris to this day, and it was a standing disgrace to the men of letters, light, and leading in London that they permitted themselves to advocate this despicable, dog in the manger policy.

William Charles Macready alone stood firm and protected the Frenchmen with all the weight of his position and authority, although he was himself the innocent cause of the Forrest riot* in America, perhaps the most serious disturbance that ever sprang from jealousy and partisanship, and that put the O. P. riots of London completely in the shade.

Years before that there had been a fierce fracas between the rival supporters of Edmund Kean and Lucius Junius Booth in England, which only escaped bloodshed by a miracle, and the first dawn of peace scarcely flickered in the American sky before Charles Kean and his wife made a brilliant and monetary success in America, whose playgoers gave them a warm welcome, as they did also to Charles Mathews and Tyrone Power, and before London ap-

*The Forrest-Macready riot occurred at the old Astor Place Opera House, New York, May 10, 1849. Edwin Forrest, the American actor, had visited London in 1845, made a hit in "Virginius" and other rôles, which aroused the jealousy of the famous English actor, Macready, and when Forrest afterwards played "Macbeth" and was hissed, he ascribed the circumstance to the influence of the rival tragedian. A little later, when Macready was appearing as *Hamlet* in Edinburgh, Forrest, who was present, stood up in his box and hissed. This occasioned a lot of talk and ill feeling, and when Macready made his third visit to America, and was playing "Macbeth" on the night in question, Forrest's friends in the house hissed to such an extent as to break up the performance. In the riot which ensued, twenty two men were killed and thirty six wounded.

The O. P. ("old price") riots took place at Covent Garden Theater in 1809. The playhouse had been rebuilt and was reopened with increased prices of admission, which drew a disorderly and long continued protest from the public.

plauded Wallack, John Brougham, and, later on, John Sleeper Clarke, who pitched his tent in London, where, deeply regretted, he recently died.

I and a few other free lances, such as W. S. Gilbert and Herman Merivale, boys scarcely out of our teens, banded ourselves together in the very early sixties to secure for English playgoers a more liberal education. We did it at our own personal risk and loss of income. If, however, we were young martyrs, we were martyrs in a good sense. I, for one, lost my post as dramatic critic on the *Sunday Times* because I conscientiously refused to write down American actors simply for the reason that they were born in America, or French actors because they were educated for their art in France.

The failure of John E. Owens, a clever American dialect actor, at the Adelphi, was not so much prejudice against American art as it was utter inability to understand dialect plays with a strong flavor in them. It was all pure Greek to the English, and particularly the London, playgoer. These years between now and then, years of progress and trouble and observation on both sides of the Atlantic, have worked a wondrous change.

There was no Canadian Pacific Railway in 1860. The wide world had not been opened up as it is now. We did not send our sons then to Florida to grow oranges, or to a ranch to rear cattle. Our national energies were cramped and restricted. Today I am confident, however, that such pure, homely plays as "The Old Homestead" and "Way Down East," dialect or not, would be as welcome in London as in New York, if, indeed, it would pay the speculator to go all those miles to clear less dollars than are readily obtainable in America.

KATE BATEMAN'S SUCCESS IN LONDON.

The first notable American success made in London in my memory was that of Miss Bateman, now Mrs. Crowe, the clever daughter of H. L. Bateman (the Colonel, as he was always called), who subsequently spent the greater part of his time in London, where he died, having seen and encouraged the first spark-

le of fame in the career of his friend Henry Irving. Miss Kate Bateman had been seen as a child in London some years before, as one of the Bateman children—two sisters—infant phenomena, such as old *Crummles* would have loved to exploit. Bateman was a showman of the old school, and he knew a good thing when he saw it. He had faith in many people, but the greatest faith of all in his wife and family. He was a perfect fury, an impetuous, irritable, but warm hearted old fellow, the kind of man it was safer, on the whole, to agree with than to oppose. Bateman had obtained from Augustin Daly, then a young man and a dramatic critic in New York, a very excellent English version of a German play, the "Deborah" of Dr. Mosenthal.

Augustin Daly called it "Leah, or the Jewess," and Kate Bateman was so admirably suited to the persecuted woman, and made such a success of *Leah* in America, that it was thought advisable to bring both the play and the actress to London.

At that time what was called a London reputation was the hall mark of success in America. It was worth while to cross over to London at an enormous expense to obtain the name and fame that spelled dollars in America. Here, again, I think times have changed. The advance of America has been so astounding of late, and the field from which to select artists is so much wider, that it is only in exceptional cases, and in instances where very proper pride and ambition suggest the course, that it is worth while for an American company to come to England *en bloc*.

It is impossible that so much money can be made in England for a successful play as in America. But with English actors and English plays the case is different. They can make fortunes in America, while they can only make incomes in England.

At any rate, "Leah" was produced at the Adelphi Theater, then under the management of Benjamin Webster, on the first of October, 1863. The actress encountered no opposition on account of the fact that she was an American, and her success was instantaneous. Indeed, she was a social as well as an artistic

success, and that meant much, for in those days society was a little more strait laced, and did not readily open its arms to strange actors and actresses.

Literary and dramatic society of the best kind, however, welcomed the young and beautiful woman, and all the family of Batemans, and soon the whole of London was talking of the lovely *Leah's* "curse scene," and the pathetic situation with the child in the last act, contrasting the American girl with the great Ristori, whose *Deborah* was almost as fine in its way as her *Elizabeth of England*.

JEFFERSON, BOUCICAULT, AND THORNE.

The ice was now fairly broken, and Miss Bateman's triumph paved the way for the welcome advent of Joseph Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*, one of the very finest, most delicate and sustained performances that I have ever seen on any stage in the world. Once more the scene of the American triumph was the Adelphi Theater in the Strand, a playhouse that has constantly been the home of American artists, down to the days of Gillette's wonderful "Secret Service" and the actor author himself.

I was going to say that Dion Boucicault made the Adelphi his dramatic hotel whenever he was in London, for he there took his first header into the lake as *Miles na Coppaleen* in "The Colleen Bawn." But Dion Boucicault, though he spent the best part of his life in America, could scarcely be called an American actor. What was he? Who was he? Nobody knows. Well, a curious hybrid, with much Irish, some American, and a little French in his composite nature. He was a curious olla podrida of assorted talent. A better actor in his own line never lived, a more interesting conversationalist I have never had the pleasure of listening to, but there was a crank in him somewhere. From youth to old age there was a "bee in his bonnet."

The visit of Joseph Jefferson to the Adelphi Theater, and his natural performance of *Rip*, were an important mile stone in the acting art of the Victorian era. We had seen much good French acting before that. We had welcomed Rachel, Lafont, Fargueil, Des-

clée, and Fechter, but this was a revelation in American art. I can well recall the enthusiasm of the best judges of acting in London when they discussed Jefferson's *Rip*. Here was the purest kind of French acting grafted on an American stock. In its way it was perfect. When I speak like this today, as I frequently do, the youngsters stare at me, open eyed and wide mouthed with astonishment. They cannot conceive anything better than Fred Leslie as *Rip* in the comic opera. Well, let them think so; I have seen them both, and I know better. Jefferson as *Rip* is one of my favorite crazes, together with the *Juliet* of Stella Colas and the *Frou Frou* of Aimée Desclée. I am not selfish. I want to share my theatrical joys with other people. In this case, alas, fate forbids me to do so. Twice has Jefferson appeared in London, each time with brilliant success. By the way, the value of Mrs. Billington's assistance to Jefferson should never be forgotten. Again and again we have attempted to lure him to London once more, but so far as old England is concerned, this great actor has waved his handkerchief and bidden us a long farewell.

It was now all plain sailing for America so far as England was concerned. In fact, we went out of our way to make reputations. An American actor of enormous strength and resource came over to London. His name was Charles Thorne. He was one of the dogged, masculine, virile, commanding school—the school of Charles Coghlan and Charles Kelly, but better than either. Here, again, was what we call French acting grafted on an American stock. Charles Thorne could be alternately brutal and tender, a big, strong soldier and a boudoir lover. Here was a man who could have played *Cyrano de Bergerac* to perfection if the opportunity had ever offered itself.

EDWIN BOOTH IN ENGLAND.

Then came Edwin Booth, and with Edwin Booth's entrance the English actor began to wake up, and quietly reverted to the old dog in the manger policy again. The success of Miss Bateman, Joseph Jefferson, and others did not gravely affect the so called legiti-

mate actor, but now came one fully equipped for his trade. Here was a *Hamlet*, an *Othello*, an *Iago*, a *King Lear*, a *Richelieu*, a *Petruchio*, prepared to cross swords and fight a duel with the best English actor living. This was no fancy trial trip. Edwin Booth came to England just as Macready and Charles Kean and scores of others had gone to America, to show precisely what he could do and how he could do it.

Edwin Booth arrived with a glorious name and a splendid reputation. He demanded a fair field and no favor. He was ill advised to take the Princess' Theater in Oxford Street, where he was badly managed, and the company attached to him was foolishly selected. Edwin Booth had not been long in England before I distinctly heard the growling and grumbling of the angry dogs over the dry, meatless bone of protection. They would have put down Edwin Booth in London as they tried to put down Charles Fechter years before, had they but dared; but they did not dare, as the prominent members of the dramatic profession had elected to vote for free trade, and did not care to "rat" so soon in the face of the enemy.

The position was becoming serious. Edwin Booth was triumphing over his unfortunate surroundings. His *Iago* made a profound impression—more than his *Othello* or even his *Hamlet*, which was so dear to the American people.

The characters that impressed me most in Edwin Booth's repertoire were his *Petruchio* and his *Richelieu*. Hitherto my idol in both cases had been Samuel Phelps of the Sadlers Wells Theater; but from that moment Edwin Booth moved up to the very top of the class. *Petruchio* has appeared in scores and scores of plays—"The Fool's Revenge," "The King's Jester," and many more. He is at the root of the ever popular opera "Rigoletto." Booth's *Petruchio* was magnificent. Humor of the most pronounced kind was allied to tragedy. Here was a part that Henry Irving could have played to perfection, but he never attempted it.

The same gifts that Edwin Booth displayed as *Petruchio* he gave us again with renewed force as *Richelieu*. I never

saw Macready in the part, but all the *Richelieus* I have seen succeeded in the comedy scene, but failed in the splendid, tragic outburst in the "curse of Rome." This was the case with Henry Irving and in a measure with Phelps, though after carefully weighing the difference in style and temperament, on the whole I preferred the *Richelieu* of Phelps to that of Irving, and liked the *Richelieu* of Edwin Booth better than either.

THE DIPLOMACY OF IRVING.

At this juncture came a master stroke of diplomacy on the part of Henry Irving, almost, indeed, worthy of the great *Richelieu* himself. Irving was on the eve of visiting America for the first time. Naturally, he desired to ingratiate himself with the American people, and the artistic as well as the dramatic section of it. There must be no more Forrest rows or Kean cabals on this auspicious occasion. There must be no uncomfortable thorn lurking in the laurel wreath of Henry Irving when the New York papers first shouted, "*Io Triumphe!*" No sense of rivalry or discord must be suggested. Henry Irving is a master in the art of preparing the way for a personal success. He leaves no stone unturned, in order that everything crooked may be made straight.

So all the dramatic diplomatist had to do was to say to Edwin Booth, "Look here, old friend and comrade, let us shake hands across the sea. Don't bother yourself about the Princess' Theater; come right over to the Lyceum—my Lyceum—the Henry Irving Lyceum—and act with me. We will alternate the parts in various Shaksperian plays. You shall be *Iago* one night and I will be *Othello*, and vice versa. It will all be so friendly, so genial. They will appreciate my comradeship in America, and" (you probably know the Henry Irving half smile, half wink) "we will make a bit of money between us, old boy." And they did.

It must have been on this celebrated occasion that our great English actor invented the stereotyped phrase that he has repeated again and again with such success in every speech that relates to cordiality in connection with the two

countries of America and England: "Let us coal together!"

Henry Irving and Edwin Booth "coaled together" at the Lyceum to the moral and pecuniary advantage of both.

THE DALY COMPANY IN LONDON.

The growling of the dogs in the manger, suppressed and surly during the visit of Edwin Booth, broke out into angry barks, snaps, and sometimes howls when Augustin Daly came on the scene. He also dared to play Shakspeare in London, and, in order to emphasize his offense, he had at his right hand a brilliant Shaksperian actress who could hold her own against any English rival, and that actress was called Ada Rehan. The Shaksperian monopoly in London, whether at the Lyceum or elsewhere, was threatened. At any rate, Augustin Daly said, "Check to your queen." An actress who could play *Rosalind* and *Katharina* and *Viola* as Ada Rehan proved she could was not exactly a *persona grata* at the English court of comedy.

It was poor William Terriss, the murdered actor, who first suggested to Augustin Daly the feasibility and propriety of coming to London with Ada Rehan and John Drew and dear old Mrs. Gilbert and "Jimmy" Lewis and a bevy of beautiful girls, with Daly's cleverly adapted German farces. So long as the American manager confined himself to that branch of art, he trod on very few toes. The kings or queens of the stage looked down upon his meritorious effort to amuse the English public with a first class company, as well equipped as rehearsed, with alternate superciliousness and disdain.

The stronghold was in no danger; the fortress was not being bombarded. Shakspeare remained undefiled by furtive American fingers. But when Augustin Daly proposed to play Shakspeare in London, and to mount Shakspeare beautifully and with poetic taste, and when, in addition, Augustin Daly suggested that the English people might like to hear how Shakspeare could be spoken by American people, so as to be understood on the English stage, and that elocution was not wholly a lost art

in America, and that America could produce an actress supreme in Shaksperian comedy—the best *Katharina* and *Rosalind* that this generation has seen—why, then the "fat was in the fire," and the whole idea of the *entente cordiale* fell instantly to pieces.

Who was Augustin Daly, that he dared to produce Shakspeare in London and to issue carefully compiled and annotated acting editions and to have views about stage decoration and stage management? Augustin Daly was not an actor, so what had his irreverent, Bowdlerizing hands to do with William Shakspeare? He had been a dramatic critic, and therefore, presumably, a student, and dramatic critics who are at the same time students are thorns in the flesh of the English actor manager.

In addition to that, Augustin Daly was a manager, and a very skilful manager, and he was also a stage manager, and one of the very best stage managers of his time.

So, as far as could be done, Augustin Daly, who represented American art, was warned off the English common land.

They discovered that Augustin Daly was iniquitous enough carefully to edit and rearrange the text of Shakspeare in his acting editions, and called him a Goth and a Vandal, conveniently forgetting that there is not an acting edition from the days of Macready to those of Henry Irving in which precisely the same thing has not been done.

A play by Shakspeare in the original text *totidem verbis* is, as all actor managers know, quite impossible in these days. You must either cut him or leave him. I maintain that Augustin Daly cut him as reverently as any actor manager has ever done, and if it were necessary, that earnest Shaksperian scholar William Winter might be called into the box to testify, for he knows about as much of Shaksperian acting editions as any man living.

They also held up their hands in holy horror when they discovered that, for the purposes of minstrelsy, Augustin Daly had transferred a Shaksperian song from one play to another. Where is the harm? It is Shakspeare all the same. What *Rosalind* yet, who had a

voice to sing, refused to warble in "As You Like It" the exquisite cuckoo song:

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady smocks all silver white
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

And I suppose it is not requisite to inform the actor manager, who may be also a student, that this song is the conclusion of "Love's Labor's Lost" as sung by *Ver the Spring* at the request of *Armado*.

I fear that poor Augustin Daly was never quite forgiven in certain quarters in London for his rash incursion into Shakspeare land. However, some of us are thankful to him that he made it, in that he gave us one of the best *Rosalinds*, and virtually enabled us to see *Katherine* in "The Taming of the Shrew" for the first time.

And so, dogs in the manger or not, to

growl or snarl, we went on our way rejoicing. America gave us, to our joy and delight, William Gillette in "Secret Service," and Annie Russell as *Sue*, and the lovers of pretty music and light fantasy welcomed "The Belle of New York" and De Wolf Hopper, and a cordial greeting was given to Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, whose brilliantly clever little sister remains in England—I hope as a fixture; and, if I err not as a prophet, there is English enthusiasm in store for Mrs. Fiske when she gives us "Tess," and, of course, for Julia Marlowe, if ever she crosses the Atlantic with "Barbara Frietchie."

I am confident that the interchange of civilization and courtesies has been the best possible thing for the art of both countries, and has been the delight of playgoers on either side of the dividing Atlantic Ocean.

NOVEMBER.

DARK, grim November, stalking by,
Grieves for the year so soon to go;
Brown tints upon the hillsides lie,
And in the air come hints of snow.

Dim, moving shadows fill the day.
The flowers are dead, the birds have flown;
Brown leaves are heaped in stark array—
The brook's voice brings a solemn tone.

The flames upon the forest's face,
That lately shone for our despair,
Have gone with all their pallet's grace,
And none today can answer where.

Brief is the circuit of the sun,
A ghostly spell holds land and sky;
For summer's splendors are undone,
And soon the north wind's riotry

Will jar the chimney, sweep the plain—
Sounding shrill trumpets where it goes;
Till o'er the landscape's breadth again
Drops the white coverlet of snows.

But, underneath, the seeds of spring
The whole of life hold fast in fee,
For the chilled earth's awakening
And endless summers yet to be!

Joel Benton.

The Waterways of New York.

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

THE WONDERFUL ACTIVITY AND PICTURESQUENESS OF THE FINEST HARBOR IN THE WORLD, WHOSE BUSY WATERS ARE CROWDED WITH ALL MANNER OF CRAFT, FROM THE CANAL BOAT TO THE OCEAN GREYHOUND.

IN the harbor of New York there is forever passing a changeful and bewildering panorama. Behind, uprears the city's sky line, a looming background for the moving scene. The massive structures rise tier upon tier, veritable monuments to the thrift and greatness of the trade that plies about the town's tide bound frontiers at their feet. In every quarter the commerce of the world goes by—the incessant activity over which their peaks and pinnacles preside.

In daylight, dusk, and darkness, it never halts or falters. Cargoes from every port, from every nook and cranny of the world to which the hand of man is reached forth in trade, are forever clearing or discharging at the wharves. Here, too, come strange sea folk from every known quarter of the earth—on one hand, a snub faced Finn, perhaps, or a fair haired Scandinavian; on the other, a soft tongued, dusky Kanaka from the South Pacific. It is here that the antipodes rub elbows with the upper world; here that extremes of the wide earth meet. Black, white, yellow, and even red—all appear in the moving scene, and the voices sounding upon the water front rise like the polyglot of Babel.

Of this swarming life, of this bewildering variety of types, colors, and tongues, swarming even at his gates, the dweller in the brownstone has but a vague impression. He may, for instance, have viewed it casually from the fore deck of a ferry boat, or, perchance, through the windows of a shore cab, or from the bridge of a yacht. He may even have gone out and come home on some of the Atlantic liners; and after that he is sure to believe himself an adept in the secrets of the water front. But one cannot read the Koran by merely looking at the cover, and to accomplish a real insight into the mysteries of harbor life is a work of tact and long study.

In the first place, consider the variety; then, how the scene is forever shifting.

Remember that the men before you this instant are gone the next, and the first point they touch after clearing the head of Gedney Channel may be five thousand miles from here. This does not give the landsman much chance of making intimates of the deep sea sailormen, and still less of learning offhand all there is to know about them, as one digests a mathematical formula. Time and experience only can make one familiar with the water front of New York.

Look northward from the Battery. On the right hand lies the East River, spanned by the graceful bend of its great bridge; on the left, the North River—the Hudson proper. What lies in the distance? Up and down the East River one sees a perspective of tall spars webbed with cordage, undershot here and there by the splash of color on some tramp steamer's stack. Indeed, here on the South Street front is a veritable forest of masts, an expression hackneyed by its simple completeness. You may see here every complexion found in the sea trade; hear every tongue spoken before the mast in any quarter of the globe. This is the haven of deep sea craft drawn from all the world around—"limejuicers," they call them; tall ships that drift like ghosts from port to port, months between each glimpse of land. Here, also, are the coasters, mostly sailing craft, rigged fore and aft, with now and then a fruit steamer, trim and white, or a Mediterranean tramp, squat, flat sided, and nearly always blowsy.

Look northward now along the main Hudson. One sees on this hand a different type of craft. One beholds the great Atlantic steamers beside long piers crowned with double storied sheds of corrugated iron. A liner, perhaps, is docking or departing, a squad of strident tugs coughing about her. If she is docking, you will see them striving at her flanks, noisy, like a hungry litter.

Rank after rank of castled stacks

stretch away into the perspective, each marked with the distinctive color bands of its company. Each craft lies in its dock, resting like a steed in its stall, while sluggish coal scows, barges, or floating grain elevators cling to its sides, each pouring its hoard into her cavernous holds. Further onward there is an abrupt ending of this mighty traffic. The Bermuda docks end the ocean trade, and oyster and ice boats, tiny in comparison with the liners, crowd the docks and bulkheads. Still further northward, the shipping becomes indiscriminate, and one may find almost any type of small craft—the brick barges from Haverstraw, lumber schooners, cotton barges, tugs, and all the varied elements of this great kaleidoscope of busy life.

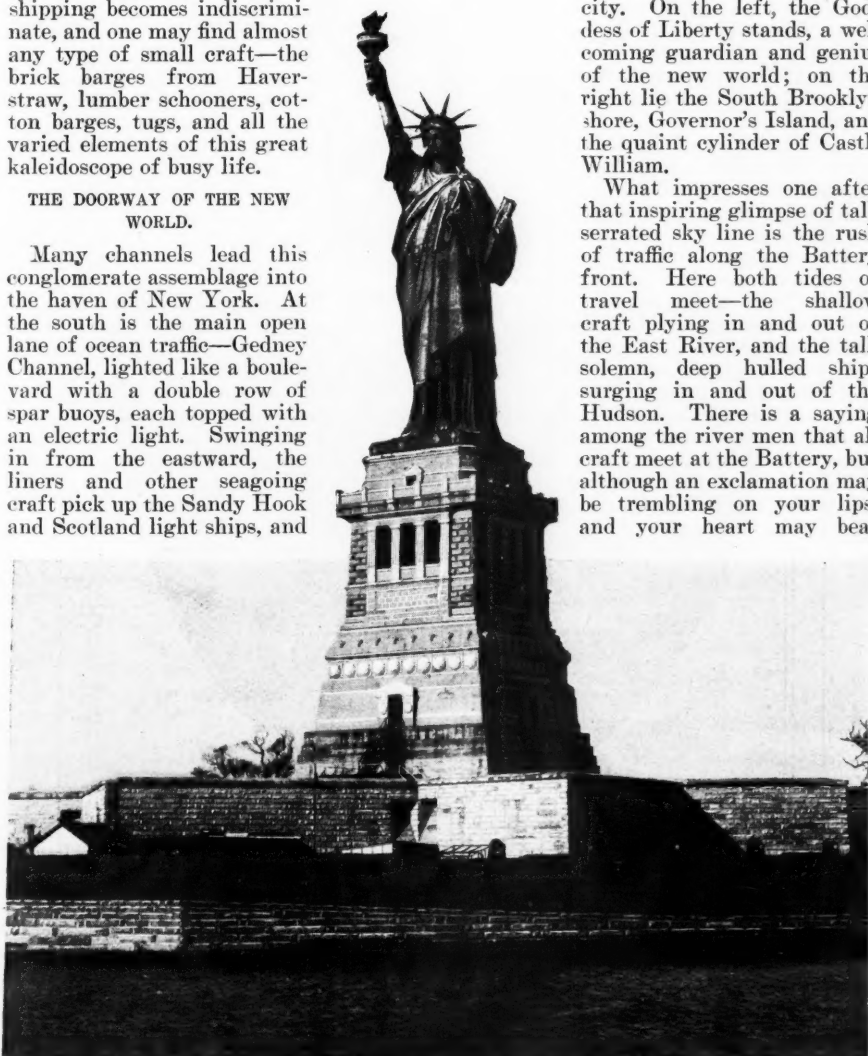
THE DOORWAY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Many channels lead this conglomerate assemblage into the haven of New York. At the south is the main open lane of ocean traffic—Gedney Channel, lighted like a boulevard with a double row of spar buoys, each topped with an electric light. Swinging in from the eastward, the liners and other seagoing craft pick up the Sandy Hook and Scotland light ships, and

then, with the range of beacons set along the Jersey and Staten Island coast, move inward towards the Narrows. Here all ships are halted, and if able to show a clean bill of health, are passed by the quarantine staff, and permitted to proceed to their docks.

Through this fairway, hardly wider than an avenue, swarms the world's traffic. Beyond lie the upper bay, the anchorages, and the wharves. Clearing the Narrows, the prospect opens, and there before the watcher's eyes rises the city. On the left, the Goddess of Liberty stands, a welcoming guardian and genius of the new world; on the right lie the South Brooklyn shore, Governor's Island, and the quaint cylinder of Castle William.

What impresses one after that inspiring glimpse of tall, serrated sky line is the rush of traffic along the Battery front. Here both tides of travel meet—the shallow craft plying in and out of the East River, and the tall, solemn, deep hulled ships surging in and out of the Hudson. There is a saying among the river men that all craft meet at the Battery, but although an exclamation may be trembling on your lips, and your heart may beat

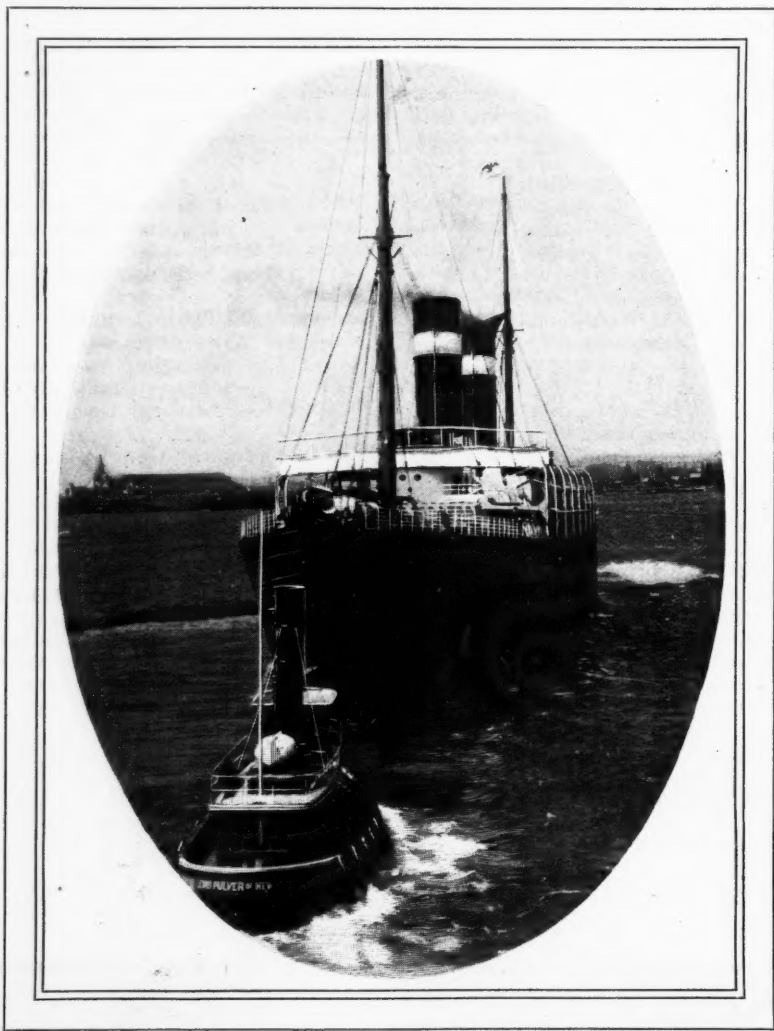


THE COLOSSAL STATUE ON BEDLOE'S ISLAND—"THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY, A WELCOMING GUARDIAN AND GENIUS OF THE NEW WORLD."

From a copyrighted photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

quicker as the plunging craft drive about with apparent disregard of common safety, mishaps rarely occur along the waterways. The reason is that few excuses are accepted, and without a license

the liner bowling up the channel, but she bears an important part in the economy of sea life. Some day the liner, with all her gaudy brass and paint, her aspiring masts and stacks, may pile up on the



THE START OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE—THE AMERICAN LINER ST. PAUL PUSHING OUT INTO THE STREAM.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

a steamboat pilot is a fish out of water. So each one has a sharp and wary eye for the other.

Off the Battery, one beholds an endless procession of tugs. They are of all sorts, all conditions, all sizes. That big, powerful fellow—the one with the broad stack and masts—is an ocean going tug. She may seem small and insignificant beside

Hook, or, as the St. Paul once did, go hard and fast ashore on the Jersey coast. Then you will see wonders performed by the sooty, steam bound boat, now idling along with a brace of dingy coal barges in tow. Although puny and insignificant, she is in fact all heart and lungs, and the way she can twist around the stern of a ship six times her own length will give

one a graver idea of her importance.

THE BULLDOGS OF THE HARBOR.

Moreover, a craft of this kind, although hardly comfortable for the purpose, is quite capable of crossing the Atlantic. An ocean going tug like the Luckenbach, for instance, is built not so much to look upon as for hard work, and a great deal of it. Along the coast she may on occasion pick up a storm that would not put the mid Atlantic to blush. One such boat—the Storm King, to be exact—ran into a West Indian hurricane a few years ago, and outrode the gale, although she jumped the stack out of her upper works. That same storm wrecked half a dozen steamers and Clyde clippers within half a day's journey of the spot where the Storm King rode out the blow.

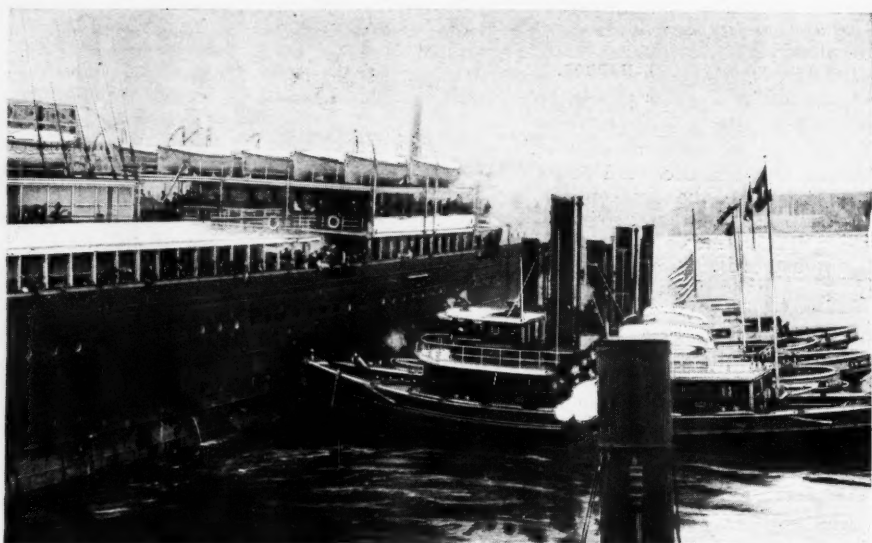
The harbor tug, however, never takes these chances. She prefers the more placid waters of the bay. But even though the deep sea sailor may turn up his nose at such a life, it is, indeed, not without its perils. The service that such a craft is called upon to perform involves manifold adventures. Most of these tugs gain a livelihood by towing in craft from outside the Hook. Ordinarily, this might be simple enough, but competition has virtually driven the harbor boat out of its own element. To get trade, nowadays, a man must take some risk. He must run thirty or forty miles outside, and heave to until he picks up a tow, or his coal burns low. Summer and winter he hovers offshore, driving his bargain on the high seas; for if he were to wait inside for trade, he might rot in the channel or eat up the price of the tug in coal before he got a job.

The mere thought of a trip outside seems pleasant enough when one knows nothing of what it sometimes involves. Take it when the ice is running. It is no joke to wind up in the middle of a seaward bound floe that has nipped off every blade of the wheel, or wrecked the rudder. Or fancy one of those sudden storms that sweep up the coast. With her low freeboard and unprotected deck house,



IN THE ERIE BASIN, WHERE MANY TRAMP STEAMERS DOCK, AND WHERE THERE IS LAID UP A FLEET OF YACHTS OUT OF COMMISSION. HERE, TOO, ARE DRY DOCKS, REPAIR SHOPS, AND HUGE WAREHOUSES.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.



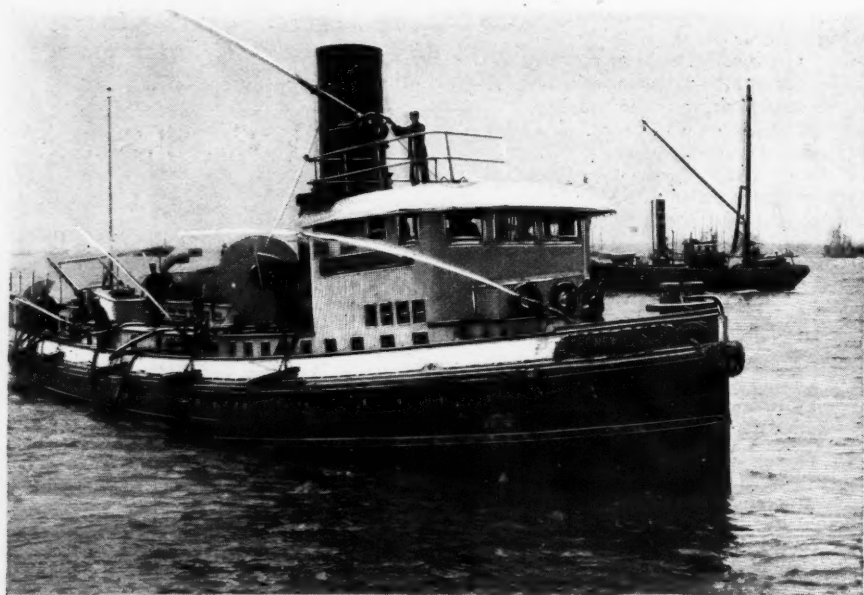
THE MAJESTIC COMING TO HER PIER—"A SQUAD OF STRIDENT TUGS STRIVING AT HER FLANKS, NOISY, LIKE A HUNGRY LITTER."

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

a small tug voyaging outside the Hook stands a small chance indeed. But her pilot rarely murmurs, no matter what the nature of his task. He will take all reasonable chances, and sometimes, if the

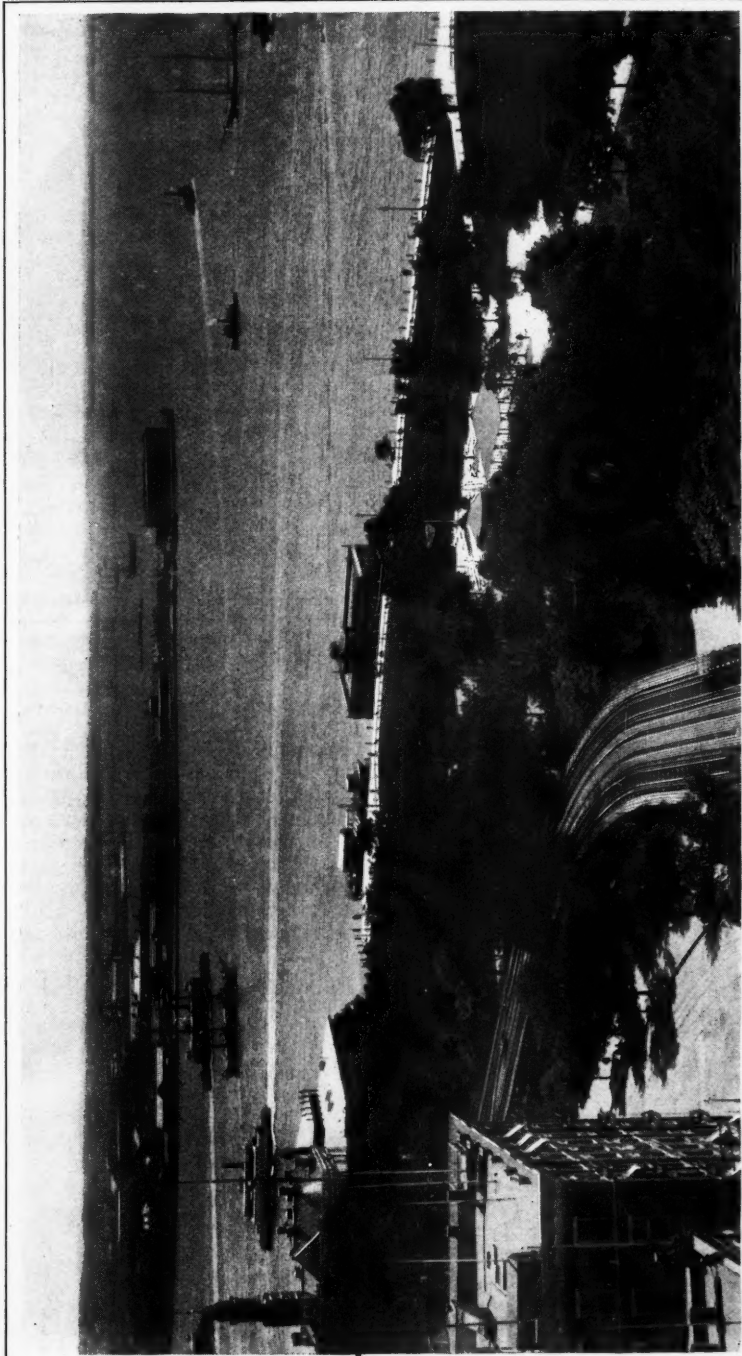
stake is high enough, will face truly desperate risks. It is all in a day's work, as he expresses it.

This is only one phase of the tugboat life, and there are a thousand others.

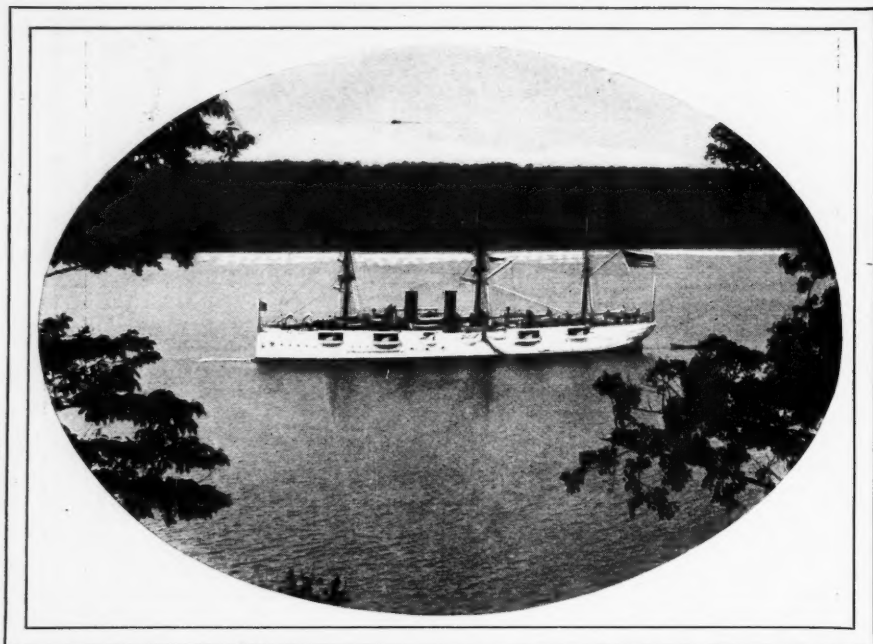


THE FIRE BOAT NEW YORKER—"BLUFF BOWED, SQUAT, AND DETERMINED; BUT WHAT SHE LACKS IN BEAUTY SHE MAKES UP IN STRENGTH."

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.



VIEW OVER THE BATTERY PARK, LOOKING ACROSS TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND AND DOWN THE BAY, WITH STATEN ISLAND AND THE NARROWS IN THE DISTANCE. NO PORT
CAN SHOW A MORE PICTURESQUE AND INTERESTING HARBOR PANORAMA THAN THIS.

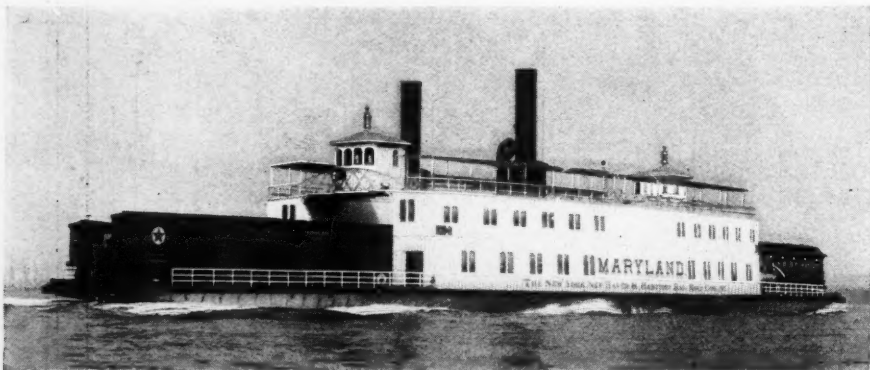


THE HUDSON RIVER, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE NEW JERSEY SHORE FROM NEAR THE GRANT MONUMENT.
THE WAR SHIP LYING IN THE STREAM IS THE CRUISER NEWARK.

They range in every direction, from towing a picnic barge to an up river grove, to handling dynamite on a powder ship. The men upon whom the safety of crew and craft depend are selected for their fitness; few pilot harbor craft because of other reasons. Courage is a common quality among them. An example of this was displayed not so long ago by the pilot of the R. J. Moran.

The Moran is a small, high pressure

tug of about a hundred tons displacement. She was ordered out one wild February night to prospect about the end of the Hook for a stranded Atlantic liner. A northwest gale was blowing great guns off the Hook when she poked her nose outside, and every sea that drenched her added to the sheathing of ice upon her metal and wood work. By the time the Moran was half way to the light ship, everything movable aboard was flinging



A RAILROAD TRANSFER FLOAT—"A WHOLE TRAIN OF CARS STANDING ON THE TRACKS IN EACH GANGWAY." IN THIS WAY TRAINS ARE RUN FROM BOSTON TO PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON WITHOUT STOP IN NEW YORK.

from side to side. As an echo to the thunder of the seas, one heard the crockery go smashing to leeward, only to pile up in fragments on the other side again.

The two men who had hired the tug looked in vain for the stranded liner, and at length concluded—rightly, as it proved—that she had hauled off and gone to sea.

"Guess we'd better turn back," one remarked, a note of anxiety in his tone.

"Guess we'd better, too," drawled the pilot. "That is, if we can."

The words were hardly spoken when the tug pitched over the crest of a sea, and lurched down the hollow with a sickening heave. A crash followed, and a gush of flame lighted up the pilot house. The stove had upset, filling the floor with red hot coals.

On one side the tug was menaced by the gathering seas, on the other by fire.

"Start the pump!" the pilot yelled. Then, waiting his chance, he swung the tug before the wind, to keep the draft from the flames. Every soul aboard was in dire peril, the pilot most of all, for he stuck to his post at the wheel, his coat tails on fire, but he never for an instant lost his head. After ten minutes of appalling endeavor, the fire was extinguished, and then the captain went below.

"Reckon I won't need a porous plaster yet a while," said he casually. He stripped off his charred coat, and his back, from his waist to his shoulder, was blistered by the fire. But even in this plight, which must have cost him agony, he had stood at the wheel, knowing that if he deserted his post every soul on board would be lost. If he had let the tug broach to, the next sea would have cleared the house from her deck, and swept all hands to death.

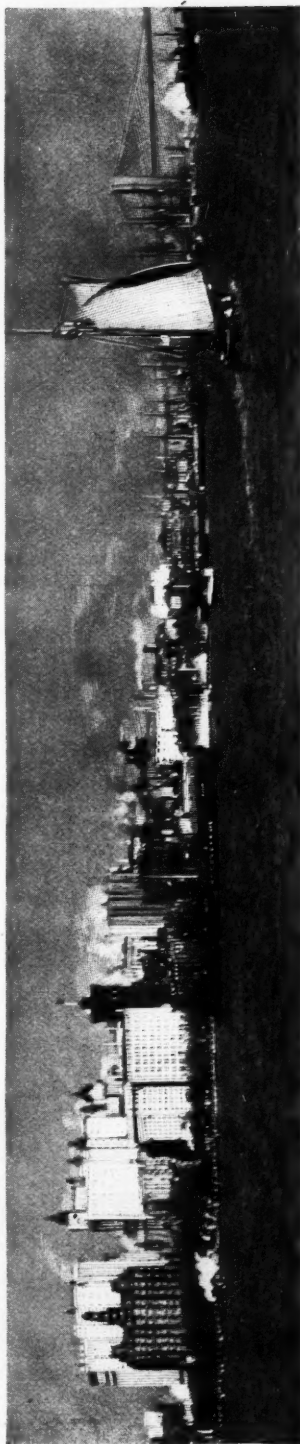
"But how could you stand it?" protested one of the two landmen.

"Dunno," he answered. "Guess I just had to."

THE HARBOR'S MANY TYPES OF CRAFT.

Another feature of the harbor life is the excursion boats freighted with their thousands. In the summer months it seems, at a distance, as if their hordes were clustered upon them like flies upon a lump of sugar. At night they are ablaze, fore and aft, with electric lights. Cheapness and convenience are their great merit, and at no other port are they approached in grandeur and size.

But even grander are the big Sound steamers—craft almost as large as ocean liners. Just before dusk, they come trooping past on their way to the eastward, towering structures of woodwork and gleaming glass and brass. One by one, in an inspiring procession, they slip majestically past the Battery, and, rounding the turn, bear away up the East River, through Hell Gate to the Sound. They are the so called



OFF THE BATTERY IN A WESTERLY BREEZE—THE SOUTHERNMOST END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, AND THE VIEW UP THE EAST RIVER TOWARDS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
From a photograph by Hemenet, New York.



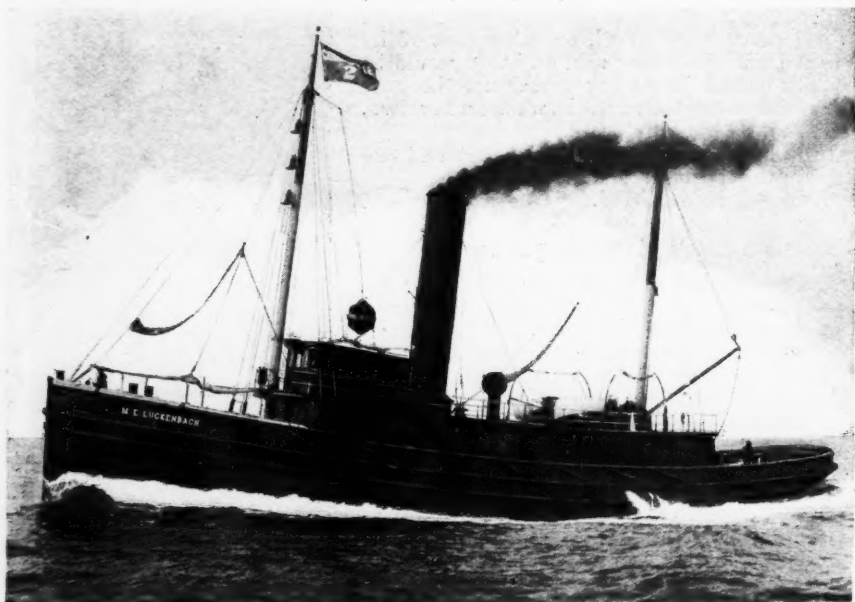
WHERE THE CANAL BOATS DOCK ON THE EAST RIVER—THESE UNDAINTY CRAFT BRING INTO THE BUSY HARBOR OF THE METROPOLIS A CURIOUS SUGGESTION OF THE RURAL REGIONS FROM WHICH THEY COME.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.

harbor queens—white and tall and majestic in their swift motion.

If you will go to the westward edge of

the Battery, you will see another craft of an exactly opposite type—the fire boat New Yorker. There are no lines of beauty

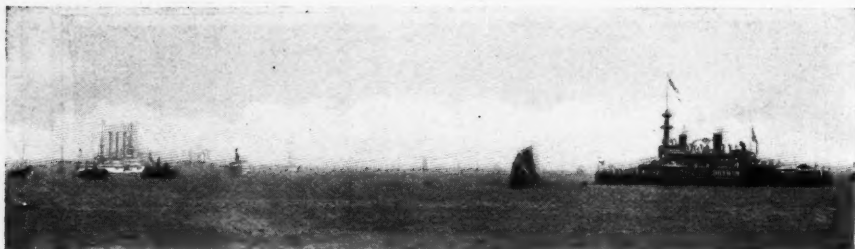


A TYPICAL OCEAN GOING TUG—"BUILT NOT SO MUCH TO LOOK UPON AS FOR HARD WORK AND A GREAT DEAL OF IT."

From a copyrighted photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.



THE EAST RIVER WATER FRONT, AT SOUTH STREET AND COENTIES SLIP—"YOU MAY SEE HERE EVERY COMPLEXION FOUND IN THE SEA TRADE; HEAR EVERY TONGUE SPOKEN BEFORE THE MAST IN ANY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE."

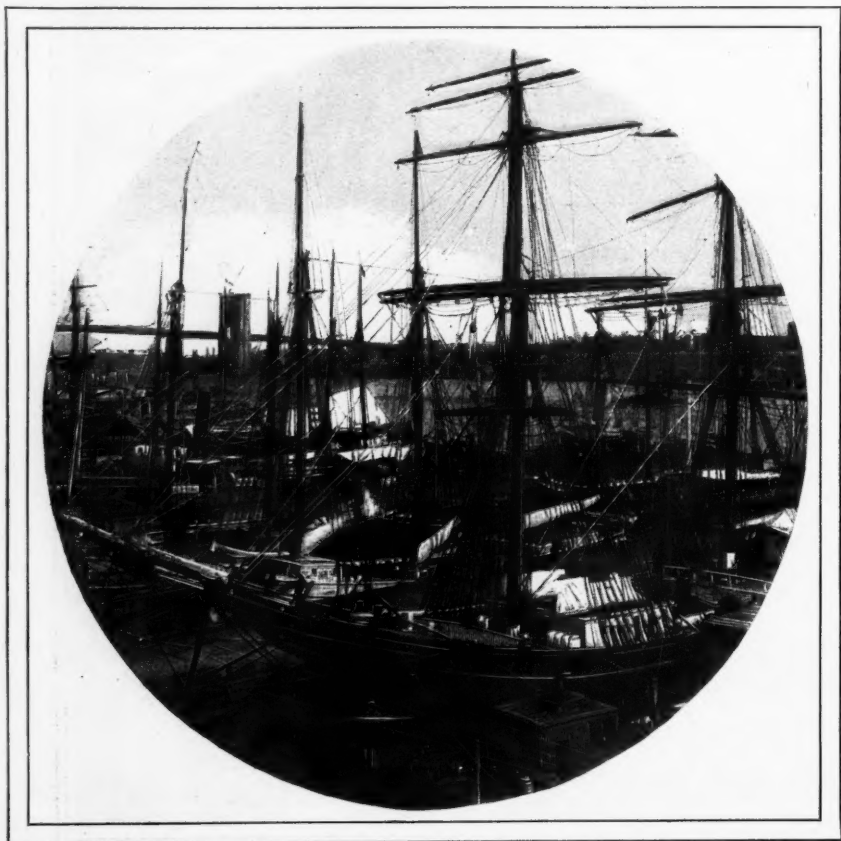


THE GOVERNMENT ANCHORAGE OFF TOMPKINSVILLE—"SOMETIMES A WHOLE FLEET LIES STRETCHED UP AND DOWN THE HOLDING GROUND—BATTLESHIPS, CRUISERS, GUNBOATS, AND TORPEDO CRAFT."

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.

about a fire boat. She is usually bluff bowed, squat, and determined. But what she lacks in beauty she makes up in strength. Along her decks is arranged a battery of stand pipes and nozzles, fire plugs and hose. If there is a fire along the river front, you can tell that she is

wanted; for at the first alarm her siren uplifts its voice and hoots with strident, deafening intonation, while she plows out of the slip on the way to the field of action. Then, when she has reached the blazing ship or pier, you will see her nose her way in under the pall of smoke and



ON THE EAST RIVER—"A PERSPECTIVE OF TALL SPARS WEBBED WITH CORDAGE, A VERITABLE FOREST OF MASTS."

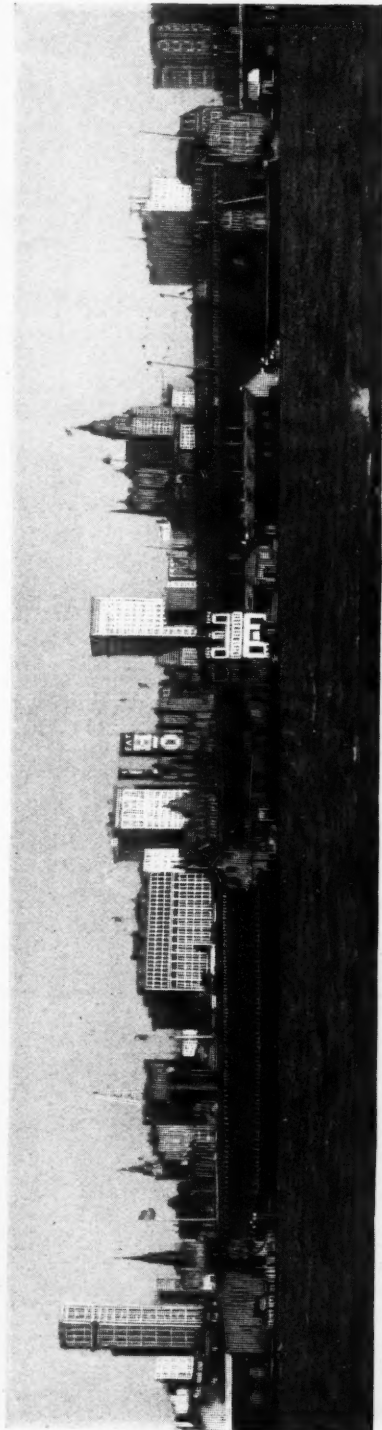
flame, her pumps beating a thunderous measure as she drowns out the blaze with their irresistible cataracts.

At the Battery, also, lie the revenue cutters, which have to perform a dozen different duties. On the arrival of every foreign liner, a boarding cutter goes down the bay to meet her. It bears a staff of customs inspectors, who take the passengers' declarations of dutiable goods while the steamer is on her way to her dock. Still another cutter stands guard over the channels and anchorages, warning craft whose pilots have dropped their hooks in the highways of travel. Then, there are the seagoing cutters, big steam craft, armed fore and aft—vessels of the type of the Gresham. Their duty is to keep watch and ward over the coast, to prevent illicit traffic, and on occasion to overhaul and board some offender who has transgressed against the sea laws of the nation.

The war ships that lie on the Tompkinsville anchorage seem hardly more fierce than the Gresham and her sister craft. As a matter of fact, the seagoing cutters are really gunboats, for their armament is powerful, and in the bow of each is a torpedo tube.

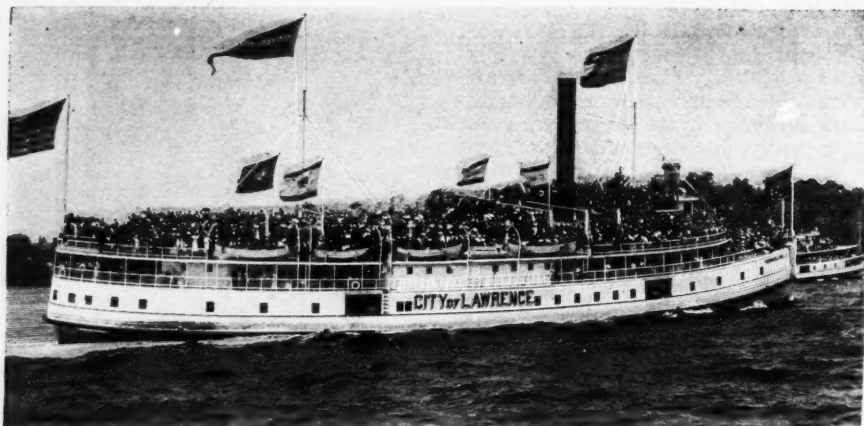
On the Tompkinsville anchorage there are always war ships enough to satisfy the critical that the port is not left unguarded. Sometimes a whole fleet lies stretched up and down the holding ground—battleships, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo craft. Then drowsy Staten Island arouses for the time; the bay is alive with small boats, and the hills echo with the roar of salutes to high officials. Visitors are nearly always welcome aboard, and unless the red flag is flying—the signal that a war ship is lading ammunition—you may be sure of passing the sentry at the rail.

Although all these scenes denote the bustle and activity of life about the harbor, there are many nooks where quiet prevails. Journey northward until the great piers are left behind, and climb the slopes of Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson. Across the river's gleaming breadth, the Palisades tower down upon the passing craft. Far away to the south, the smudge of smoke betrays the humming city and its industry, but near at hand there is almost a sylvan quiet. The terraced, shaded slopes, the winding walks along the hillside, and the broad, smooth highway of the drive give no suggestion that close at hand is the crowding city. Across the water, the wooded heights of Fort Lee peep over the edges of the Palisades.



THE SKY LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM A NORTH RIVER FERRY BOAT—"THE MASSIVE STRUCTURES RISE TIER UPON TIER, VERITABLE MONUMENTS TO THE THRIFT AND GREATNESS OF THE TRADE THAT FLIES ABOUT THE TOWN'S TIDE BOUND FRONTIERS AT THEIR FEET."

From a copyrighted photograph by Johnston, New York.



AN EXCURSION BOAT—"SHE SEEMS, AT A DISTANCE, AS IF HER HORDES WERE CLUSTERED UPON HER LIKE FLIES UPON A LUMP OF SUGAR."

From a photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

sades, and northward, the Hudson narrows in perspective between the hills.

Beyond, to the eastward, cutting off Manhattan Island from the mainland, lies the Harlem River, uncouth and unromantic in many of its reaches, yet dearly beloved as a stream of pleasure. Its edges are hidden by the floating homes of the boat clubs, and on every fair day eager oarsmen ply along its length in every manner of small craft. You will find them there graded from the squat dinghy to the taper, varnished, paper shell—single sculled, pair oared, fours, and the flashing eights. In the racing shells are the men

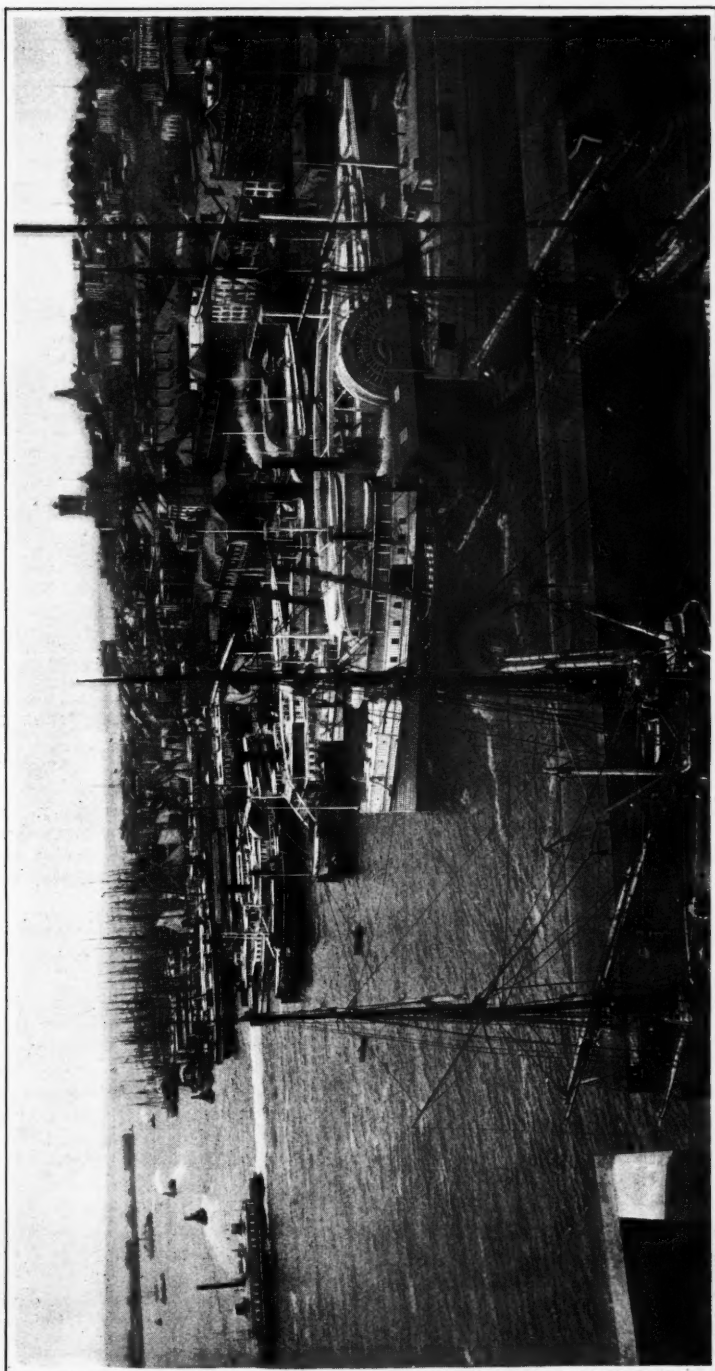
training for the annual regattas, taking their exercise among tugboats, barges, and a few excursion steamers. Now and then one perceives there, too, the anchored craft of some lone fisherman, patiently exploring the murky depths for a basket of eels.

But these are not the only quiet nooks. Go southward again along the East River until you come to the canal boat shelter, half way above the bridge. Why a canal boat is a still and solemn craft is a matter that is yet to be fully explained. But there is life enough aboard these undainty craft. At certain hours—notably in the evening—they seem to burst into life, and

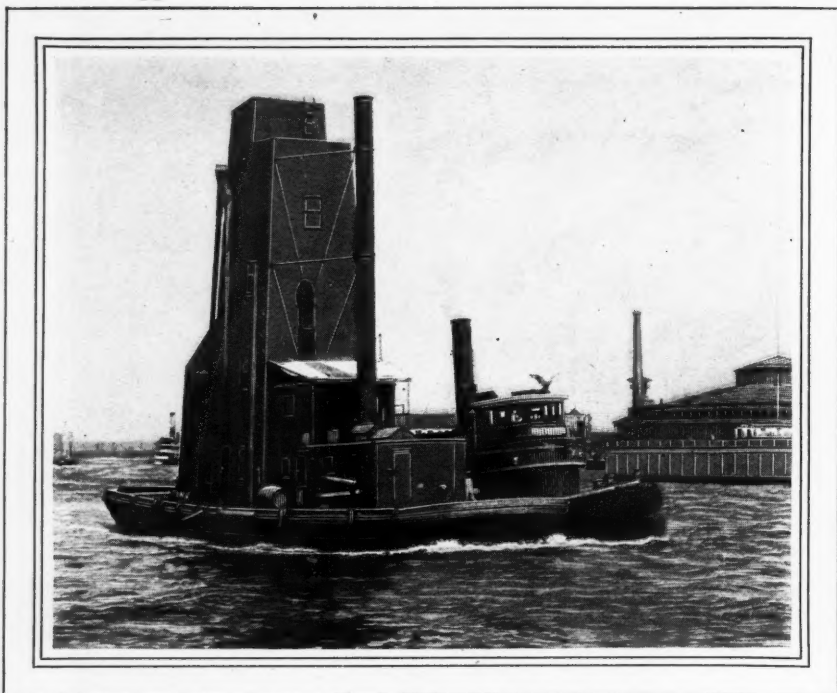


BEYOND THE TURMOIL OF THE BUSY HARBOR
—BOYS BATHING IN THE HUDSON RIVER,
BELOW THE GRANT MONUMENT.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.



VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE EAST RIVER AND ACROSS THE BAY FROM THE NEW YORK PIER OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND AND CASTLE WILLIAM APPEAR IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, ON THE LEFT; ON THE RIGHT, THE SQUARE TOWER OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE IS A CONSPICUOUS LANDMARK.

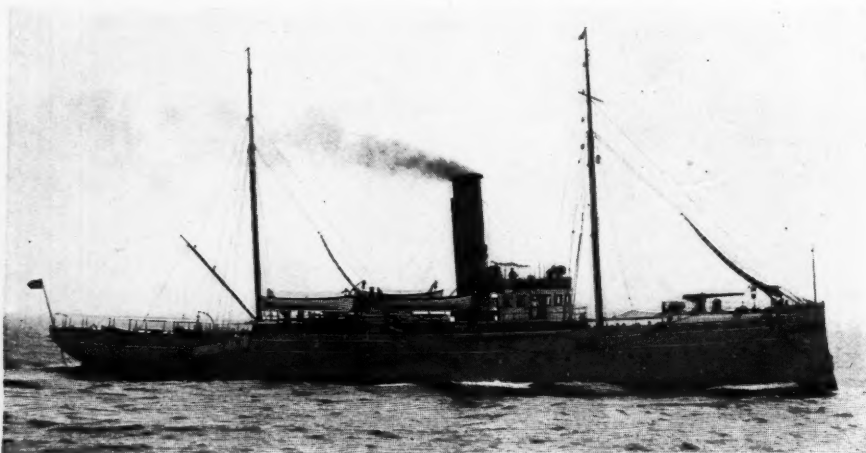


A FLOATING ELEVATOR IN TOW OF A TUG. THE ELEVATORS ARE USED FOR PUTTING GRAIN ON BOARD SEAGOING VESSELS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

figures flit from deck to deck, while the voice of the mule—the motive power of these craft—lifts itself above the notes of a melodion or accordion.

Strange sounds bear down the wind from these floating caravans. Across the water, first and always comes the querulous challenge of the mule, and then



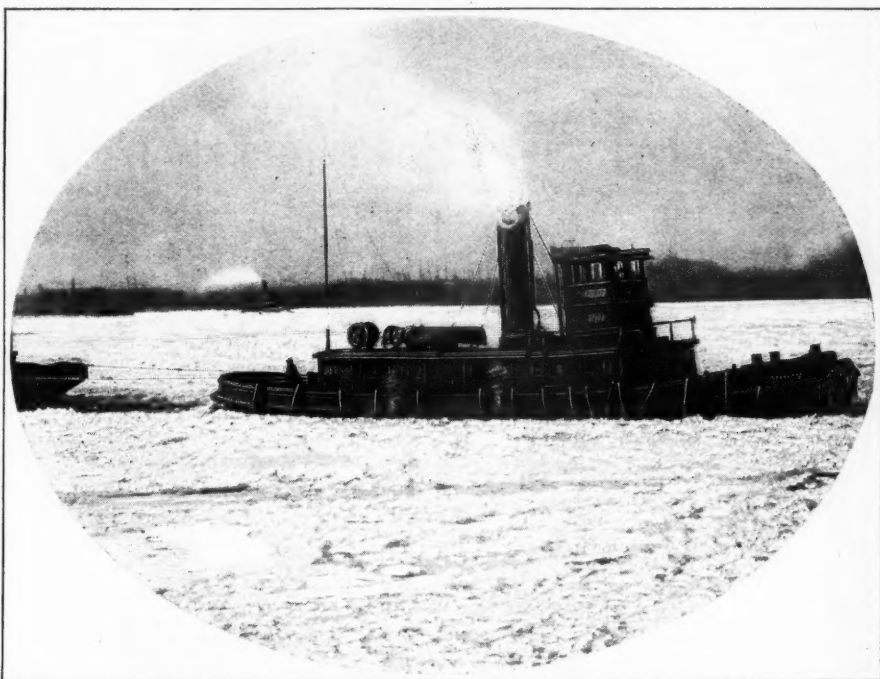
THE GRESHAM, A TYPICAL REVENUE CUTTER—"HER DUTY IS TO KEEP WATCH AND WARD OVER THE COAST, TO PREVENT ILLICIT TRAFFIC, AND ON OCCASION TO OVERHAUL SOME OFFENDER WHO HAS TRANSGRESSED AGAINST THE SEA LAWS OF THE NATION."

From a copyrighted photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

some voice cheering the river gods with a burst of popular song. Or it may be the exchange of compliments between distant boats, due to a frayed hawser or ancient prejudices. In such duels one may discern phrases calculated to make a South Street truckman turn green with envious regard. One also hears, dimly, the crying of infants and the clamor of poultry.

Their mothers and sisters frequent the excursion piers, where they listen to popular music, take the air, and have bolivars and soda—the bolivar being nothing else than uncle to the ginger snap. In the summer nights, these piers are alive with light and life.

The Battery Park is another recreation ground, and one with the merit of singu-



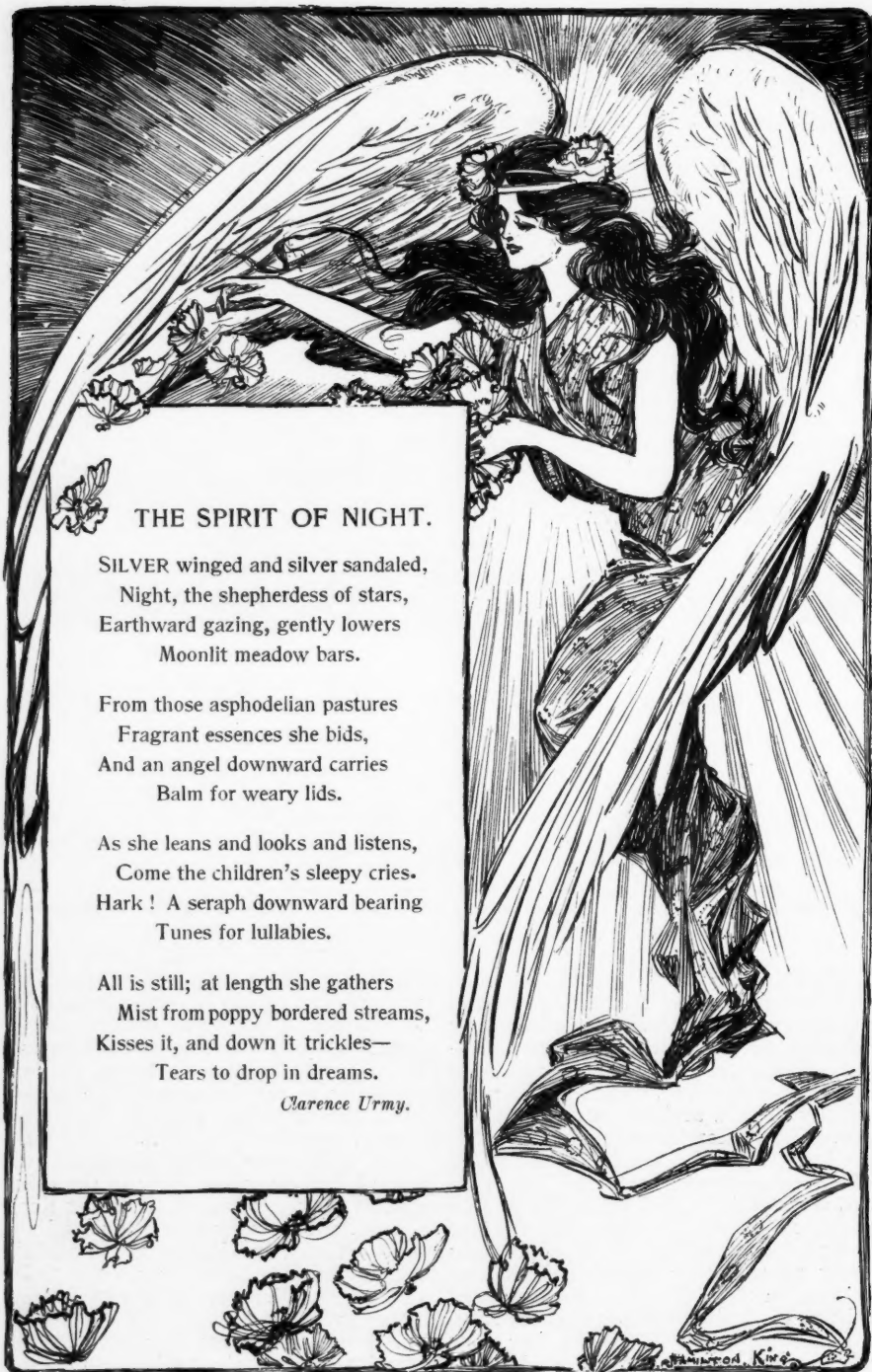
NEW YORK HARBOR IN WINTER—A TUG TOWING A RAILROAD FLOAT THROUGH THE ICE OFF THE BATTERY.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.

The life that plies along the harbor edge smacks, of course, distinctly of matters marine. Even the children playing along the stringpieces of the pier have aspirations of the sea. They begin by desiring to become pirates, or, when they learn the futility of this, aspire to a place upon a tug. Those whose imagination flies wildest hope to stand some day at the wheel of a great excursion boat, or, if they cannot attain this height, to pass lines as a member of her crew. During the summer there is a horde of these urchins on nearly every pier, staring at the shipping or bathing in the river—not that they need a bath, but mainly because it is the fashion among themselves. When they grow up, they will become, as a rule, deck hands on harbor tugs, longshoremen, and perhaps even captains of excursion steamers.

lar beauty. The prospect from the broad walk along its edge is second to none in any harbor of the world, perhaps excepting Naples. From this vantage ground one may behold, at close range, the ever changing picturesqueness of the harbor. Here the vast fleets pass by, their wash almost spraying the edges of the walk. Around the curve swells the procession of craft bound from one river to the other, and at the westward all the great liners pass. An Annex ferry boat drives by at frantic speed, and in its wake one of the great railroad transfer floats, whole trains of cars standing on the tracks in each gangway.

All told, there are few ports of the world where all the varied and picturesque aspects of harbor life appear as they do in New York.



THE SPIRIT OF NIGHT.

SILVER winged and silver sandaled,
Night, the shepherdess of stars,
Earthward gazing, gently lowers
Moonlit meadow bars.

From those asphodelian pastures
Fragrant essences she bids,
And an angel downward carries
Balm for weary lids.

As she leans and looks and listens,
Come the children's sleepy cries.
Hark ! A seraph downward bearing
Tunes for lullabies.

All is still; at length she gathers
Mist from poppy bordered streams,
Kisses it, and down it trickles—
Tears to drop in dreams.

Clarence Urmy.

The Journalism of New York.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

HOW THE GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILIES ARE MADE—THEIR METHODS OF COLLECTING NEWS, THEIR TREMENDOUS RIVALRIES, AND THE TERRIFIC PACE AT WHICH THEIR WORK IS DONE—TOGETHER WITH SOME REMARKS ON "YELLOW JOURNALISM."

NOWHERE in the world, perhaps, in any field of endeavor, do men labor under such tremendous pressure and maintain such a terrific pace as the newspaper workers of New York. It is a pace that makes men old at forty—an age when in other professions they might be first firmly establishing themselves.

The making of a metropolitan daily is the fiercest, bitterest, most exhausting struggle in the world. Wall Street has its flurries and its periods of excitement which end in an explosion. Then comes rest. Park Row, which is to the newspaper world what Wall Street is to finance, is always seething and bubbling, always at white heat. Park Row is running a neck and neck race with time, and it may

not even pause for breath. For time is the element which distinguishes news from other matters of interest, and Park Row traffics in news. It is a great nerve center, the collector and translator of intelligence. It is in touch with the activities of the round world. To be more exact, there are many nerve centers, for each great newspaper is a separate entity, and it is the mighty effort that each makes to excel its rivals that results in the greatest newspapers in the world. This spirit is not confined to New York. It exists wherever two or more newspapers, be they dailies or weeklies, are in the same field. In the metropolis the fighting is on a huge scale. Every department of the great machine plays a part in the struggle,



"PARK ROW, WHICH IS TO THE NEWSPAPER WORLD WHAT WALL STREET IS TO FINANCE." THE DOME BELONGS TO THE "WORLD" BUILDING. THE "SUN" OCCUPIES THE SMALL STRUCTURE IN A CORNER MADE BY THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING, WHICH ALSO SHELTERS THE "JOURNAL." NEXT TOWARDS THE RIGHT ARE THE "TIMES" AND THE "PRESS."

which has neither beginning nor ending, for there is not an hour in the twenty four permitting the slightest relaxation. The newspaper that gets the best news, the latest news, presents it most attractively, and places it first before the public, is the one that gets the largest circulation, and circulation is the criterion by which the modern journal is measured. A big circulation means more advertising and higher rates, which, in turn, mean greater profits, and newspapers today are run to make money. But the very things that

exclusive stories are called. If one newspaper printed a better story than the others, a story with more facts or better written or illustrated, this also is marked, and a little table is made which will later make trouble for those responsible.

Then comes the assistant city editor, who also reads the newspapers carefully. He is looking for ideas. They are all looking for ideas, new, original, and striking, that can be made into attractive news features. About this time the day news editor appears, and he reads the news-



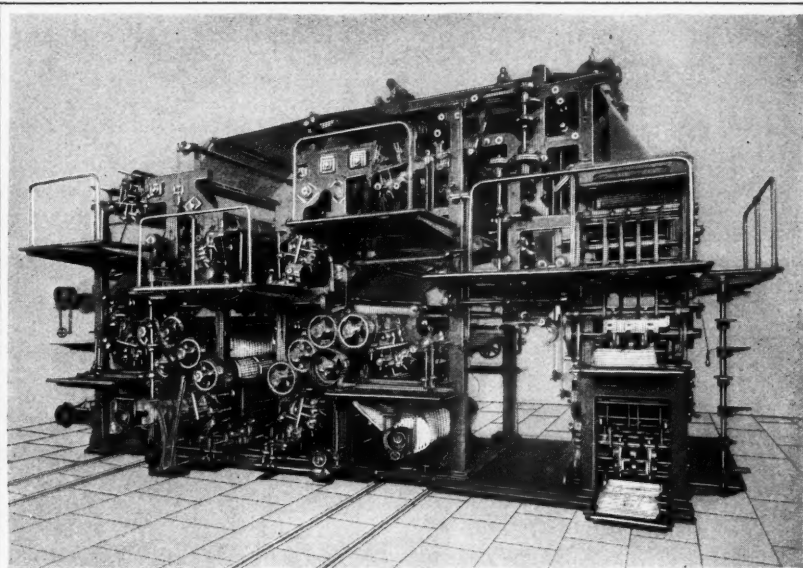
THE HERALD BUILDING AT BROADWAY AND THIRTY FIFTH STREET. THIS IS THE ONLY BIG NEW YORK NEWSPAPER WHOSE HOME IS UP TOWN.

make them pay also increase their influence many fold.

The first and principal business is the gathering of the news. One of the chief differences between the old journalism and the new lies in the fact that formerly newspaper editors contented themselves with what came to them; now they reach out after news. In offices like the *Sun*, *Herald*, *Journal*, *World*, and *Times*, the day's work on the morning edition begins about nine o'clock in the morning, when the paper reader appears. It is his business to read carefully all the dailies published in New York. His concern is wholly with local matters and events bearing upon them. He is supposed to go through the newspapers with a fine tooth comb, even to the advertisements, marking everything that promises to make a "story"—a generic term used to designate anything published in the news columns. He also marks the "beats," as

papers for telegraph and cable stories. The sporting editor reads the pages which concern his department. In some of the big offices, the city editor appears at ten o'clock in the morning, while in others he does not come down until two or three in the afternoon, remaining on duty until the paper goes to press.

All the men in executive places devote nearly half their time to reading newspapers. The wise reporters do the same. The big morning dailies have from twenty to fifty reporters. The evening editions, which are entirely distinct, have fewer. All are looking for suggestions for stories. Formerly the reporters of the morning papers appeared at eleven o'clock in the morning. Now their work begins much later. The reason is that the evening editions cover the day so thoroughly that the morning editions are largely made up after six o'clock in the evening. The department men, the reporters who "do"



THE NEWEST AND FASTEST NEWSPAPER PRESS, WHICH PRINTS, FOLDS, AND COUNTS NINETY SIX THOUSAND EIGHT PAGE NEWSPAPERS AN HOUR.

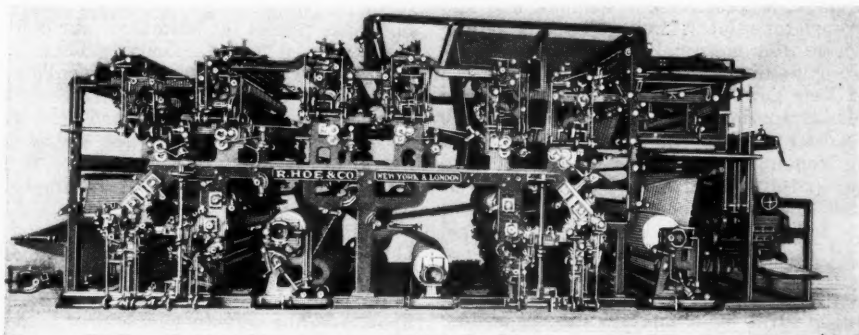
By courtesy of R. Hoe & Company.

the courts, the City Hall, and other regular sources of news, go to work early, of course. All of the routine news is supposed to be gathered by the local bureau of the Associated Press, which sends manifold copies to the different newspapers. This does not apply to the *Sun*, which conducts a local, national, and foreign news bureau of its own, supplying about one hundred and fifty other newspapers throughout the country.

The star reporters are assigned to the big stories. Some men are always kept in

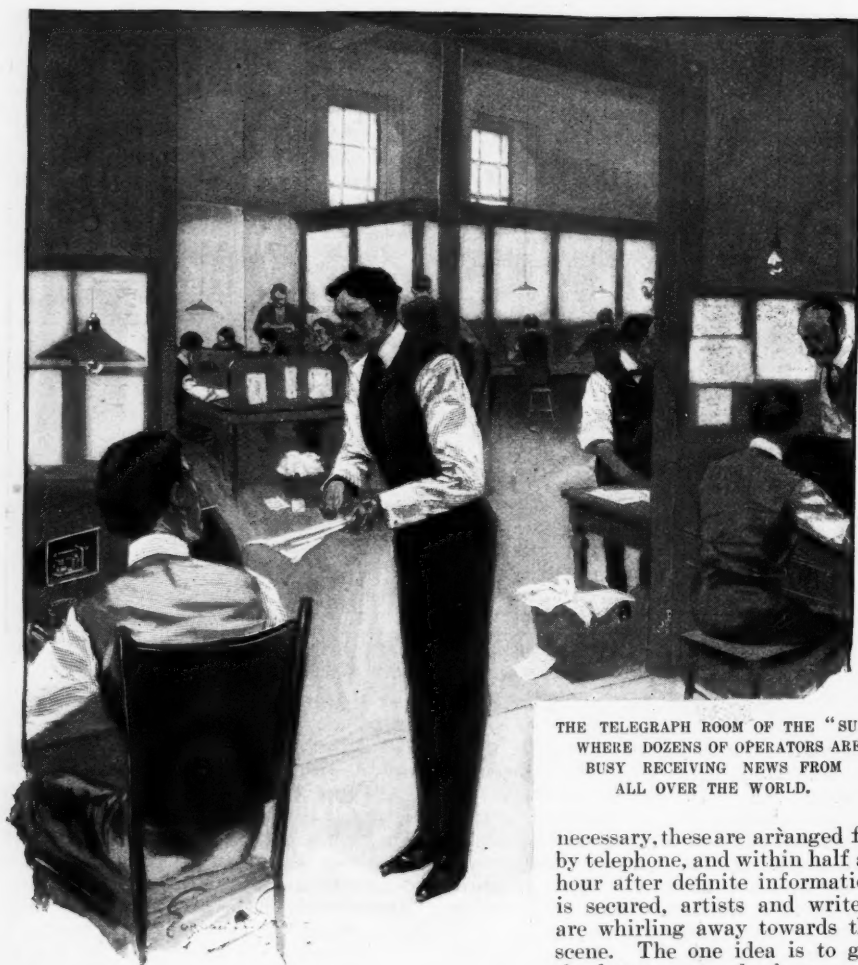
the office for an emergency. Each man has one thing to do. Half of them never "pan out." When a reporter gets an assignment that he knows will fail he calls it a "pipe," or a "pipe dream," to give the slang phrase in its completeness.

The managing editor appears about three o'clock in the afternoon. He is the autocrat of the newspaper, the man who is responsible for it, because he has the last word as to the news. The whole world is his field. Nothing is too big to overwhelm him, nothing too small to re-



A ROTARY COLOR AND HALF TONE PRESS, CAPABLE OF ELEVEN SEPARATE PRINTINGS OR COLORS, AND WHICH PRINTS FORTY THOUSAND EIGHT PAGE PAPERS AN HOUR.

By courtesy of R. Hoe & Company.



THE TELEGRAPH ROOM OF THE "SUN,"
WHERE DOZENS OF OPERATORS ARE
BUSY RECEIVING NEWS FROM
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

ceive his attention. He must cope with fighting in China, the assassination of a king, a Galveston flood, a cabinet crisis in Europe, a local society scandal, and the proprietor's latest fad. The city editor covers the metropolitan district—everything within a radius of a hundred miles of New York. The managing editor sends his instructions, the result of much paper reading and deep thought, to the London correspondent, to the Washington bureau, to reporters and artists who may have been sent to cover big events at distant points, as, for instance, the coal miners' strike, and also to the city editor.

When there is a great news story, like the Hoboken fire of last July, each newspaper turns loose forty or fifty reporters. Tugs and steamboats are hired and money is spent recklessly. If there is a big accident out of town and special trains are

necessary, these are arranged for by telephone, and within half an hour after definite information is secured, artists and writers are whirling away towards the scene. The one idea is to get the latest news, the best news, and to get it first. The question of cost is never considered.

The devotion, loyalty, and energy which its employees give the newspaper employing them cannot be estimated, nor can it be explained satisfactorily. They are ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. They are willing to sacrifice comfort, health, everything. They take the most desperate chances to get their copy into the office on time, without hope of reward in money or glory. It is simply a part of the business.

The results of the reaching out for news begin to appear in the offices about six o'clock, at which hour the night force arrives. The news features are decided upon, and the way in which they will be presented is marked out. The presentation, or "playing up," of news is one of the important features of modern journal-

ism in New York. It is the distinguishing mark of the so called "yellow journalism," because "yellow journalism" consists principally of huge head lines of a startling nature, big and striking illustrations, and heavily leaded type in which the facts are presented in the most interesting style. The most elaborate plans for the next morning's issue may be knocked in the head five minutes later by the sudden development of unexpected

Telephones are jingling like sleigh bells, and the night city editor has a receiver in his hand half the time. He often sends men out flying before he takes it from his ear. Many stories are told over the telephone; in fact, nearly all the late local news comes into the office in that way. Reporters who have been sent to the other end of Manhattan Island often dictate their stories over the wire.

No one who has not been in the thick of



THE ART DEPARTMENT OF THE "SUNDAY WORLD," SHOWING THE MAKERS OF ITS WONDROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AT WORK.

news. In fact, the plans may be, and usually are, changed a dozen times before the first edition goes to press.

The editorial rooms of a metropolitan daily are mad, rushing places in the night time. Reporters click off their stories on typewriters—they save time—and hurry the copy to the night city editor, who marks the space it shall fill down to half an inch, and passes it over to the copy readers. Eight to ten men are required to read the city copy alone. They edit it, which consists largely in cutting it down and correcting blunders, and write the heads as well as the captions for the cuts.

metropolitan newspaper work can have any idea of the persistent labor that is devoted to the verification of facts. There are times when a newspaper, from motives of policy, will tell but one side of a story in which it may be interested. But in the main every respectable paper in New York does its level best to get and print the real truth. Nothing makes a metropolitan newspaper man so tired as the familiar comment, "They had to print that to fill up." Every New York newspaper throws away twice as much matter as it prints, and the problem is not to fill up, but to find room.

The Associated Press matter comes into the office in reams. Every word must be carefully read, and the telegraph editor decides upon its value, who shall edit it, and how much space it shall have. This is true, also, of the special telegrams sent in by some of the thousand or fifteen hundred correspondents. Much of the copy that reaches the big newspaper offices is passed over to a "rewrite man," usually

is "sent up," to use the universal technical expression. Everybody is in his shirt sleeves, often with cuffs rolled up, and the air is heavy with tobacco smoke.

As one o'clock approaches, the place is a bedlam. Copy is fairly snatched from the hands of reporters and copy readers and "sent up" half a page at a time. For hours every man has worked with one eye on the clock, and now the very min-



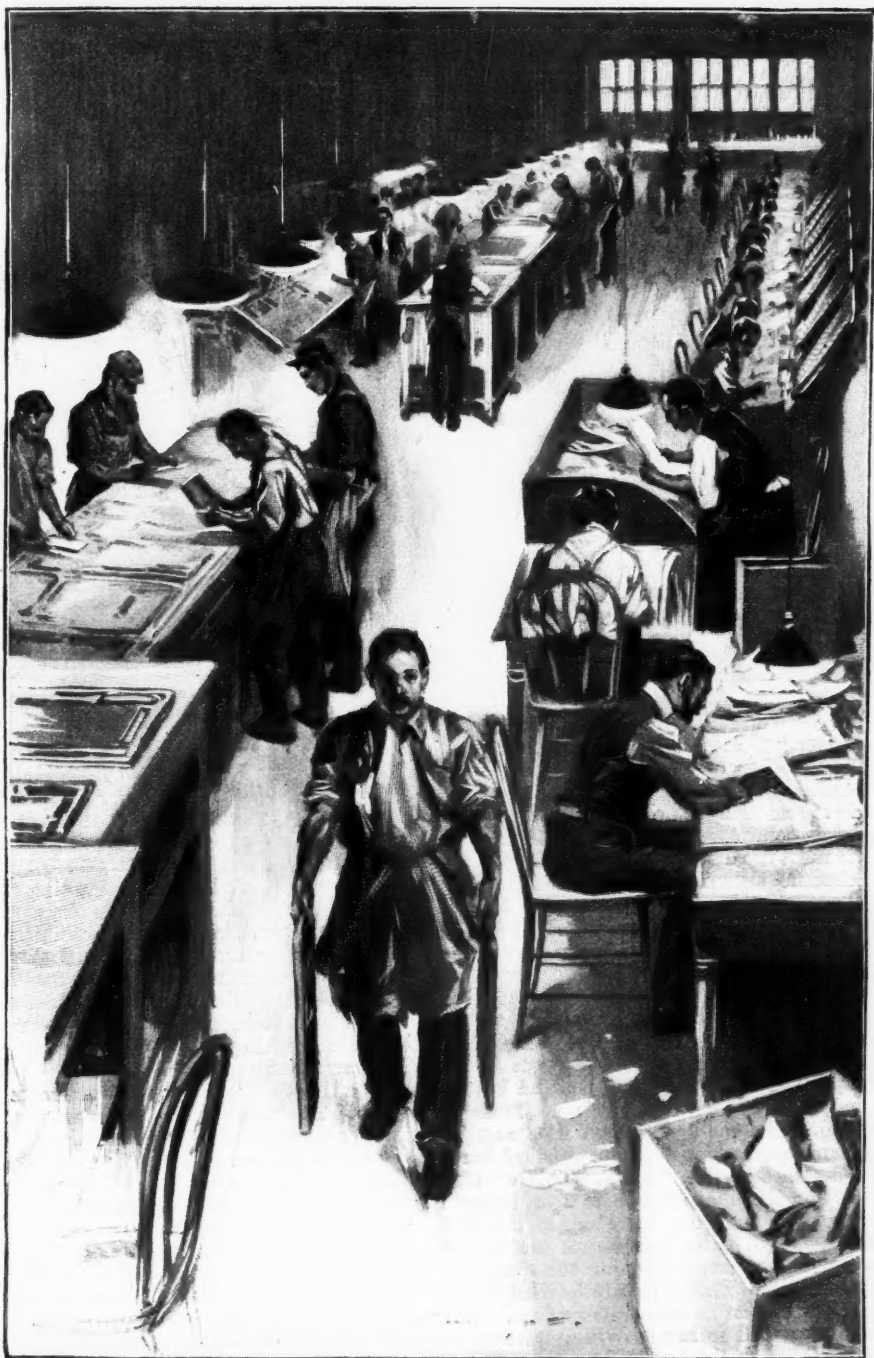
"THE EDITORIAL ROOMS ARE MAD, RUSHING PLACES IN THE NIGHT TIME. EIGHT TO TEN MEN ARE REQUIRED TO READ THE CITY COPY ALONE."

an experienced reporter who has the gift of unerringly seeing what is valuable in a story and rewriting it into terse and picturesque style, so that it stands out. This is a development of the last two years.

In the telegraph room a score of operators are receiving news from all over the country. Each of the big newspapers has two or three special wires that run from the Washington bureau into the editorial rooms. Some have a special wire to Chicago. The *Journal* has one to San Francisco. Then, there are many loops connected with the main telegraph office, permitting through connections. A correspondent in Galveston or San Francisco sends his matter directly into the editorial rooms. An editor can "break" and talk with the correspondent over the wire, as is often done. Boys are scurrying about carrying copy, which always goes to the night editor, so that he can arrange his "make up" schedule, before it goes to the composing room—before it

utes are precious. The managing editor has a hundred things to drive him frantic. His most valuable feature may be late, may hinge on a single fact that cannot be verified, or may "fall down." He may not know, although he always fears, what his rivals have, and to be beaten is almost a capital crime. There is no excuse that is acceptable, even to himself. Yet he, as well as his immediate subordinates, must find time to go over the proofs, to make changes, to order this story "played up" and that one "pulled down."

Then comes the rush to the composing room, where row after row of type setting machines is pushed at top speed. Managing editor, night editor, and make up man bend over the stones, while skilful mechanics fairly throw the type into place. The editorial page is the first "sent away" to the stereotypers. With both hands full of proofs, the editors give swift directions. There are yells for missing galleys—which are type set up and ar-



THE COMPOSING ROOM OF THE "JOURNAL," BEFORE THE RUSH BEGINS. ON THE LEFT ARE THE FORMS WHERE THE NEWSPAPER IS MADE UP, WHILE ON THE RIGHT IS A LONG LINE OF TYPE SETTING MACHINES.



THE MAILING ROOM OF THE "HERALD." HERE ARE THE NEWSPAPERS MADE IN PACKAGES AND BUNDLES FOR DISTRIBUTION.

ranged in column form. Much more matter has been set than can be crowded in, and a frantic appeal comes from the night city editor or the telegraph editor, that room must be held for a big story that is just coming in. Then the managing editor must use discretion. There is a printed schedule showing just the minute that pages must be closed. The time that it will take to stereotype and to get the presses running is calculated to the second, because railroad trains will not wait, and the first edition is the mail edition.

The forms—a form is a complete page—are moved away while they are being locked. Many layers of soft, wet tissue paper are laid over the type, and beaten and pressed down upon it to make a mold. The mold is placed in a sort of steam press, where the pulp is baked hard, and comes forth a matrix. This work is done on the composing room floor, because paper matrices are more easily handled than metal plates, which are molded in the sub basement, where the printing presses are. The plates are hustled to the presses as fast as they are cast, and while they are still so hot that they have to be handled with thick wads of felt.

To me nothing so concretely typifies the mechanical genius of the age as one of these giant presses that print, paste, fold,

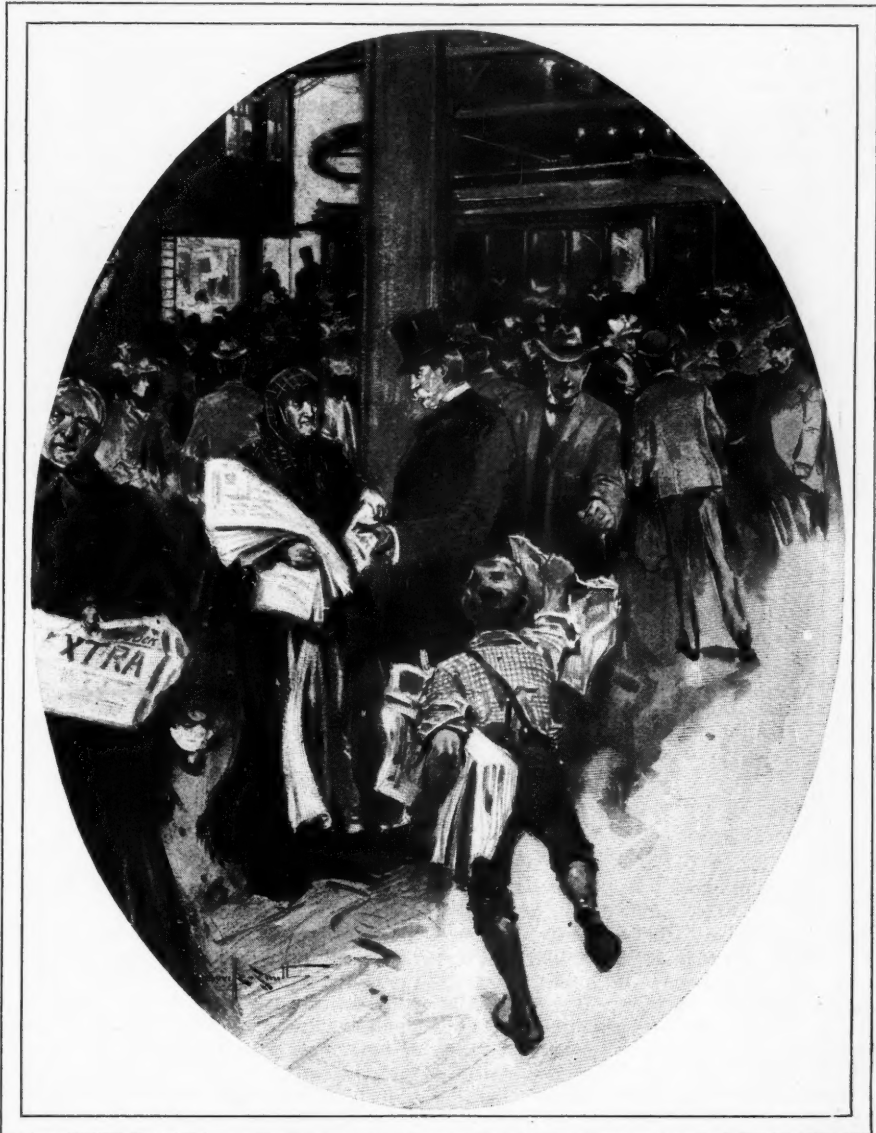
and count ninety six thousand eight page newspapers an hour. What an enormous stride from the hand press of Franklin's day! In no line of endeavor—the railroad, steam, electricity—has there been greater progress than the printing press has shown.

Meanwhile the editors are scanning the first edition. Fifteen minutes from the time the forms are locked, the finished newspaper is before them. They look for errors. They mark the paper, for the second, or city, edition, in which the local news has preference over telegraph news. Maybe something will "break loose"—the common expression for big news—and make a third or even a fourth edition necessary. The weary toilers wait until the other newspapers reach them at three o'clock in the morning. These must be read, and sometimes there is a "lift"—that is, the taking of a big exclusive story from another newspaper and printing enough "to save ourselves."

The managing editor of a morning edition goes to bed about the time the managing editor of the evening edition is getting up, for the latter reaches the office between six and seven o'clock. But others have been there long before him. Competition is keenest between the evening editions, and this has resulted in an ex-

traordinary state of affairs. Their name has become a misnomer, for the first "evening" editions of the *World* and the *Journal* are on the streets at seven o'clock in

tions every hour in the twenty four. From nine o'clock in the evening until midnight, only one or two may be on duty. That is called the "dog watch." The men



NEWS VENDERS AT THE NEW YORK ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. TINY BOYS AND WHITE HAired OLD WOMEN ENGAGE IN A COMPETITION THAT IS FAR FROM FRIENDLY.

the morning. They appear at intervals until nine at night; and when there is any news to warrant it, extras are issued as late as midnight.

Men are working on the evening edi-

who start work later have what is called the "gas house trick," and it makes them weary of life. The ablest rewrite man on the evening edition usually begins at three or four o'clock in the morning.

All through the day, the evening editorial rooms are like a mad house, nothing but hurry and confusion. Men are kept busy taking stories over five or six telephones. Every minute is precious. If an edition containing important news is placed on the streets five minutes ahead of a rival, it means an extra sale of two or three thousand copies.

Every one who has seen the *Evening Journal* or the *Evening World* is familiar with the news bulletin printed in red ink.

sult of the fight reaches the office within five seconds. Orders are telephoned to the distributing points to release the papers bearing the name of the winner, and within five minutes, or less, after the fight is over, boys are selling newspapers announcing the result.

Every man in the office is constantly on the jump. Minds are trained to work at railroad speed, to make instant decisions, and the wear and tear is frightful. The heaviest burden naturally falls upon those



ARRANGING THEIR STOCK. OF LATE YEARS MANY YOUNG GIRLS HAVE BECOME RIVALS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

This is called a "fudge"—why, no one knows. The fudge is inserted in actual type in the plates, the presses being stopped for the purpose. It is all done in the press room. Telephone and telegraph wires lead there. The operator calls off the bulletin to the fudge compositor. There is not even time to write it. A fudge can be inserted in an edition running on the presses in two minutes.

Another device for beating time is the "flash." When a set event is coming off in which there must be one of two results—as, for instance, a big prize fight—papers are printed in advance with the name of both men in huge letters, and sent to the various distributing points. The re-

sult of the fight reaches the office within five seconds. I have seen three men whom I numbered among my friends go insane while in executive positions. During the Spanish-American War, when the souls of newspaper men were tried as never before, I saw one of the ablest journalists that New York has produced in the last decade leave the composing room, where he was "making up," and rush through the editorial rooms a raving maniac, still clutching proofs in his hands. He died a few weeks later, without recovering his reason. His associates were shocked and grieved, but it never occurred to them to be frightened. The third victim died a few weeks ago, raving like the others.



TYPES OF NEWSBOYS ABOUT PARK ROW. THEY ARE BRIGHT, ACTIVE, AND ABSOLUTELY INCORRIGIBLE.

With two or three exceptions, the managing editors of New York newspapers are less than forty years old. Truly it is the pace that kills. While the workers them-



"NEWSPAPER ALLEY," PROPERLY FRANKFORT STREET. HERE THE "WORLD," "JOURNAL," "SUN," AND "TRIBUNE" SEND FORTH THE PRINTED SHEETS.



A DELIVERY WAGON DISTRIBUTING PAPERS TO NEWS-BOYS AT UNION SQUARE WITHOUT PAUSING IN ITS UP TOWN JOURNEY.

selves have no real appreciation of the pressure at which they work, the proprietors have—which explains why three or four men are so trained that they can take charge of the different editions at a moment's notice.

Horace Greeley once said that the way to make a journalist was to make him sleep on newspapers and to feed him on printer's ink. That kind of a man would not be worth his salt on a metropolitan

daily. Nowadays "the worst horned cattle," as Mr. Greeley described the college graduate, is in the ascendant. He is becoming more and more of a factor in journalism every year. His scholastic trained mind, the enlargement of his social horizon through living in close relationship with a great number of men, and his presumed acquaintance with the English language, contribute to his rapid development—if he is fitted for the work. And the development must be rapid. The man who has not made his mark at thirty might as well give up hope of any real success in New York journalism.

While editors and reporters are driving along in their feverish efforts to beat time and their rivals, there is another editor who has charge of what is, from the countingroom standard, the most important edition of the newspaper—and, as Mr. Munsey pointed out in an article on "The Journalists and Journalism of New York," which appeared in this magazine in January, 1892, the counting room has emerged from its old subordination to the editorial office, and has become the ruling power in journalism. The Sunday edition makes about three fourths of the total profits of a big newspaper. It sells for five cents, and its great size enables it to carry an enormous quantity of advertising, for which very high rates are charged. The development of the evening and Sunday editions is the most important feature of the new journalism. The morning edi-

tion does not pay, because the heaviest burdens of expense—telegraph and cable tolls, big salaries, correspondents' accounts, and the like—are saddled upon it. The morning edition is depended upon to give prestige, standing, and influence to the property.

The Sunday newspaper was the first to show a radical departure from old methods. It influenced the evening, and together they have had a marked effect upon

he was placed in charge of the Sunday edition, and free swing was given to him. It is Mr. Pulitzer's policy to ask certain results of his editors, and then to give them full authority.

Mr. Goddard was the first man to make the Sunday edition a separate entity. Theretofore it had been under the care of a so called Sunday editor, working under the direction of a busy managing editor, who had little time to give to it. Artists

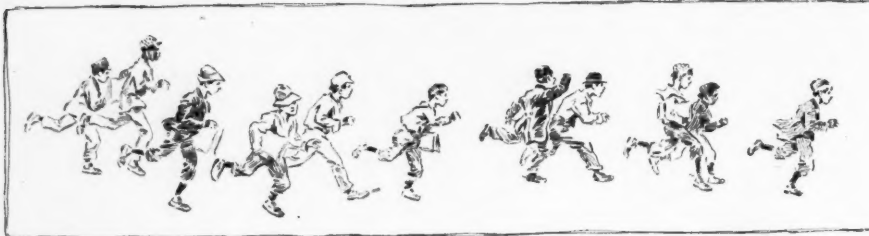


A "WHOLESALE"—ONE WHO BUYS IN QUANTITIES, AND SELLS TO THE NEWSBOYS AT A SLIGHT ADVANCE—IN NEWSPAPER ALLEY.

the morning editions. Much of the so called "yellowness" first displayed itself on Sunday. To Morrill Goddard belongs the chief credit, or responsibility, of the modern Sunday newspaper. For years he has been known as "the father of the Sunday newspaper," and he has now reached the advanced age of thirty three. He comes of a good Maine family, was graduated from Dartmouth when he was twenty, and entered upon newspaper work on the New York World. At twenty five

and writers in the city department furnished the matter at the Sunday editor's request—when they had time.

The first thing Mr. Goddard did was to organize his own staff of artists, writers, and assistant editors, who worked for him exclusively. He made up his mind that the Sunday newspapers were not interesting, and it was his business to make them so. In a little time he had the whole establishment in a turmoil. The cables sang with messages to Mr. Pulitzer, then



in Paris, warning him that "this young man is ruining your property."

By way of beginning, Mr. Goddard printed a page picture of a wonderful monkey in Central Park. Up to that time two and three column cuts were about the limit of size, and the page drawing was a novelty. It was not long before Mr. Goddard was printing double page illustrations. There were big, smashing headlines, too, and stirring articles about things that had never before been described in newspapers. It made the judicious grieve and the conservative rage, but the circulation mounted upward by ten and fifteen thousand copies a week. In five years Mr. Goddard had increased the sales of the *Sunday World* from two hundred to six hundred thousand copies. Then he left the *World* to take a similar position on the *Journal*, and in three years he had built up the circulation of its Sun-

day edition from one hundred to six hundred thousand copies.

During his régime, the magazine idea has been introduced into the *Sunday* newspaper. The comic supplements alone are estimated to have increased the circulation of those *Sunday* editions which carry them by fifty thousand a week. The colored illustrations and the half tones were other important innovations, although the wisest "circulation sharps" say they cannot trace any increased sales to them.

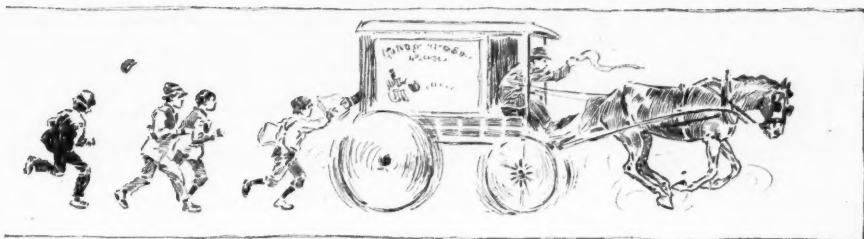
These colored supplements go to press about three weeks in advance of the date of issue. The black and white supplement, with the exception of one section, is printed two weeks in advance, and yet the rush in the *Sunday* department is often as great as in the editorial rooms of the dailies.

The counting room has not escaped the attrition of Park Row. In every newspaper office the record of the number of advertisements and the space they fill is carefully kept. Extraordinary energy and persistence are shown to get every possible bit of business. For instance, if a householder advertises a house or a flat to let in the want columns of a newspaper, the others will send him a solicitor, a very polite, well dressed young man, who will beg the advertiser to insert that and subsequent advertisements in the newspaper he represents. The cost may be about thirty cents for each insertion. When newspapers make such an effort to make sure of little things, some idea may be gained of the fierceness of the competition for big things.

Next to the editorial departments, the bitterest



A GROUP OF THE NEWSBOYS WHO CRY "WUXTRY! WUXTRY! ALL ABOUT IT! WUXTRY! 'JOYNAL,' 'WOILD,' 'N' 'SUN'! WUXTRY!"



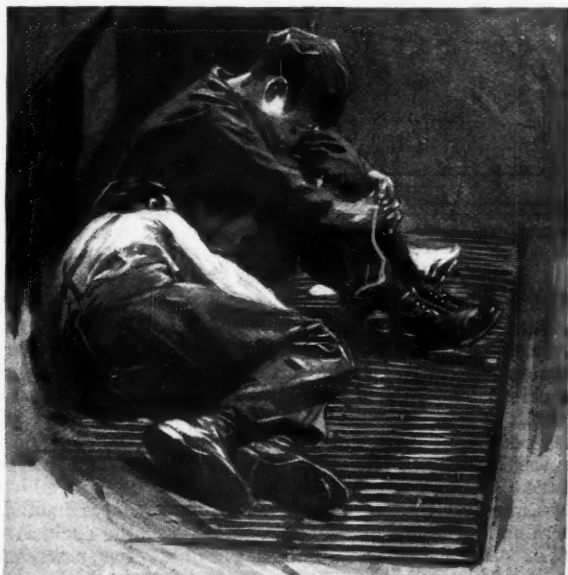
strife in the newspaper business is in the circulation department, for it is just as important to get the news into the hands of readers as to get it into the newspaper. The editorial department may outstrip its rivals by hours, but if the circulation department is sluggish, the advantage is lost.

The first real news of the actual results of Dewey's victory at Manila, following the brief official bulletin, was received in the *World* office about four o'clock in the morning—after the second edition of the morning paper had gone to press. A third edition was made, but the circulation department was not prepared to distribute it. The *Evening Journal* saw the opportunity. It "lifted" the news from the *World*, printed it in an extra sent forth at six o'clock in the morning, and sold forty thousand copies on the strength of it before the *World* people woke up. Thus the *Journal* secured all the benefits of the biggest beat of the war, which was really obtained by its bitterest rival.

A correspondent in Manila had managed to get over to Hong Kong, and he was the only one who had the foresight to pay some outrageous extra rate for his message, in order to insure its precedence over all other cables. Had his newspaper made the most of it, this beat would have done it a world of good. But some one blundered, and quick witted rivals took advantage of the fact.

More than two and a half million copies of daily newspapers are printed daily in New York. Every day in the year, every hour in the twenty four, the big presses are reeling off the

printed sheets, converting tons of white paper, which not so long before was growing in the forest, into the history of the world. So far as New York is concerned, there are no such things as subscriptions. The papers are sold outright to newsboys or to newsdealers, and the latter deliver them at houses. Because of the frequent editions, there is not an hour during week days when the newsboys are not offering them for sale. Even in the middle of the night, a few tired youngsters can always be found asleep about Park Row. Wagons loaded with papers are drawn to up town distributing points by galloping horses, which race with automobiles similarly laden. There are certain points where newsboys gather, like the east side of Union Square, Greeley Square, East and West One Hundred and Twenty Fifth Street, and dozens of others. It is highly important to have newsboys waiting. Fre-



THE WARM AIR THAT PASSES THROUGH GRATINGS MAKES A COMFORTABLE PLACE FOR A FEW HOURS' SLEEP BETWEEN THE LAST EVENING AND THE FIRST MORNING EDITION.

quently delivery wagons do not stop, and the chasing boys receive their newspapers on the run.

The best place to see the news venders is Newspaper Alley, as the upper end of Frankfort Street has come to be known. In the space of half a short block the

within a year or two, any one of the big newspapers was willing to spend from two to five hundred dollars for a special train to get an edition into a city fifteen minutes before a rival could reach there on a regular train. Special trains to carry New York newspapers have been run as



LOOKING FOR BUSINESS. THE BRIGHT AND ACTIVE NEWSBOYS WHOM NOTHING FRIGHTENS AND NOTHING DAUNTS.

World, the *Journal*, the *Sun*, and the *Tribune* deliver the newspapers. It is the liveliest spot in New York, and four policemen are constantly on duty to check mischief. The Sunday edition is the most difficult to handle. One of the most striking scenes in New York is the loading of the Sunday newspapers on elevated trains. One car is filled to the roof in a few minutes. Bundles are tossed through doors and windows.

The out of town circulation presents many problems. The newspapers find it unprofitable to fight one another, and special trains to carry an edition of a single newspaper are no longer frequent. Until

far west as Cleveland. At present, nine special trains are run every Sunday, and in addition there are wagon services from diverging points, so that the country within a radius taking in Boston, Washington, Pittsburg, and Buffalo is gridironed, and the papers are delivered by noon.

The first editions of the evening newspapers, which sell because of their special departments, and because they "play up" the exclusive news in the different morning newspapers, are daily circulated as far east as Boston, as far north as Buffalo, as far west as Pittsburg, and as far south as Richmond. Not so very long ago, a New York evening newspaper ran

a special to Boston every day, only to find its rival on the streets before it, and with a later edition. A clever circulation manager had piled newspapers into trunks and shipped them to Boston on the limited as baggage. That train carries no express matter, not even newspapers. The payment for a ticket and excess charges made the cost slight in comparison with the price of a special.

It can readily be understood that the cost of running the New York newspapers is enormous. In nothing are they so economical as in salaries, and no man is kept on the list for sentimental reasons. Yet the salary rolls of the *World*, *Journal*, or *Herald* are said to be not far from fifty thousand dollars a week. The machinery alone in each of these big plants cost more than a million dollars.

The greater part of the things herein described belong in large measure to the so called "yellow journalism." It must be admitted that the actual result produced by all this expenditure of money, all this array of talent, all this feverish energy, is exceedingly disappointing. The typical journalism of New York is frequently ridiculous, often maddening, sometimes disgusting, and occasionally downright wicked. It goes to lengths for which there is neither excuse nor justification. But when all is said, the fact remains that the "yellow journals" are the progressive newspapers, those which spend the largest sums to get the latest and best news and to present it most attractively and forcefully. They are the newspapers that do things, that make themselves a power in the land. Their lutescence lies principally in the selection and "playing up" of news, and many of their evils are due to the intense rivalry, the overwhelming desire to get and print matter that will be more striking and sensational than anything in the competing newspapers, because it is believed that these things make more readers.

When Manton Marble was in control of the New York *World*, just before Mr. Pulitzer bought it, he sincerely strove to keep its circulation down to twenty thousand copies. He maintained that this represented the number of desirable readers within its reach, and that an increase indicated that the quality of the newspaper was deteriorating. He made a great row when the circulation went up. The *World*, along with its rivals, now claims a circulation of anywhere from twenty to a hundred and twenty times this amount. This illustrates the difference between the old journalism and the new.

The great circulations of the progressive newspapers are not to be explained by the increase in population, nor by the fact that they have taken readers from the more conservative journals. They have made new readers. Mr. Goddard compelled persons who never read newspapers to become interested in the *Sunday World*. The "yellow" papers get down to the level of the great mass of people. They are elemental. They stir sluggish intellects and stolid minds. They bring home to the public things it thought it knew, and unfold facts of which it did not dream, forcing people to read that they may hold intelligent intercourse with their neighbors. It is absolutely true that when men begin to read at all, their taste is swiftly developed, and soon they demand better things. Paradoxical as it may seem, the chief value of the yellow journal is as an educator.

Thus the evil carries with it its own antidote. As Mr. Munsey pointed out in his article of eight years ago, the successful journalist is the man who understands what people want sufficiently far ahead to present it to them in advance of the actual demand. Those who produce the progressive newspapers are men of culture, refinement, and education. They would much rather make higher grade sheets, and they will when the demand comes. One of the most successful so called "yellow journalists" in New York is an authority on English poetry, to the study of which he devotes his spare moments.

The chief weakness of the "yellow journal" of today is its uncurbed habit of exaggeration. As Mr. Munsey recently said, "It presents the truth so hysterically that it looks like a lie." A realization of this will some time result in saner and truer methods. The time was when big news like the Galveston flood would have meant an increase of seventy five thousand copies in the day's sales of an evening edition. But the big head lines announcing that frightful disaster made no impression. The readers dismissed them as the familiar exaggeration, and there was no increased sale. They thought of the old cry of "Wolf!" "Yellow journals" are beginning to understand that it doesn't pay to put head lines on unimportant news, and that means change. Already are signs of a reaction to be seen, and of a surety it will be welcomed. There is some ground for the complaint of a newsboy who said, "The newspapers make us pay six cents for ten extras because some jay in New Jersey has painted his barn red."

The Greatest Charity Scheme of the Century.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CUBA HAS COST US THOUSANDS OF LIVES AND HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. SHALL WE GET NOTHING FOR THIS OUTLAY IN HUMAN LIFE AND THIS VAST SUM OF MONEY? SHALL WE TREAT THE PROBLEM IN A SENTIMENTAL WAY OR IN A BUSINESS WAY?

IT looks very much as if the United States government has been running a charity scheme of the most gigantic proportions the world has ever known. I can think of no more fitting name to call it, assuming that we are to turn Cuba over to the Cubans, and both of our great political parties favor this policy. On this point there is no contention between them.

Fundamentally, Cuba has cost us every life that has been lost, every soldier that has been maimed, and every dollar that has been spent, both in the Spanish war and in the complications growing out of it.

It is impossible to give the exact figures of the tremendous bill that this nation has been paying, and is still paying, but it is not difficult to make a rough estimate. The total number of deaths in the United States army from May 1, 1898, to June 30, 1899, was 6,619; to date they may be figured at about nine thousand, and nearly all of them the result of war. But this great loss in life is only a fraction of the whole cost to the United States. The cost of our army and navy in the fiscal year ending with June, 1897, an average year of peace, was \$83,511,813. For the next twelve months the figures were \$150,806,565, an increase of \$67,294,752, wholly due to the war with Spain, then in progress. For the year ending with June, 1899, our military expenses were no less than \$293,648,594, a rise of \$210,136,781 above the peace level. This year's figures are not to hand, but they would probably bring the increased cost of our army and navy, since we demanded that Spain should relinquish Cuba, up to four hundred millions of dollars. And this is only the governmental expenditure. It does not include the large sums contributed from private sources for military and charitable purposes, during and since the war, and it does not include losses caused by interference with trade, nor any such indirect results of hostilities.

In these figures I include both the Porto

Rico and Philippine costs up to date. As to future costs, in the way of war and civil government expenses and pensions, no man is wise enough, or daring enough, to give any approximate estimate. The question of pensions alone, viewed in the light of our experience with the pension problem, is appalling. A billion dollars may not be enough to cover the total sum that Cuba will in the end have cost us.

Strictly speaking, of course, the Philippine question is independent of Cuba, and so is that of Porto Rico. But it was Cuba that led us into the war, and Cuba that is directly and wholly responsible for the entire Spanish war expenses. In a sense, therefore, and very properly, too, Cuba should be charged with all the loss of life, and expenses incurred up to date, and all the cost, both in life and in money, that remains to be paid. To the credit of Cuba must eventually be placed the value of Porto Rico and the Philippines, if such value to us they possess. I believe they will prove valuable, but it is yet an unsolved question, and nothing is a success until it is demonstrated to be so. If, in the end, these two possessions should prove of little or no value, and, in the mean time, we should give away Cuba, which would be of immense value to us, because of its natural wealth and immediate proximity to our own shores, we should have nothing to show for our outlay of human life and money—a billion dollars and ten thousand human lives.

Of the three pieces of territory, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines, the only piece of whose value to us there can be no question we are seeking to give away, while we are making strenuous efforts to retain the one which, in the very nature of the case, would give us the most trouble, and almost certainly be of the least value to us. This doesn't seem good business to me. I know of no first rate business house, no first rate financial organization, and no other government on God's earth,

that would contemplate, for a moment, such colossal folly.

But why does our government lend itself to this idea? I will tell you why. During the exciting times in the spring of 1898, just prior to the declaration of war, there was introduced into the United States Senate a resolution reading as follows:

That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

It is this resolution that has done all the mischief, and that furnishes the only possible excuse, as I see it, for deliberately throwing away Cuba. It seems to be regarded by the administration, and by both political parties, as a question of national honor to live up to this resolution. I don't see any sound reason for this view of the case. The resolution was as stupid a mistake as the legislative branch of this government has ever been guilty of. There was no occasion for voluntarily tying the hands of the executive. It was an out and out blunder, and nothing else. It should be treated, then, for what it is. It should be regarded as a mistake, and acknowledged as a mistake. And why not? Every business man who accomplishes anything makes mistakes, and a good many of them. The government is a business machine, and the men running it are just as human, and quite as subject to making mistakes, as any business house. If this be so, why let any foolish sentimentality prevent us from doing what is wise and proper—from being fair with ourselves? I would let critics talk if they will, but I would never yield one inch of Cuban territory if I had a hand in the management of this matter.

If the resolution had been the result of a diplomatic agreement between our government and another, then I should say, stand by it at all costs, and under all circumstances. But it was no such thing. To break it would not mean that we were breaking faith with any one. There was no party to it other than ourselves. I claim, therefore, that we have every right to ignore it. As it was a voluntary act on our part, we have the right to abrogate it voluntarily.

The resolution was introduced mainly, I assume, in obedience to the theory that the acquisition of territory was foreign to our governmental policy. Granting this, I see no reason why we should continue on and on forever on old lines, when

first rate judgment may dictate a different course. I see no more reason for this than I see why a business house established a hundred years ago should hold to its original policy today, when conditions differ so widely.

But another reason for this resolution, which would seem to serve as a shadow of an excuse for it, is the fact that Congress adopted it in the belief that Cuba had a fairly well organized government, and an army of almost sufficient size to fight her own battles. For years—ever since Grant's time, at intervals—Congress, supported by most of the newspapers of the country, had urged the administration to recognize the independence of Cuba. When we found ourselves at war with Spain, on Cuba's account, did we find a well organized government and a well trained army? Decidedly we did not. We found no practical government and no army, except one of a guerrilla nature. We had to do everything. We had to fight the battles, practically unaided; had to bring order out of chaos when the war was over; had to send millions of dollars to the island to pay the Cuban soldiers for their guerrilla warfare—warfare in which we were not interested—and have had to aid them in every way possible since. If there were no other reasons for disregarding this voluntary resolution, the very wide difference between the actual conditions of things in Cuba as we found them and as we fancied them to be would amply warrant us in doing so. It was introduced in Congress under a misconception of facts, and should not be binding on the American people.

In view of all these facts, it is not quite clear to me why we should give away Cuba. I can't see any good business in it. I can't see where we come in. Where is our reward? It must be in heaven, I fancy. But such rewards do not furnish the sinews with which to run a government. Cuba has cost us thousands of human lives and vast sums of money. Can she make good her debt to us? If not, why not keep Cuba? This would be my way of looking at it; it would be the business man's way of looking at it. My theory from the first—from the very day war was declared—was to hold all the territory we might get, and to get all we could. I have seen no cause, up to date, to change my mind. We are building now, not for today, but for a hundred years from today—five hundred years from today. I am unalterably and emphatically against any policy of any party

that would let Cuba slip through our grasp.

The policy that will work out the best in the future is the policy for us to follow. There might have been, and doubtless were, a thousand reasons why the acquisition of territory was not the most desirable thing for us a hundred years ago, and some of these same reasons may exist today; but it doesn't follow that they do, simply because they did. The difference between the conditions of a hundred years ago and the conditions of today is as wide as the world.

I can understand the delicacy of the position of the executive in this matter, and especially in these times of hysterical imperialistic talk. Congress passed the resolution, and the President, I fancy, feels that it is his duty to obey the wishes of Congress. I dare say that most men, were they in the President's place, would view it as he does. But why not hold up this resolution, and the whole Cuban business, and let the people have something to say about it? They are back of Congress, and are bigger than Congress. Why not find out if they wish to give away Cuba. I don't believe they do. I don't believe that there are five sane men in a hundred who would vote to haul down the American flag on a territory that has cost us the money and the lives that Cuba has cost—a territory of such great value to us as Cuba. I should like to see the people of America take the matter up in earnest, and demand of all politicians, and of all political parties, an immediate cessation in this frenzy to give up Cuba. Congress did the mischief in its silly resolution, and Congress should be compelled by the people to undo it. This would leave the executive free to protect the interests of the American citizen.

I do not view this matter wholly in a selfish way. In my conclusions I have considered the Cubans, and their best interests, as well as our own. The United States government would not make slaves of them, and would not impose burdens on them that would be to their dis-

advantage and to our advantage. Instead, we would give them citizenship in the richest and best country of the world—a country that develops men and industries and enterprise to a higher plane than any other country ever has or ever can.

This is not the age of small things. It is the age of big things—the age of centralization in business and in nations alike. Small countries cannot wisely keep up the expense of independent government. It is inevitable that, sooner or later, they must become a part of great powers; not necessarily, as in the past, by the force of conquest, but by the force of common sense—of rational economy and wise statesmanship.

Cuba has no sound reason for wishing to go it alone. There is no statesmanship in it, no broad ground for it. The politicians and political agitators of Cuba might lose power and prestige by a consolidation of the island with the United States; but the people would be the gainers. They would have a strong, stable government that would mean prosperity and law and order and civilization, and protection from invasion by external foes. With an independent government, a doubtful experiment would be in force, and capital would seek other points than Cuba—countries that are big and broad and strong. Without this capital, and without this certainty of perpetuity, Cuba could not hope to keep pace in enterprise and social development with the world. In Cuba's own true interest, therefore—the interest of the people—it is our duty to retain her, and it is our duty likewise to retain her in our own interest.

There is an oversensitiveness and overnicety about "keeping faith" in this Cuban matter that is abnormal, unhealthy, and unnecessary. Keeping faith with whom, or with what—with a people with whom we have made a solemn compact, or with our own inane folly? If the former, let us stand by our agreement like men of honor; if the latter, let us be brave enough and bold enough to do right—right by ourselves, and right by Cuba.

ON THE HEIGHT.

A TINY plant grows on the mountain high,
And lives alone, no other blossom nigh;
Yet travelers leave the valley's varied dower,
And climb the peak to pluck the Alpine flower.

Nellie Frances Milburn.

PRO PATRIA.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ALFRED HILLIARD, who tells the story, is an English captain of hussars, who, after an ugly fall received while fox hunting, has come to France to recuperate. Here he meets Colonel Lepeletier, with whose daughter Agnes he falls in love. At Calais, the young Englishman is joined by his chum Harry Fordham, an English parson, and here also he encounters Robert Jeffery, an old schoolfellow, who is masquerading as a Frenchman under the name Sadi Martel, and is employed as an engineer on some mysterious government works near by. Shortly afterwards, while Hilliard is visiting the colonel's house, the old Frenchman, who is aware of his affection for his daughter, warns him that Agnes can never be his, and beseeches him, for reasons which he cannot divulge, to leave Calais. When Hilliard returns to his lodgings he finds Jeffery there, who in conversation makes mysterious references to a scheme he has for revenging himself on certain Englishmen whom he regards as his enemies. The following day Hilliard is caught in a shower, and Jeffery offers him shelter in the government works. Once inside, the engineer takes him into a long tunnel, which Hilliard knows is pointed in the direction of England, and which already projects well under the channel. When far in, Jeffery, who is under the influence of liquor, offers Hilliard a drink of whisky, saying tauntingly that he is likely to get little to drink where he is going to. Convinced of the man's treachery, Hilliard strikes him senseless and then escapes, by way of a great chimney, which he climbs up with the aid of a rope. He has several narrow escapes from capture, but he finally strikes the Paris road, where he encounters Agnes Lepeletier in her carriage. To her he tells his story, and she aids him to return to Calais, making it plain that his safety means much to her. After she leaves him, she sends Harry Fordham to his assistance. The parson gets him on board a French fishing boat, and although they are pursued they manage to reach Dover. Convinced that the tunnel under the channel means that the French meditate an attack upon his country, Hilliard strives to interest the authorities in his story, but finds them incredulous. Then Agnes comes to England and pays a visit to Hilliard's mother.

XVII (Continued).

"AS happy as you will be in France, *mi-gnonne*," I said. "Why should we talk of hopeless things? Cannot we begin again from the beginning, honestly, without disguise? Cannot we give all our hearts and minds to the endeavor? And if we do, who will say that we may not succeed? I shall believe in spite of you; I am believing even now, when all this is as unreal to me as any scene upon a stage. Do you wonder if I ask if you really are at Cottesbrook? Oh, I mean to laugh at difficulties! Is a man to love the less because of fate and circumstances? There is no power that can make him do it—no philosophy or creed which preaches that. I shall count every day as one day nearer my goal. You are powerless to prevent me; you would not wish to prevent me. Yonder is my mother's house, Agnes. Some day you will be its mistress. I am as sure of it as of the sunshine which is upon us now. Let us go up there and see if my mother cannot find a better argument. We are but children, after all."

She would have refused me, but we had emerged from the spinney now; and all the gardens of the house, glorious at the zenith of the summer, were unrolled be-

fore her wondering eyes. Never have I known such a pride of home as came to me in that hour, when, pointing to the chapel and the towers and the windows of the Abbey flashing crimson in the golden beams, I took Agnes by the hand and led her across the deserted lawn. For I had espied my mother, seated in the arbor by the orangery; and almost dragging my little girl after me, I went up to the arbor and said, "Mother!"

Rising, she came out to us, and those that I loved were heart to heart in the love which is not of knowledge or of the years, but inborn and foreordained, the love surpassing understanding.

And so Agnes came to Cottesbrook, and she, who had met me bravely, sank into my mother's arms, weeping.

XVIII.

THERE is a train at five forty from Market Harborough to St. Pancras, and by this Agnes would return to town, despite my mother's earnest entreaties and my own protests. Her people there, she said, were expecting her, and would meet her at the station. I knew that one of her uncles was at the French embassy in town, and could find no argument to gainsay her.

*Copyright, 1900, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

She had kept both her destination and the purpose of her visit from these friends, and to delay would be to defeat her own desires.

And so it befell that, as she had come, from an unknown place, unexpectedly, a wonder figure upon the dusty road to Cottesbrook, so would she go again from my home and country. She had carried her message from France, and to France would she return. A thousand arguments would not have brooked that resolution unchangeable.

"At least, you will write to me; prudence cannot forbid that," I protested as we drove to the station in my own phaeton. "There can be no possible reason why you should not write."

She answered me evasively.

"Are letters so precious, then? Does any one write a letter except from selfish motives? We tell all the untruths we can think of, and then sign ourselves 'Yours truly.' Only very clever people write great letters, Alfred."

"That is so; but ordinary people may read the great letters. At least, let me have the opportunity. The paper from you which says, 'I remember; I am well,' will not find me incredulous. Have I not deserved as much?"

She thought upon it a little while, as one troubled, and then she said:

"I am not clever, Alfred. What could I say to you except that which I have already said? You have enemies in England. At least you owe me the compliment of acting prudently."

"I will go with the circumspection of a judge to his sherry. But I don't believe much in these enemies; it is impossible. Look at it seriously, Agnes. You cannot tell me that the French government would deliberately plot against my life. They have been frightening you—your friends at Calais. If any one were sent over here, it is just to see what I am doing. The fellow has gone back again by this time to say that I have settled down to squiredom. The others will all give thanks and forget all about me. We shall forget all about them in time, and let them go on with their work."

I put it so meaningfully, for I had a great desire now to prove her knowledge, but her answer told me nothing. It was possible to believe after all that I had misjudged her.

"They will never forget," she said quietly. "Sadi Martel is not one to do that."

"You believe that he is the man, then?"

"I am sure of it. He almost told me

so in Paris last week. A woman can hear anything from a man who professes to love her. Do you blame me if I have used my opportunities?"

"I don't blame you at all. But I should like to hear that there were no opportunities. The fellow has been persecuting you—you admit that."

My chagrin amused her. She laughed lightly for the first time that day, I think.

"Persecutions are flattering to women—sometimes. Sadi Martel is very amusing. He makes himself so ridiculous. I like to see him in Paris; I can forget why I am there. And, of course, he is so clever."

"They are all clever. It is the last apology a woman makes for a brute. You can say as much for most scoundrels. Are you bound to see this Martel?"

"Until his work is done."

"His work against my country——"

"And for mine."

"Dishonorable work, none the less. That is why I find fault with your father. He is a soldier and a gentleman. Why does he stoop to the level of such a rogue as Martel? Why does he not remember the traditions of the French army, and not seek other, newer traditions less honorable? That is the *crux* of the whole difficulty—not his hostility, but the method of it. I quarrel with that, Agnes; it is that I will do my best to defeat. God made him a Frenchman. He made me an Englishman. There is no logic which forbids us to be friends unless it is the logic of dishonor. Why nation hates nation may be a thesis for the philosophers; it is not for us. Tell me that Colonel Lepeletier is doing his duty as a French officer, and I will never complain against him. But show me a fine old soldier dragged at the heels of a drunken engineer to a crafty and despicable plot against my country, and I will never rest until I have exposed and defeated it. That is all my story, all that I would have you say in France of me. Am I wrong to believe that you will tell it sympathetically?"

I had spoken very frankly to her, deeming the moment opportune; and she heard me with serious eyes and a little tremor of the lips which betrayed her deeper thoughts. Odd, indeed, that a few weeks could so change that impulsive, laughing nature and show me in its place one grown old in wisdom suddenly, a woman and yet a child. Nevertheless, I confess, there was no prettier thing in all the world than Agnes serious, Agnes the matron of counsel and prudence. And I knew now that the secret had been kept from her.

"I shall speak sympathetically always, even though I may not understand," she said quietly. "My father's work at Escalles is no dishonor, whatever Sadi Martel's may be. It is because this man is our friend that you and I must speak like this tonight. Sometimes I think that he has the power to ruin my father. His secret against your country is his own—it may be yours, too. I will not ask; I know that you will do your duty, Alfred, as I know that we shall never meet again."

A word of ill omen indeed, yet one she reiterated as we drove on to the station and the moment of separation was at hand. Nor could I answer it as I would have wished. The greater truth weighed upon me, and seemed to forbid that closer understanding which fate denied to us for so many fateful days. She knew, I said, and yet she did not. Her clever little head could argue as I had argued upon the hidden works at Escalles and those who labored therein. Some great secret she understood of it, but the nature of that secret had been hidden from her. And over all was the sense of destiny, that birthright of ours which asked of her love for France as it asked of me love for England.

Who should wonder if all the logic of our careless lives could not wrestle with a problem so complex? But yesterday, I said, she was a little girl in short skirts, counting her tennis balls and complaining bitterly that her bicycle was broken. What irony asked of her this courage of foreboding, this brave surrender to the sacrifice her love demanded? For she was schooled to sacrifice now. She said good by to me as one who would never hear my voice again.

Harry was in the billiard room when I returned to the Abbey, and he followed me to my own den to hear the news. Excited as I was by the surprises of the day, I yet could tell him a coherent story, and explain a resolution to which I had come as I drove my horses furiously upon the station road. I would go to Dover. The quiet of my home was food for my unrest. Delusion or no delusion, the victim of hallucination or of truth, I would go at least where I might be a worker, however mistaken.

"Harry," I said, "you must concoct a story for my mother. I am going to Dover tomorrow."

"Nice work for the church, my son—the parson lying for the parish! Instruct him in the art, and he will do his best. Is there no story of your regiment that will serve?"

"My colonel refuses to accept my papers. He says I am to get well. A regimental order. I will obey it at Dover, perhaps."

"An idea, 'fore Gad. You go to Dover to study fortifications. Well, I think my conscience permits. After all, it might be a great work—or something to laugh at. Pray God the latter! And, seriously, you don't look well. I am a stranger, and I see it. They never see these things in families. You tell a man that his sister is in consumption and he says, 'Oh, is she?' He would much sooner have a tip for a race."

"Agreed, but I shall not suffer any anxieties on my sister Meg's account. Let them age you, my dear Harry."

He smoked his pipe fiercely.

"I think I can support them. Meg's present ailments are backhanders and an objectionable habit of placing the ball where I cannot reach it. Observe the folly of youth theological. This morning I wrote a sermon on Genesis, one to eight; this afternoon I played Swiss skittles on your lawn. The sublime and the ridiculous—both equally useful. At Dover you will know one or the other—not both. I shall try to run down, if only for four and twenty hours, in a week or two's time. Meanwhile, don't forget the man in the drive. Mademoiselle cautioned you, I think. I hope you'll remember it."

"I shall remember nothing so idiotic. At Dover I mean to learn finally and for all time if there is the smallest chance in the world of the French striking through, unknown to us, with a tunnel to our coast. If there is, I don't care whether the man or five hundred men promenade this drive. Fools laugh at my story—if they laugh to the end no one will be better pleased than I. But I am going to prove it, Harry, if it costs me my life and my future. Acquaint me of the boast, for you understand my meaning."

"There can be no boast in the matter. How should there be? You believe a remote possibility. That is enough. If I could help, I would cast off every tie in the world to go with you. But I am only an old parson, and you, my dear fellow, you, with your serious views of life and your sometimes wild notions of duty, you are the very man I would send to the work. Go, and God bless you. I hope and pray that it is a child's errand. If it should be otherwise, the day may yet come when England will remember the name of Alfred Hilliard."

He rose at the words, for the hour was already late; and with no more talk upon

it all, I said good by to him. And there was this thought in my mind, that tomorrow I should be in Dover, tomorrow, perchance, should answer the strangest question man ever asked himself. Nor did I foresee, as I went up to my bedroom, even the least of those terrible days I must live through before I might hear the voice of Harry Fordham again. Gladly in the hope of truth I set out—to the unknown and the peril of it.

XIX.

It is the fashion to speak of London in August as a deplorable place, full of odors and heats and the dust which patrician feet have left behind them in their scamper for the coast. I lay no such charge against the first of our cities. Hot she may be, but there are always cool corners in the clubs; dust there is, but you can forget it in her parks. Those you meet have the air of good fellows left behind. They can see the plays now which boasted bookings forbade to them in June. It is good to stroll in the deserted streets and to snap up the "bargains" with which astute dealers tempt John Plowman. The very waiters in the restaurants are so pleased to see you that you dine *en prince*. A cabman takes you five miles out of your way, and you chuckle when you correct his distances and pay him a legal fare. You may even recall your youthful days, and go to the Zoölogical Gardens or the Tower—a fact which you forget to mention when you return to the shires again. There are worse things to do. The lions of the season are not more interesting than the animal kings of Regent's Park. Those who lived in the Tower wrought for England and lost their heads. You reflect on the inconsistencies of the new order which does not permit one party to cut off the heads of the other party—but inflicts the torture of the wild debater. A weak kneed generation; but one which these later days is making strong again.

A feverish activity followed me from Cottesbrook to London. I had resolved to pass the night at my club, to "do the Palace," and to go on by the early boat express to Dover; but the silence of the city, the solitude there, the doubt and perplexity which had sent me from my home, were not to be borne; and no sooner had I lunched than I found myself with a newer and better resolution. I would go on at once and reach my goal.

A strange hunger for the sea and the white cliffs was not to be resisted. From Dover, I said, a man might look out to

the sand dunes of Calais, to Gris-Nez, and to Escalles; to the harbor which the French were building, and to those ramparts I alone of Englishmen had trod. There, at least, the hallucination which had come so strangely into my life might find its antidote in that quixotic mission to which I had been called by the irresistible voice of conscience. The truth of it, the truth of my dreams, to laugh at it, or to proclaim it before the world if the need were, such I sought. And whoso judgeth me, let him read on. Had I been but a dreamer, these pages were never written.

I say that I could not rest in London, could not contemplate with equanimity so much as a single night in the city whence all but the people had fled. There was, they told me at the club, a train called the Granville Express, leaving Charing Cross shortly after three o'clock, and in this, as the old fashioned announcement went, I might hope to come to Dover safe in body and baggage at the express speed of forty miles an hour. Such a prospect of enterprise and management was not to be resisted. I booked my place, and equipped simply with dressing case and golf clubs, I took my seat in a first class carriage and intrusted myself to that providence which, possibly, watches over travelers even on the Southeastern Railway.

There was no one in the carriage at Charing Cross, nor did other passengers trouble me at Cannon Street. I began to think that I should be left alone with my papers, when, at the very moment the train began to move from London Bridge station, the door of the compartment was unlocked, and a man fell almost headlong into the seat before me. I had been reading a magazine, and for an instant I did not see the man's face. But when he looked up, I recognized him at once. He was the fellow my grooms had chased from the Abbey grounds not forty eight hours before.

There are some grave situations in life we face with unwonted calm; others which unnerve us from the beginning, we know not why. Few, I think, will lay a charge of cowardice against me if I confess that my experiences of that day must be put in the latter category. Judge me as you will, I would not seek to deny that the sudden apparition of the man frightened me as I have rarely been frightened in all my life. Rightly or wrongly, I believed that he had come there to kill me. Agnes' warnings, the desperate attempts the French had made to take me at Calais, the sure belief in my own conclusions, together justified

the wildest notions. I thought that I was face to face with an assassin. I knew that for an hour or more the Granville Express would not stop at any station. What wonder if the moment held me impotent, if I could neither think nor act until long minutes had passed and the train had left the spires and chimneys of London behind us on our horizon?

The man had seated himself opposite to me, but anon he moved to the opposite corner and we were then so placed that each could look the other full in the face if he would. He had no luggage, not so much as a rug or a paper; nor did he carry stick or umbrella. His dress was a shabby frock coat suit, and his silk hat, by no means new, had been all roughed by rain and travel. I put him down as a man of middle age, of forty years, perhaps; but in type and characteristics he was truly French, his pointed beard of dull red, his shifting gray eyes, his well made boots, his enormous black cravat, betraying his nationality beyond any possibility of question.

And now the greatest wonder was that I had feared him at all. We had left London behind us, and the air of Kent blew fresh and sweet through the open window. The spell which had held me passed; I sat up in my seat and laughed at myself. He was but a puny customer after all; an ill shaped creature with whom a lad might have wrestled confidently. Yet what of that, I asked myself a moment later? If the man meant mischief, he would be armed. A sudden shot in the darkness of a tunnel, a knife—there are many ways. Reflection moderated my content. I foresaw an hour the like to which I shall never pass again.

We speak of Providence carelessly, preferring the terms "luck," "chance," "good fortune"; but I shall always say that Providence, and Providence alone, sent me to the particular seat I occupied upon that amazing journey. For it befell that I was in the corner of the carriage where the alarm bell was fixed; and, looking up to this, I told myself that the Frenchman must be quick indeed to forestall me if I would pull it.

Judging the situation with all the wits I possess, it came to me that whatever suspicion of the man I entertained, he, last of all, must be aware of it. I would play an indifferent part, fencing with him as he with me, reading, resting, smoking—but never once turning my eyes from his face. So far did I carry it at last that I offered him a newspaper, and told him there was news from Paris in it; but he

nodded his head curtly, nor did he take the paper. It was to be a silent game, after all, then. Not until we entered the first of the tunnels between London and Sevenoaks would his opportunity be found. I looked for that moment as a man for the first passes of a duel.

We entered it at last, the long tunnel by Chiselhurst, and climbed the bank of it laboriously. There was no light in the carriage, and as we left the sunshine behind us, and the thunderous echoes from the walls dinned in my ears, I changed my seat stealthily, and sat in the opposite corner. The long minutes of waiting, the anticipation of some act, I knew not what, a dreadful fear of the darkness and of the man, played upon nerves already overwrought to the point of collapse. Nervously, I struck match after match in the make believe that my pipe would not light; but the feeble rays of flickering light showed me a figure immovable in the corner, the odd, shifting eyes, the huge cravat, the crouching figure—these and nothing more. Until we emerged into the daylight I scarcely dared to breathe. After all, nothing had happened—except that one had played a coward's part.

There were three tunnels yet to be passed before we came to Sevenoaks; but the Frenchman, with what design I did not then discover, lit a candle lamp at the first of them and affixed it to the glass. Moreover, he addressed me—I think, for the first and last time from the beginning to the end of it.

"You do not like the darkness, monsieur—*moi non plus*. We will have the candle, and then we shall see."

It was too grotesque, my Frenchman fearing the darkness! I answered him with a torrent of words, the tribute to excitement and to relief. What a phantom had I conjured up—the phantom of this mere informer sent from France to tell his friends what I was doing; that I should make him an assassin or a robber! Of course he had no ulterior designs, I said. He was a spy and nothing more; he had followed me from Cottesbrook and would follow me to Dover. It remained to profit of the knowledge, to remember Agnes' words that I had enemies in England. Out on the Downs, I could laugh at her warnings; here, in the confined arena of a railway carriage, they were remembered more soberly. The man might be a consummate actor, after all. It would be folly beyond words to believe him for the asking.

This latest apprehension went with me for the remainder of the journey. I was

no longer coward or craven, nor did I fear the man; but the very fact of his presence, coupled to that which I had heard yesterday, kept my eyes upon him and my brain awake. Magazine after magazine went through my hands unread; I had a pipe in my mouth, but the tobacco was unlighted; there was always that afterthought that he might declare himself suddenly, and that we two, a Frenchman in a big cravat, and a traveler in a serge suit, might at any moment be engaged in the *lutte pour la vie* upon the floor of a railway carriage.

So did the idea grow upon me with the miles, that at last the very cravat he wore began to take strange shapes, to be magnified ridiculously so that it seemed to cover all his body, and to leave but his odd, shifty eyes exposed. The hallucination was grotesque and real—the outcome of nervous strain, if you will. I battled with it resolutely and began to have a great dread of sleep or even of a momentary doze. Instinct told me that the man waited for this; that if I slept I might never wake again. And instinct was true enough, as I was to learn presently.

We were late at Ashford, and we stopped there ten minutes. I have often wondered why I did not change carriages at that place, and end the suspense finally. Perhaps it was that I deemed such a surrender to mere imagination an affront upon myself, upon my manhood and my courage. True, the man went to the refreshment room, and I could readily have found an excuse for quitting the compartment, but I stuck to my seat doggedly, and as though to convince me of my mistaken judgment, the fellow appeared to sleep between Ashford and Canterbury, and was still asleep at Minster Junction. Now, I think, for the first time, I put aside all doubts and read in comfort. Upon my left hand were the soft washed dunes of Sandwich, beyond them the pier of Deal and the fresh seas of the channel; those waters of which an Englishman never thinks but to remember their masters in a dead day, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, and their unnumbered sons, who singed the Spanish king's beard, as many a son of theirs would singe a kingly beard today if England's need should ask it of them. Before such a scene, I would remember the man no more; and assured that he was sleeping, I lit my pipe and read my paper, and waited for the end.

Deal—and beyond Deal the tunnel to Dover town. The Frenchman roused himself when we entered the tunnel and shut his candle lamp with a snap. We were in

utter darkness again; and I, who had stood up to lift my bag from the rack, sat down as suddenly. Not for one instant, then, did I imagine the foul play I was to witness in that moment.

The loud report of a pistol, a stinging sensation by my cheek, a flame of fire, the vision of a devilish face, of staring eyes, of the phantom cravat, all there together as in a flash, left me for an instant without word or understanding.

Slowly, misshapen, and reluctantly, the truth of it all came back. The man was an assassin after all, then! The very knowledge sent the blood leaping through my veins, and cast the spell of astonishment from me. Crying out in the excitement of it, and clenching my hands, I sprang at the corner where he had sat and struck at him angrily, wildly, with all the desire of his life which temper awoke within me. But my fists beat the cushions, were bruised against the door; the devil within me could not restrain the blows. He had cheated me, I said, had leaped from the carriage—was dead upon the line, perhaps. A second report, a crash of glass, a sudden rush of air, brought me to my senses. The man was behind me, in my own seat; he had stepped across the cushions to reach me more surely. I threw myself upon him again, felt his hot breath, touched the steel of his pistol, but—and here was the mystery—he slipped inexplicably from my touch, was not to be held. In vain I tried to grip him by the throat, in vain to prison him with my knees. He was lithe as an acrobat, and crying out in his turn, defiantly, triumphantly, he eluded my touch and was gone from my ken. In the same moment we came out to the light of Dover station, and I saw that I was alone in the carriage, and that I held the man's coat in my bleeding hands.

He had opened the door of the compartment behind me as we struggled together, and gone, God knew by what trick of his. There was blood upon my cheek, but I said that I stood unharmed for the work's sake, and for that which my duty called upon me to do.

XX.

THERE was a crowd at Dover station, I remember, and many people to put questions to me, and a buzz of voices and an extremely unprofitable wagging of tongues. It is always difficult to tell of such moments with precision or to give any useful account of them. I had a plain story to narrate to the inspector of police

and to those who helped him to write it down; nevertheless, I told it incoherently, with all those unnecessary words which betray the speaker's nervousness. A man had fired a pistol at me in the tunnel beyond the station; he had ridden with me from London Bridge; he was a Frenchman with an absurd cravat and a deplorable hat. Possibly he was a madman (the police applauded lunacy), possibly he was merely a thief (the police did not think so); but in either case, he had scarred my cheek with a bullet, and I had flayed my knuckles in an attempt to knock him down. If he were to be caught, I imagined that no time was to be lost—in which the police agreed with me, after many new questions and much scraping of quills and an assurance that the man must certainly be taken tomorrow, if not tonight. My own position as an officer of hussars helped them to a consumption of stationery which was appalling. The inspector made a hundred notes, and compelled every "i" to stand beneath the dot of attention. I should see the man arrested tomorrow; there was no doubt of it.

Relieved beyond words to escape from this interrogation and all the ridiculous superficiality of it, I passed out from the station to the sea front and the dinner awaiting me at the Lord Warden hotel. While I had been compelled to say something to the police for prudence' sake, it would be idle to profess that I cared, one way or the other, what the result of their inquiries might be. Arrested or at large, convicted or escaped, I foresaw already that the mission rather than the man was of concern to me personally and must be, henceforth, my care. For what mattered one spy more or less if France, or, rather, those who worked secretly for France, were set upon my silence, if not upon my death? I had told the inspector much, but that which remained untold was for me the real story, the one lesson. Yesterday, Mlle. Agnes' warning, Harry's reverent appeals, were good to laugh at. But I laughed at them no more, for it came to me already that I was watched as I went, quarry and not hunter, the pursued where I had been pursuer. And I knew that I was one against many, it might be against the nation whose secret I carried.

It had been a glorious day of summer, and the night fell soft and balmy as some night of an eastern spring time, full of the suggestion of warmth and life and of lands remote from the winter world and the knowledge of the snow. Dover herself, always an active town, was busy now with the coming and going of those who

"made the tours" and were marshaled as so many sheep for the thirteen or fifteen days in the butchers' shops of Italy or Switzerland. The Lord Warden hotel bubbled over with its merry human flocks, full of the wonders of Lucerne or hungry for those of Grindelwald. Out in the town, the mere suburban son of the lodging house listened to blaring bands, or was drawn with dancing feet to the mysteries of halls by the "silver" sea. All about me as I sat at table were the types I knew so well: the anxious parson with the wide awake hat and the wide awake daughters; the solitary spinster given to psalms and "hims"; the old traveler disdaining haste and proud of his peaks; mamma with an eye upon the major and another for her daughter (who flew not above captains); the distressed old lady who is sure that she will lose her brown paper parcel; presently the aristocratic family traveling aristocratically and without mirth; the reading party from Oxford whose checks are not louder than its voices—a heterogeneous company bred of summer and the sea, a troupe you may seek in vain when the gates of Switzerland are shut and the birds are calling "northward" in the last mellow days of August. For my part, I made one of it without interest or desire of friends. The great diningroom with its murmur of voices and clash of plates acted strangely upon nerves overwrought and curiously high pitched. How, I asked myself, if I told any one of these people the nature of my errand, the purpose of my visit? Would they call me madman or dreamer? Would they be justified tomorrow, or would tomorrow justify me? The day alone could answer. Yet the hour of the question was not passed before I met a friend in the Lord Warden hotel and told him why I came to Dover. And he called me neither one name nor the other, but listened sympathetically, as was his wont.

I found him in the corridor of the hotel—Charles Mallinson, the engineer, now a great figure in a great railway enterprise; always a master of his art and a master of men. Tall, lithe, showing an honest English face upon which the suns of India had written prematurely of years, a man of the early forties, grave and thoughtful and full of cleverness, I knew not one (if it were not Harry) I could have named before him as a confessor for that night. And he met me with a like enthusiasm. The anxious parson, the ancient traveler, the solitary spinster, did not interest him. He admitted that he was going to bed to avoid them.

"A hotel has always one redeeming feature," was his defense when we had shaken hands heartily: "you can go to bed without making excuses. It's not so in a man's house, which they call, ironically, his castle. Let's strike a climate where we can't hear that piano. I'm sure they will play pianos in Hades—loud pedal down and the Kaiser's March. Are you game for a stroll?"

I was as willing as he to quit the hotel; and without further ado we put on our dust coats and strolled towards the castle hill. Bands were still playing on the front; the harbor, awake to the tide, opened its gate to ships and to the wrangling voices of the seamen. From the channel there came a gentle easterly breeze, sending long rippling waves upon the rolling shingle and little jets of spray from the new harbor works. But that which first chained my eyes was the distant light of Cape Gris-Nez, casting its panoply of flame to the starry heaven—Gris-Nez, from whose shadow I had snatched the secret; Gris-Nez, the beacon of the ramparts I had trod. So potent was the memory which the scene recalled that my friend spoke twice before I heard him. In imagination, I had already spanned the seas and was running upon the beach by Escalles again. Mallinson's voice recalled me as from a stupor of sleep.

"They tell me there has been a shindy in the Granville Express today—man shot at or something of the sort. Did you hear anything of it?"

I told him, undramatically, that I was the man. He said, "Good God!" and walked on a little way silently. I think he waited for me.

"Yes," I went on; "the man certainly fired a shot at me—hence the blush on my cheek. The police say he is a lunatic, but I know that he is not. He shot at me because I got into the new French fort, over yonder by Cape Gris-Nez. He or some one else will shoot again if I give him a chance. Not pleasant, you admit?"

"Are you serious, my dear Hilliard?"

"As a judge—who has made a joke. I'll tell you all about it if you like. A man who talks the past does not think the present; and the present is not particularly pleasant tonight. Let's stroll on where there are not so many people."

We turned from the front up the hill towards the castle, and while we went I began to speak to him as one brother to another (for to this his kindly character compelled me), and though at first I said nothing of the graver story, he drew it from me at last, line by line, until he had

the whole of it, and there was no longer anything to tell.

"Gad!" he exclaimed at last. "What an idea to get into your head! You really mean and believe all this?"

"On my honor, I mean and believe every word of it. You know me well enough to admit that I am neither a dreamer nor a fool. I saw the tunnel at Escalles, went a mile down it, and was sure that I was only at the beginning of it. The rest is imagination. It may be down there at our very feet; it may be half way across the channel and no further. I have come to Dover to try and find out. You could help me—if you would."

We were up on the heights then, and the moonlit sea rolled below us as some unstable carpet of golden cloth tossed restlessly by untiring hands. Gris-Nez shone out majestically above the looming low cloud which made our horizon; and to it the Foreland sent an answer—the answer of the "coastwise" lights of England. There was the same thought in both our minds, I am sure, as we looked from that high place upon our country's shimmering ramparts—defiance, delight, and warring with these the great uncertainty. What was below that sheen of the waters? Was there a pit dug by French hands, a tube which should fire a mighty human shell against England's liberty—nay, against her very existence as a nation? The mere contemplation of the problem could thrill the nerves as a story surpassing all stories that war had ever told. I wondered no longer that I had left Cottesbrook. Until that question was answered, I knew that life had no other interest for me. Mallinson heard my question, but was silent upon it for a little while. Just as it had fascinated Harry, the parson, so did it fascinate this man of brain and steel. He made the third victim, I said.

"Help you, my dear fellow?" he exclaimed at last. "Why, a man might well give up everything else in life if what you tell me is not mere imagination!"

"You think it is that?"

"I pronounce no opinion. Undoubtedly, such a thing could be built if you find the men and the money. We proposed to build a tunnel to France, why should not the French propose to build one to us? Assume that they consider certain things—the possibility of mad politicians in this country sanctioning such a scheme some day; or a temporary triumph which gives them a footing near Dover and enables them to complete the tunnel on this side. Their great bankers find some of the money, the government

the rest. Clever engineers might dodge the difficulties of levels which some of us have foreseen on this side. They get their direction by the theodolite, and push their tube across, say, to within a mile of Dover. When a mad Parliament here says yes, they are ready to complete before our people begin. It's all as plain as A, B, C—to me, at least. And it's the most fascinating thing I ever heard."

"That I grant. I have hardly slept since I knew of it. And now I am here, looking for a Frenchman's head to come up through the shingle. Nonsense, of course, but the kind of nonsense that gets hold of one."

He laughed in agreement.

"You need not fear that. If they came out at all, it would not be on the beach. I should place the head of their tunnel three miles at least from the shore."

The words came to me as some tremendous revelation of the night. I stood still and gripped his arm in my excitement.

"Three miles from the shore! Great God, they may be working here after all, then! Suppose they have taken a house and are using the grounds! Suppose a hundred things. It's enough to set a man's brain on fire."

He released his arm from my grip and began to descend the hill quickly.

"Let's think about it tomorrow," he retorted. "I don't share your alarm, though I share your interest. The tunnel may be there, under the sea, but, by God's providence, it will remain there to the end. I have confidence in the national destiny—and I am going to smoke a cigar. But I shan't sleep tonight. You have my night's rest on your conscience, if that's any consolation."

I did not answer him, and we went down to the hotel together. Imagination, awakened again, showed me a lonely country house and peopled it with an army of Frenchmen set upon the strangest emprise that the hatred of one nation for another had begotten in the history of wars.

XXI.

MALLINSON had left Dover when I came down to breakfast on the following morning; but I found a scrawl from him saying that a "break down" called him to Lincoln, and that he hoped to see me in London when I went north again. "If it is any satisfaction to you to know it," he added, "your idea kept me awake all night, as I promised you it would, and I don't doubt that it will be a long time before I get the devils of imagination out of my

head. At the worst, it is an idea which makes a man ask himself questions. I will ask myself many in the next week or two, and put the answers down for your edification. Meanwhile, go and look for your house, my dear fellow—go and look for it even if you laugh at yourself afterwards for your pains. I would do the same in your place, and I am no sentimentalist. Chance has put up this sign post for you, and you have no right to pass it by."

I read his letter with interest, for it was something to win the approval of such a man; and I knew that if he began upon the problem, the solution of it was not distant. Reserved, reticent, that odd life of his, carrying him hither and thither as some accumulator of human energy to be called for wherever difficulty or danger was, had achieved much for humanity, though humanity had yet to thank him. That he of all men should be a victim of the hallucination was the greater miracle. But his friendship was well prized, and I found myself the stronger for it when I rode out of Dover very early in the day and told myself that where impulse led me, there would I follow.

It was a gloomy morning, generous of cloud and echoing the lingering voice of storm. There had been thunder at dawn and heavy sheeted rain which swept the decks of the ships as with a natural hose, and left a film of glistening spray upon the dewy grass, and bubbling burns where dry ravines had been. Close and breathless as the atmosphere was, forbidding the outlook, ten o'clock nevertheless found me upon my horse; and by eleven I had come out upon a devious route, skirting Elm Wood and West Houghton to the Warrens above Folkstone, and so by the main road towards the town itself and to the pavilion hotel there. The object of my journey, I imagined, was a remote or lonely house wherein the French engineers might do their work. Oh, I had it all so plainly now that Mallinson had spoken! Of course, I said, Robert Jeffery would not seek an opening for his tunnel in the precincts of Dover or upon the adjoining shore. Just as at Escalles the workings were laid three miles from the beach, so at Dover must I look three miles inland for their counterpart. Only a child in mechanical knowledge would have neglected so simple a truth and turned to the shore for his justification. I laughed at myself for my very ignorance as I cantered over the splendid turf, and said that I cared not if one month or six found me still at the task. For I was up and work-

ing, and a good horse went with me, and the sea breeze blew upon my face.

It was a fruitless day—you have imagined that; and many a fruitless day was I to number at Dover before the terror of the end and all the cataclysm to come. They learned to know me, I think, those simple folk of the downlands, before I had been many days in the town; and knowing me, I got much from their chatter and their gratitude. Great houses there were to see, farms, humbler estates, mere cottages—but no house before which I might draw rein to ask, "Why does such a man live in such a place? What work is doing there?" Eastward, westward, upon the Canterbury road, the Deal road, to Windgate Hill, to Alkham, often enjoying a splendid gallop across the grattan, picnicking in solitary places, gossiping, questioning—so the weeks were passed until that great day came when Harry was to leave Cottesbrooke, and Mallinson would be in Dover again as he had promised. I had risen early that morning, I remember, for I was full of excitement of their coming, recollecting how much and how little I had to tell them, and wondering, perhaps, if, after all, those weeks of waiting would not find their end in a day of laughter. Then, for the last time, perchance, I rode my good horse over the Whinless Downs towards the Abbey road; then, more surely, could I say, "Here is the truth, here or a hundred miles from here." For I had ceased to believe in myself or my mission; and tomorrow, I determined, I would ride no more.

The way was to the Abbey, I remember, to St. Radegund's and Coombe Farm; and beyond that, across the easy country to Swingfield and Wootton. I lunched in the latter village, and, being mindful that Harry's train reached Dover at half past five, I did not linger, but returned at an easy pace, following the highroad until it brought me out at Little London; and so coming to Alkham and thence to the Abbey, where I got a cup of tea and gave my horse a breather. Hitherto, I had always followed the highroad, that which they call St. Radegund's, in such an excursion as this; but today, finding that I had still an hour to spare, I chose the other branch, which goes round by River Bottom Wood and so to the main London road by Ewell. It was a pleasant way, well wooded, and more possible in shade than any road I had yet discovered in the environs of Dover; and I had not been ten minutes upon it before I observed a low, red brick house peeping up from a belt of trees picturesquely, and so girt about with planta-

tions that it made an oasis, pleasant to see, in the vista of rolling downs. To claim that the house interested me above the common would be altogether to misrepresent the circumstance. If the truth be told, I was so set upon Harry's coming, and the thought of meeting Mallinson again, that I might as well have passed the house at a canter as at a trot had it not been for a chance which changed me in an instant from an indifferent man, jogging homeward indifferently upon a tired horse, to one awake, alert, with every faculty quickened; to a man who knew in that moment that he had stumbled upon the truth and might pay for the knowledge with his life. As God is my witness, I came face to face with Robert Jeffery at the gates of the house; and, drawing rein, I sat there as a man deprived of all power to speak or think or act.

He was dressed in a knickerbocker suit of gray cloth, which contrasted ill with his bronzed face, and he carried a hammerless gun under his arm, and turned to call a pretty spaniel which ran from him towards the woods of the house. That he had all the mind to shoot me where I sat, I have never doubted. His expression was the most malignant I have ever seen, the expression of a man who meant mischief, but would not dare it. At the same time, he mastered himself sufficiently, and when we had faced each other for a little while, he took a step towards the house and whistled a loud, shrill whistle; calling, at the same time, to his dog again, and then running back to the road to speak to me. I heard him with an indifference ill feigned enough. If a man had offered me a thousand pounds, I do not believe that I could have ridden from the place.

"So ho, my boy, you have found me out at last? Been grubbing about this country a long time, haven't you? Well, I thought so. Damn me, but I'm pleased to see you! You're stopping to take tea with me, of course—tea they brew down Scotland way, and right good stuff, too. Say, you're coming in for three fingers, of course—"

He took a step towards me and put his hand upon my bridle rein. I gripped my crop tightly, and, touching the cob with my left spur, edged her away from him despite his strong hand.

"Thanks," I said, "but I took tea with you once before. There's no need of reminiscences, eh? Just stand out of my way or I'll have to whistle my dog. He wears a white choker and can bark loudly sometimes."

He drew back sharply at the words and

looked down the road, upon which no human thing was to be seen. The *suggestio falsi* did not deceive him.

"Oh," he said, "bringing the chaplain along too, eh? Let's see—what was his name? Ford—Ford—ah, Fordham, same as the jockey who won my first Derby. Well, I'll be glad to have the pair of you—two at a bag, and nice birds, I know. First of September, eh, captain? Close time over, you know—"

"And a dangerous season for those who don't know how to handle guns," said I, still edging the cob from him; but he attempted to hold me no longer.

"Well, as you like, my boy—thirsty or full, I don't care a cent. Guess we had some fun hoaxing you over yonder. They're laughing there still at the mad *Anglais*, who took a coal shaft for a tunnel. My, you were scared, sonny!"

"And you?" I asked, for I could not keep it back. "They've put you together again, I see. Don't forget the lesson, Jeffrey. There are some men it does not pay to scare."

An angry flush of blood colored his face at the word, but he passed it by with an airy gesture and stood in the middle of the road to watch me as I went. Why he did not draw the trigger, I could not then surmise. I know now, and the reason was as simple as most reasons are. He was not sure if any one followed me upon the road to St. Radegund's that day.

"So long, if you will go!" he cried after me, as I began to trot the horse away from the gates of the house. "If you're this way tomorrow, I'll show you another shaft, old chap—I know you're fond of 'em."

The words were lost as I turned the corner of the road and the avenue hid him from my sight. Astonishment that I had escaped him so easily was my first thought, but upon that there came the instant question, why had he let me go? Why had he shown himself at the gates of the house at all? Why was he, of all men, in England that day? Turning in my saddle when the umbrageous leaves gave an opening to the vista, I could distinguish his lithe, sinuous figure out there in the roadway, and I made sure that he was waving a hand to me to call me back. The very sense of freedom was unreal and strange. So subtle was the fascination the man exercised upon me that I began to wonder if he could compel me, after all, to go back to him. His whistle, echoing shrilly in the trees, seemed to strike a discord in my very marrow. I was afraid and not afraid; excited in thought, yet cool in act; desirous of hearing him and escaping him in

the same breath. While at one moment it seemed to me that the wood by the roadside was peopled by veiled figures, at the next I said that I had only to ride on and in a quarter of an hour I might be in Dover. And yet Dover appeared so far away, the woods so lonely, the peril so undefined and malevolent, that at last I could suffer the spell no more, and, striking the cob sharply, I sought to put him to a canter. But he rolled headlong from beneath me, and, coming to the ground heavily, I lost consciousness, and the sky and the trees, and the men who ran out from the wood, vanished in a loom of darkness.

XXII.

I HAD gone down in darkness, as the old phrase goes, and from darkness I came back to life and consciousness—painfully, laboriously, through a maze of dreams and the oddest figures of the imagination which a mind abroad could furnish for me. Aware of the light at last, I had no knowledge of any event that had brought me to a scene so strange or thus had changed the sunshine to the gloom of the place wherein I lay. For that which my awaking eyes beheld was a low vaulted room, with boarded loopholes for its windows, and great buttresses of the bare stone for its walls, and such an oddity of old time furniture that I might have been in the cell of a forgotten monastery rather than in the garret of a Kentish farmhouse. Not for a long while could my groping mind put the links of that chain together. That I had ridden out of Dover, that Harry was coming from Cottesbrook, that this was to be the last day of the search—these facts were reiterated in a whirl of confused thought which left no objective impressions but those of aching head and bruised limbs and the knowledge of fatigue such as I had never known. The room, and the meaning of the room, I might not realize until, as it seemed, long hours of that desperate mental endeavor had been lived through.

A man's voice recalled me from the reverie, and I started up from the bed to survey the room more closely, and to discover who occupied it with me. Dim as the light was, making evening of the day, I could yet discern the heavy, time stained walls and the massive buttresses of stone, which gave to the place its air of a monastic cell, and seemed to chill its atmosphere as with the breath of a dead and molding past. Shadows, too, were there in the glow of the filtered light, the shadows of quaint, high backed chairs, of bureau and

bench and box which the middle ages had used, but this age had despised. A turret room it had been, I saw, a lumber place built when the mason was monk and monk was mason. And I had been carried there—from the road where I fell? Thus, by fact and question, I linked my chain of memory; and now, as in a flash, I recollected it all—the meeting with Jeffery, the stumbling cob, the figures in the wood, the sudden darkness. This was the house, then—the clumsy cob had sent me here; one of the men watched me as I lay upon the bed. I could follow his eyes peering from the shadows, as the eyes of a cat which sees where others are blind. But he did not utter as much as a single word after the first, nor had I any fear of him; and for a long while we two rested thus, I upon the bed waiting for him, and he staring at me out of the darkness. To this day, I do not know if he were Jeffery or another; for when I began to struggle to my feet, he opened the door very dexterously and was gone from the room in an instant. Then I breathed again.

A remote farmhouse in Kent; Frenchmen peopling its grounds; an engineer, who had served the French government, the apparent master of the house; myself a prisoner in a garret of it for that which I had seen across the sea at Escalles—is there need to say with what varying emotions I realized my own justification? Three months almost had passed since a day at Calais which had taken me to the strangest sight the sea ever showed to a soldier; for three months I had been the scorn of those who won my confidence, the suspected of friends, the dreamer who seeks to say "the dream is false," and now this new day could answer forever the questions I had asked myself. True—before God and man, the dream was true, then! Here, three miles from the shores of my own country, in a place where no spy—no, not the shrewdest that ever breathed—might have looked for it, here were those who would go down (or, it might be, already had gone down) to meet that road of steel which, minute by minute, and hour by hour, France thrust out beneath the channel bed until it should touch the gardens of England and make her mistress of them. No dream, no hallucination, I said, but a truth so terrible that every other ambition or impulse of being, my hope of career, my hope of love, my hope of home, were lost in it.

The dream was true; I had not dreamed in vain. Beyond it, there remained a burden of reproach which might well have

crushed a stronger man than I. To know and to be impotent to say that any chance, the most trifling, would have sent me back to Dover, free and ready that night; to remember what might have been if others had but listened to me—I wonder that I weighed these things and did not lose my reason. Nevertheless, even at the crisis of it, some better instinct guided me, some surer hand of my schooling held me back from the folly which neither courage nor desire could have made good. I said that I would play a man's part; and so saying, I turned from the door which my hands would have struck, and sat upon my bed again.

The day was waning then, and from the fields without there came the music of the dusk, pigeons circling to roost, the lowing of kine, the crack of the harvester's whip, the rumble of heavy wheels upon a hardened road. Within the house, the silence was broken by the gong of a clock which struck seven, and anon, by the footsteps of many men who, as the sounds would tell, flocked together to the staircase below and came up in numbers to some of the rooms about my own. I heard many voices, loud, free, unrestrained; and so clear were they that I knew they spoke the French tongue, and imagined them to be what they were—workers at Jeffery's command, those chosen servants of his who had passed me in the tunnel at Escalles. Yet, what their number was, or what work they did here by Chilton in Kent, I could but surmise as my knowledge helped me. They were there, I said, to thrust down an answering shaft to the one which Escalles pushed towards England. While the greater burden must fall to the French shore, while the tunnel must be almost completed from that side, here in Kent the head of it would be built, the shaft opened. It might even be that in a week or a month the straight highroad to our coast would be opened, never to be shut again; that the day was near when England would be an island no more, but linked by this mighty passage to the continent which so long had feared her enemy. For in this shape did the fear of it come to me, that as our own government had been blind at the beginning, so would it be blind to the end. And I, who could have spoken, was for ever silenced! I knew that I should never leave that house alive, that a miracle alone could snatch me from the vengeance of the man whose path I had crossed. To him the lot had fallen; and with him now, my destiny, or it might be the destiny of millions, lay.

(To be continued.)

STORIETTES

When Tillinghast Went Ashore.

WHEN the troop transport reached Manila, Private Tillinghast went ashore on a stretcher. Destiny had decreed that he should go to the hospital instead of to the camp across the bay with the rest of the regiment. Otherwise, Tillinghast would not have met Dr. Horton, and had he not met Dr. Horton, life would never have been the same for at least two people in the world. They would never have been entirely at peace with themselves, and one who is not at peace with himself might almost as well be dead.

When Dr. Horton looked into the face of Tillinghast, he started noticeably. The stretcher bearers and the others who were standing about exchanged glances of astonishment—the astonishment of the regular army, not that of civilian social circles, which is a very different thing. Dr. Horton had never been known to start before. He was supposed to be as devoid of sentiment and emotion as the granite boulders of his native State. His gaunt face took on a pallor; lines appeared at either side of his mouth.

"Tillinghast!" he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper.

"Present," said Tillinghast feebly. He smiled a ghastly smile, and plucked nervously at the blanket covering the lower portion of his body.

"What—how—I don't understand——" The surgeon groped for a sentence.

"Don't you? Well, no more do I. It's something we've got to figure out, doc. If you'll be kind enough to lay me up somewhere, and give me something to make me feel better, I'll talk with you."

The surgeon drew himself up quickly. "I beg your pardon, Tillinghast," he said in a dry voice. "I had quite forgotten."

"It's all right, doc," said Tillinghast. "I wouldn't have mentioned it, only I feel as if I was going to unravel like an old stocking, and I'm afraid it isn't a good sign."

"It isn't," affirmed the surgeon.

Tillinghast was drugged that night and the next day, until the fever in his veins grew weak and dispirited. Then he opened his eyes to see Dr. Horton sitting by his side, plying a palm leaf fan.

7 M

"I had nothing especial to do," the surgeon said, in explanation of his presence. "I thought I'd drop in and chin a bit. I had you brought to my room. It's quieter here. Your fever's about gone. You'll be up in a day or two."

"Glad to hear it, doc," said Tillinghast. "I'm ever so much obliged."

The two men looked into each other's faces long and searchingly. The ticking of the watch in the surgeon's pocket was distinctly audible.

"It's the same old watch, isn't it, doc? I haven't heard it since the day you examined my heart, but I'd know its voice among a thousand."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "it's the same old watch."

"Doc, how does it happen that you're out here? I thought you were—at home."

"I—I don't believe I know," replied the surgeon. "It was clear enough to me until you came, but now I seem to be in a muddle. What are you doing out here yourself?"

"Oh, I'm out here to forget."

"To forget what?"

"My foolishness. I was doing my country no good at home. There was nothing to hold me there. I——"



"IT'S A PICTURE OF HER!"

"Nothing to hold you there?" the surgeon repeated like one in a daze. "Did—didn't you marry—her?"

"No, I didn't." Tillinghast squirmed

"The deuce she wouldn't!"

"No. Your efforts, doc, in my—in her behalf were well meant, perhaps, but they were in poor judgment and wasted."



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER WHEN SHE READ THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF YOUR DEPARTURE!"

as if in sudden pain. "I saw through your little game, doc, and—and I'm not that sort of a fellow. She wouldn't have married me, any way."

"My efforts? I——"

"Let me tell you, doc. You really loved her, while I merely thought I did. Her folks liked you. They didn't like me. I

don't blame them. I was good enough, perhaps, but I was a poor stick for a girl to marry; no property or prospects. There was a time, I believe, when the girl thought she loved me; but it wasn't love, it was human nature asserting itself against parental opposition. I used to sneak into the yard over the back fence and meet the girl in the grape arbor, when I was forbidden to call at the house. There was a spice of romance in it. I was there that night—that night when you asked her to marry you. I heard her refuse you. I heard her tell you that she loved another, and that other was myself."

"Yes?" The surgeon was grasping the sides of the camp stool, and his upper lip was drawn tightly over his teeth.

"Later, doc—it was the next week, I think—the girl went away. She had not looked perfectly well for a long time, and you, as the family physician, ordered a change of air. You recommended a certain sanitarium up in the hills, and her father bundled her up there in short order, but not before we had met in the grape arbor and decided that you were a scheming scoundrel. We felt very bitter towards you, doc. Then, one day you stopped me on the street, and lied to me. You said I was looking badly; that I should go somewhere to recuperate. It was beautiful sarcasm, doc, but I was too much of a fool to see it. I told you I couldn't afford to go away. You loaned me money. I went where you suggested, and—we were together again, she and I, with no restrictions to our lovemaking. It was clever of you. But, old man, as I said before, your judgment was bad. We were talking one day of the coincidence that had brought us together, and comparing health notes, and we discovered that neither of us was sick. In that instant we saw through it all—we understood. Nothing further was said. And the next day came the news of your departure for Cuba with the troops."

"And then?"

"Well, we just naturally packed our duds. The scales had fallen from our eyes. She was nothing but a friend to me any more, and I was nothing but a friend to her. You should have seen her when she read the announcement of your departure, doc! It would have told you something sweet."

Horton blinked like a man who opens his eyes in a strong light.

"I was disgusted with myself and with her," Tillinghast went on. "I knew then what my real sentiments towards her were, and the revelation, under the circumstances, was not conducive to self com-

placency. The way to my room led past the door of hers, and the door was ajar. I am a sneak by nature. There was a little red plush box in the tray—the box in which she kept her treasures. I tiptoed in like a thief—"

"You—you—"

"Don't get excited, doc. Yes, it was a mean thing to do. I opened the box, took a tiny locket from it for a keepsake, and that was all. I took the locket because it was the first thing my fingers touched. And then I flew. I have never seen her since. I have never been back to the old town. One day, when I was a trifle more insane than usual, I enlisted, and—here I am."

Horton nodded his head vaguely.

"I want you to see the locket I stole. It is in a pocketbook in my trousers. Just get it, will you?"

The surgeon got the pocketbook. Tillinghast closed his eyes.

"Is this it?" asked Horton, holding up the bauble.

Tillinghast's eyelids barely fluttered. "Yes," he said. "Open it."

The surgeon opened it. "Why, this—it's a picture of her, isn't it?"

"What—the devil—" Tillinghast sat bolt upright for an instant, and then sank back again, pulling at the opening of his shirt. "Yes—no—that isn't the one; here it is—confound it—here!"

He flung another locket at the surgeon—a locket which until then had been suspended about his neck.

"Give me the—the—other," he said almost fiercely. "I must have gone off my head when the fever came on me aboard the ship, and got them mixed. Here—this one has your picture in it, doc; it's the one I took from—the—red—box."

He lay upon the pillow, panting and exhausted. The surgeon gently pushed the wet hair back from his forehead. A long silence. Then:

"Doc!"

"Yes?"

"You came here directly from Cuba?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going from here?"

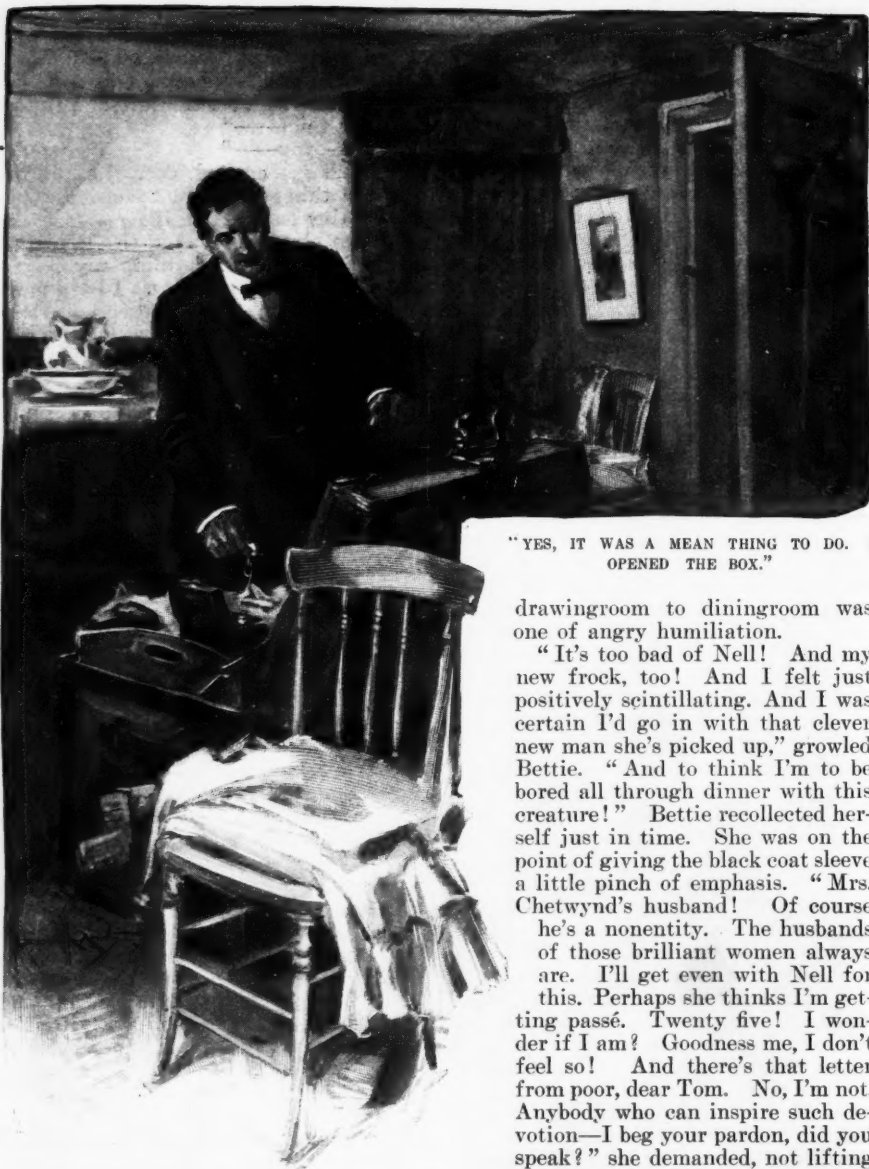
"Home, Tillinghast, and soon."

"That's right, doc. You'll find her waiting for you."

The surgeon raised Tillinghast's hand from the coverlet, and fondled it.

"Tillinghast."

No reply. The sleep of convalescence, which comes rapidly and holds fast, was upon Tillinghast. With exceeding care the surgeon lifted the weary head, and replaced the locket about the sleeper's neck.



Then, glancing hastily about him, he touched his lips to the pale forehead.

David H. Talmadge.

Mrs. Chetwynd's Husband.

"BETTIE, this is Mr. Mowbray Chetwynd. Mr. Chetwynd, Miss Brewster."

Bettie's bow was of the coolest. Her smoothly gloved fingers just touched the black coat sleeve, and her path from

"YES, IT WAS A MEAN THING TO DO. I OPENED THE BOX."

drawingroom to diningroom was one of angry humiliation.

"It's too bad of Nell! And my new frock, too! And I felt just positively scintillating. And I was certain I'd go in with that clever new man she's picked up," growled Bettie. "And to think I'm to be bored all through dinner with this creature!" Bettie recollected herself just in time. She was on the point of giving the black coat sleeve a little pinch of emphasis. "Mrs. Chetwynd's husband! Of course he's a nonentity. The husbands of those brilliant women always are. I'll get even with Nell for this. Perhaps she thinks I'm getting passé. Twenty five! I wonder if I am? Goodness me, I don't feel so! And there's that letter from poor, dear Tom. No, I'm not. Anybody who can inspire such devotion—I beg your pardon, did you speak?" she demanded, not lifting her eyes from her soup.

"I merely asked," said a most deprecatory voice beside her, "what your favorite color was."

"My what?" gasped Bettie, dropping her spoon in astonishment and lifting a pair of amazed eyes. She dropped them again quickly, and felt distinctly uncomfortable. Then she recollected that from pure chagrin she had not deigned to look at her companion before.

"Your favorite color," repeated the dep-

recatory voice, which did not in the least match the satirical eyes of its owner. "I read somewhere," it continued plaintively, "that when one was at a loss to begin a conversation it was always safe to ask the lady her favorite color. 'It promotes sociability,' I think the book said, 'and before the couple realize it they are chatting easily—quite like old friends, in fact.'"

For almost a minute Bettie ate her soup in silence, conscious that the uncomfortable red which started in her cheeks had reached to her ears.

"I suppose," she said defiantly, "you think I'm bad mannered."

"I have had so little opportunity for judging," said the deprecatory voice. "If——"

"Well?" said Bettie, glancing up again in spite of herself, and becoming uncomfortably conscious of the satiric gleam in those light blue eyes. Who would think that Mrs. Chetwynd's husband would be—well, so good to look at?

"Do you always dine in utter silence, Miss Brewster?" broke off the voice abruptly.

"He thinks I'm awkward and shy. No doubt he's trying to put me at my ease," decided Bettie. The thought put her on her mettle.

"I've been admiring your wife," she fibbed calmly, glancing over the flowers at the handsome, blond woman, almost their vis-à-vis, who was easily monopolizing the attention of the man on her left and the man on her right. "I've just finished reading her book. It's very clever."

"Is it?" said Mr. Chetwynd lazily. His eyes did not wander from Bettie.

"Isn't it?" demanded Bettie. "He wants to draw me out," she decided, "to hear me praise his wife. It's his proprietary interest, I presume."

"I've never read it," said Mr. Chetwynd calmly. "Do you know, Miss Brewster," he continued quickly, as if anxious to change the subject, "the last time I met you we had a tremendous row? You were a small girl, and they dressed you in very short frocks. I wrote a poem and dedicated it to your legs."

Bettie gave an uncomfortable start, then glanced rather blankly at her companion. "It was a very bad poem," he went on quickly, "but it was not the bad poetry, I think, you resented so much as my unflattering allusions. I recollect you boxed my ears."

A light broke over Bettie's face. "You—you"—with puzzled uncertainty—"you are not Jock?"

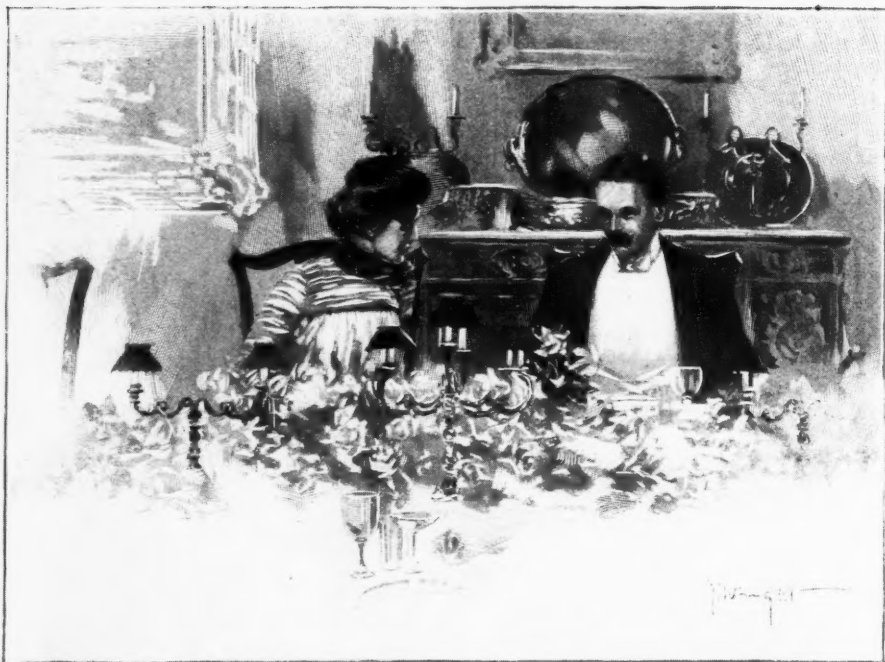


BETTIE'S PATH FROM DRAWINGROOM TO DININGROOM WAS ONE OF ANGRY HUMILIATION.

"But I am Jock, or rather was. That old schoolboy name has deserted me, like a lot of other pleasant things."

"But Chetwynd——" said Bettie, still puzzled.

"My grand uncle gave me his money



"IT IS UNWISE AND UNKIND TO RAIL AT FATE NOW."

with the proviso that I should take his name along with it. I knew you," he added reproachfully, "at once."

"But think how long ago it is!" said Bettie apologetically. "Quite ten years. You see, I'm almost an old woman."

"Ten years ago! So it is. And do you remember those glorious sails, and that little cove on the upper bay, and Aunt Judy's lunches?"

Does she remember? Ah, doesn't she remember! Why, she can feel the salt spray on her cheek and the wind blowing through the thick tendrils of her hair. She exults again over the great white sail swelling in the wind, and she sees the enthusiastic boy beneath it, more alive than anything around them. But it is difficult to connect that eager boy with this satirical, world weary man.

"That summer was the last I ever spent at Point Mann," said Mr. Chetwynd, interrupting her musings.

"I've been there two or three summers since," said Bettie. She did not consider it necessary to state that the place never seemed quite the same without the boy. "Curiously enough, I have an invitation to spend this coming month there. Aunt Gwen has taken a cottage. It will be either that or Europe," she said with a little laugh.

"Jove, if that isn't a coincidence!" exclaimed Mr. Chetwynd, the weariness quite gone from his voice. "I've been invited to go down and join a fellow—Professor Windo. He's a little touched on the subject of bugs and all that. It didn't seem a jolly prospect, but——"

Their eyes met, and Bettie's gray ones dropped in some confusion.

"Tell me about your life," she said quickly. "Do you remember how you used to confide all your plans to me? You had so many in those days, such lofty ones."

"Had I?" The man's voice had resumed its indifference. "Well, there isn't much to tell. The following June I left college, then two years knocking around Europe, and then——"

"You met your wife?" asked Bettie. "She is a very beautiful woman as well as a very clever one," she added sincerely.

"And then I married. And about yourself? But you would be surprised if you knew how much I know about it already. Let me see. First, you finished school and were graduated with honors. It was always a clever little Bettie. Then you came out. The papers said you wore a fluffy white gown, all ruffles and lace, I remember. I know your eyes shone like stars. Then there was a brilliant social career. Poor Frank Chalmers and Guy

Matters! I met them both abroad a year later." Bettie started, and her cheeks glowed.

"They were only two," went on the tan-

Bettie nodded and promptly regretted it.

"Once upon a time," said the drawling voice, "there was a boy who was plenti-



"IT IS NOT BROKEN, I THINK."

talizing voice. "I've no doubt there were others. Then you also went abroad. It was the very year I returned to this country, and—well, you have lived happily ever since, I am sure by your face."

"Yes," said Bettie, "I've been happy enough. But tell me how you know so much about such an insignificant person as myself."

"Shall I?"

fully, almost painfully, supplied with enthusiasm. The world, to him, was a beautiful place full of good deeds to be done. One summer he went with some of his people to an out of the way little spot on the Maine coast. It was a rather desolate place, or so it seemed to the boy at first, until he met—a princess. She was not supremely beautiful, and she did not have long, curling, yellow hair like the

story book princesses. She was very tiny; she had short, black, elfin locks that were always in a tangle, and her little mites of hands were generally very dirty. But she had great gray eyes that looked at you so frankly! You knew at once they had never seen anything in the world to be afraid of. The boy and the princess became great chums. They sailed together and read together, and it was the happiest summer the boy ever spent. Then he went back to college. But he never forgot the brave, frank little princess, and deep in his heart there was a resolve that when college was over, and he was an independent man, he would hunt up the princess, and together they would make all the world beautiful. He—well, he never carried out that resolve. No doubt the princess would have turned disdainfully away. But he always felt that Fate had dealt him her hardest blow when she refused to let him have a try."

With a curious mixture of fear and something that was only akin to fear, Bettie listened to the story, and when the drawling voice had finished, she looked up with startled eyes. The satiric gleam had vanished from the light blue ones that met her own. They seemed to burn into Bettie's. In confusion she turned away, but as she did so she realized that the lambent flame in those eyes had found an answering flash in her own gray ones.

"It is unwise and unkind," she said unsteadily, "to rail at fate now. That boy did have his chance——"

"Ah," said her companion eagerly, "if——" He broke off with a short laugh. "Well, there are some things a fellow can't explain unless he's a cad," he said. "The boy lost his opportunity, through whose fault we won't say." The voice was as drawling as ever now. "The princess, apparently, has never found her prince. But back in that little neglected spot the skies are as blue as ever; the great waves still splash against that great, bare rock. You remember it? The Rock of Ages, we called it. The white sails still swell in the wind. I wonder"—the voice had grown alive and eager—"if when the princess and the man go back there next month, they won't find their fairyland undisturbed? Ah, rather brighter than ever, for both the princess and the man have learned the value of just such fairylands. It will not be Europe, will it—princess?"

Bettie did not dare trust herself to answer. The low voices of the engaged couple on her left seemed a murmur reaching her from some great distance. The

mass of crimson flowers, the smartly gowned women, the irreproachably clad men, were blurred outlines. The only clear thing was that satirical face, those compelling eyes. "If Nell would but give the signal," she thought desperately. "If——"

"I say, Miss Bettie, have you made up your mind about this summer?" Bobbie Hale was peering across at Bettie over the flower partition, a smile of good comradeship in his boyish eyes. His voice was high pitched and drew on Bettie the attention of most of the diners. "Yesterday it was Europe or Point Mann. Now which is it to be? The suspense, you know, is unendurable. I'm going to Europe myself."

"It is to be Europe, Bobbie," answered Bettie, smiling naturally back at the boy, though her lips were rather white.

Just then the hostess pushed back her chair, and in the bustle of departure Bettie dropped her fan.

"It is not broken, I think," said Mr. Chetwynd, and he bowed slightly as he returned the pretty trifle.

Reluctantly the girl lifted her eyes. The blue ones met her own frankly. "It was always a brave little Bettie," said their owner softly. "Good by and bon voyage!"

Margaret G. Fawcett.

A Few Dictated Letters.

HE was as quiet as a lamb, but he looked like a lion dressed up a bit—and this is how most of those who had had fights with him would have described him. From the time he was a chainman on the branch road, to the later days when he presided over the whole system, allies and rivals found in John Henderson a personal humility that was charming, but beneath it fighting qualities that were terrible. And so he had risen to the presidency of one of the important roads of the far West, and for the first time in his life he was off on a vacation; sent off, in fact, by those who wanted him to rest up after a severe experience in keeping the road afloat through one of the financial panics. He had done this quietly but brilliantly, and he finally yielded to the solicitations of his associates and took a trip East in the private car which he had generally forgotten to use, unless he could dictate his letters and overwork his secretaries while traveling.

But he had reached New York, and had sent in his card to his old friend who had also carried chains over the Rockies, and

who was now the vice president of one of the great trunk lines. The attendant took the card with his customary hauteur, but in a few minutes came back with a smile that looked like a raise of salary, and a salaam that made John Henderson glad that they did not have that sort of thing in the far West.

"Come right in, sir, come right in."

John Henderson dutifully followed. He was escorted to the room with all possible courtesy.

Without a word, the two men—big men they were in every sense of bigness—clasped hands and looked smilingly at each other. It was a large office, and except for the woman who was busily at work over in the corner, they were the only ones in it.

"Well, John!"

"Well, Frank!"

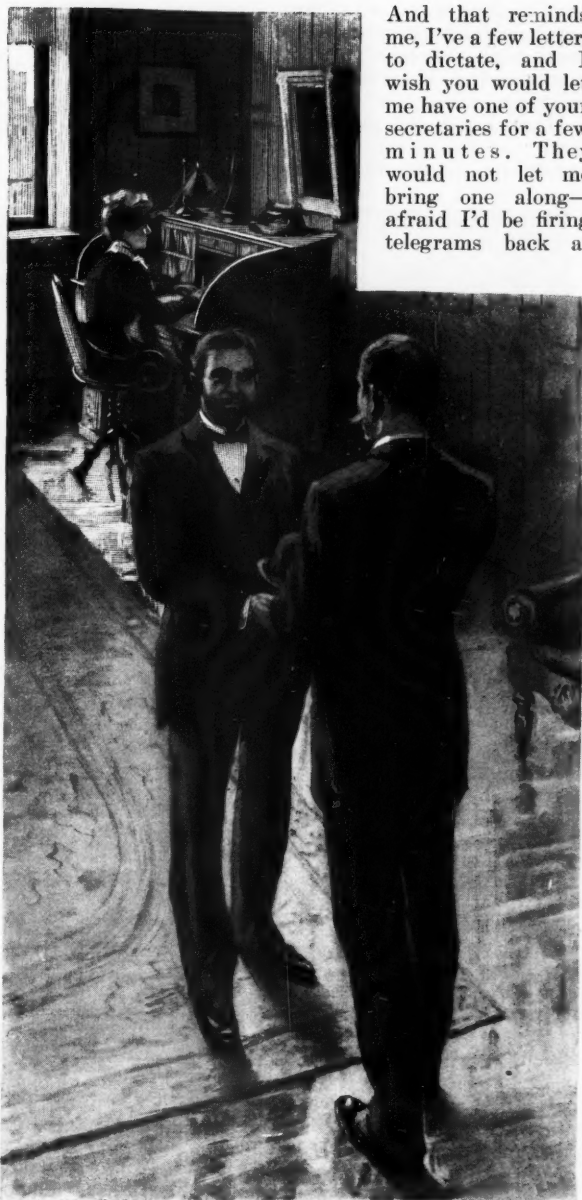
And then the questions and reminiscences began. John was getting fat, Frank was growing gray. That was the difference between the East and the West. The West maketh a man strong and putteth flesh upon his bones; the East filleth his pocket-book, but thinneth the hairs upon his head. And how were the big Rockies and all the little Rockies, and did they recall the old days when they did not have large offices with carpets an inch thick, or factotums to stare frigidly at the stranger and to crawl before the welcome guest, or private cars, or legislatures, or any of the modern toys of the railroad magnate?

"Oh, yes," said John at last; "they have been trying to get me off for several years. Just as if any healthy man needed more than one vacation in a lifetime! We'll be long enough dead, and what's the use of wasting time while we're alive?

'em, you know. Well, I'm going to do it, anyhow."

"All right. I've got to go to the board meeting for a half hour, and you can have the office. The young lady will take your work." He went over and told her to do so, and then saying, "See you later," left the room.

And that reminds me, I've a few letters to dictate, and I wish you would let me have one of your secretaries for a few minutes. They would not let me bring one along—afraid I'd be firing telegrams back at

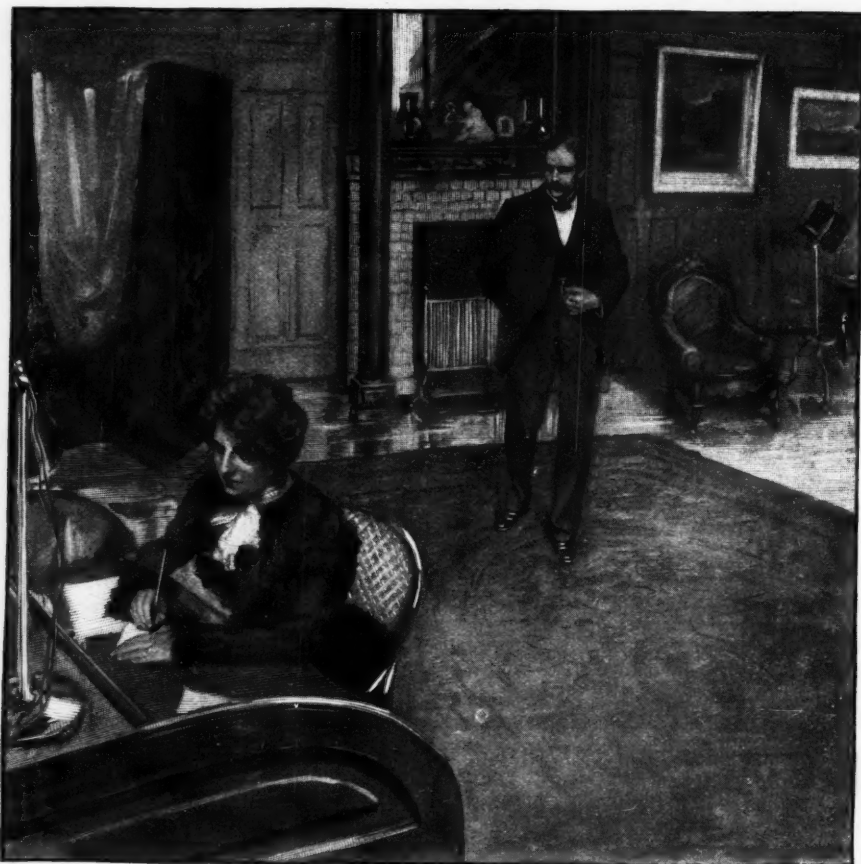


THE TWO MEN CLASPED HANDS AND LOOKED SMILINGLY AT EACH OTHER.

"Don't get up. Just stay where you are," said President Henderson. "I always walk around when I dictate, and I never want to know that there is anybody within a mile of me."

Then began the messages: one to the man who was filling his place in his absence, referring to the course of the stock,

had a great mind to go back after you. Why did you do it? Knowing you as I do, my sympathies go out strongly to the young lady, and it is entirely in pity for her, and not in the least in any appreciation of your unworthy services, that I have directed the treasurer to add five hundred a year to your salary. Even with this, I am of the opinion that Mrs. Henry will find herself the victim of a bad bargain. Tell her for me that you are absolutely un-



"MARK THIS 'VERY CONFIDENTIAL,' PLEASE."

and giving directions to protect it from bear raids; another to the effect that the rival road must be cutting rates or it would not be getting so much business from competitive points, a matter to be looked into; and others full of snap and fact and suggestion, ending with, "Don't want private car any longer. Arrange for its return."

"This is a letter," he said somewhat sharply, and proceeded to wind out his words as if he were catching a train:

DEAR HENRY—I saw the telegram about your marriage when I was half way across the continent, and I

reliable. I shall stay here for a few days and watch the market and find out who it is that is trying to monkey with our stock. If you get any absolute information, wire me in cipher—but I forgot you're no longer any good. Of course you don't care if the whole road goes to smash. Well, I'll have it out with you when I get back. In the mean while, God bless you!

P. S.—Knowing your excessive modesty, I'm surprised you didn't keep the private car for your honeymoon. That's about all it's good for, anyhow.

Henry, it may be well to explain, was his private secretary, who, seeing no other chance of getting a bridal tour after his marriage, had diplomatically persuaded

his chief to take a vacation from business and go East.

"Another letter, please," said the president, continuing his walk up and down, with occasional stops at the window, but with a steady flow of words, whether moving or standing still:

DEAR MOTHER—I shall not be able to get down home as soon as I expected, for there are a few business matters that are keeping me here; but I shall be with you by Sunday, and I suppose I'll find the old place very much changed after being away ten years.

"Mark this 'Very Confidential,' please," he said, interrupting the dictation.

There's one thing I want you to do for me very quietly and without any one knowing it. I want you to bring it about so that I shall meet that certain young lady whose name I once told you before I left home. Whether she is married or not, I want to see her again, even if I do not say a word to her. You, who can do anything, from making pies to making people happy, can do this for me. You will understand.

I ought to write this, but I'm so used to dictating that I've almost forgotten how to use a pen. Of course I do not mean that you shall try to make the meeting pointed. I want it to be an entire accident, so far as appearances go. Just as soon as I get away from here I will wire.

With love to you and father and all the boys and girls and everybody else,

YOUR SON.

"That's all, I believe," he said as he came near the secretary's desk. Then suddenly, for the first time, he got a good look at her.

She felt his recognition and calmly faced him. Then he did something very unusual. He blushed.

"I suppose you expect an explanation," she said quietly. "Well, it is the commonest kind of a story. The estate yielded nothing, and for five years I have been earning my living."

"For five years?"

"Yes, and I find the work extremely agreeable, and I enjoy the independence that it gives."

Just then the door opened and the vice president entered. Henderson approached him, saying as he proceeded:

"Sorry to drive you out, old man, but I'm not through yet. Go get another office—there ought to be plenty of 'em in this big building—and tell that African of yours that I'm not to be interrupted. Good by! Thank you."

He returned at once to the secretary's desk. "And now," he said, "before we get into any explanations, let me send a wire." He took a pencil and wrote: "Cancel order about private car."

And then they—well, what President

Henderson said to Secretary Henry about the proper use of private cars turned out to be something better than a jest.

Lynn Roby Meekins.

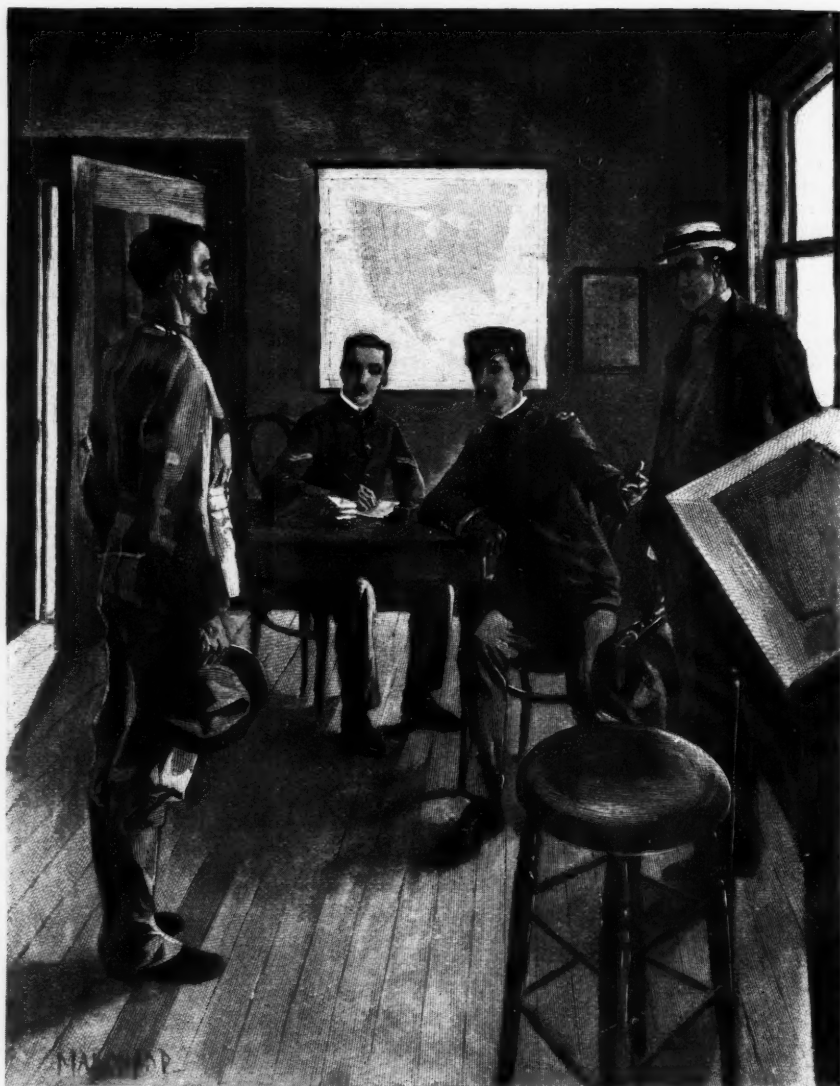
The New Recruit.

"The trouble's all about the new recruit. But he didn't begin it," said the old artillery sergeant off duty. "It really, as you might say, started when the junior-most lieutenant joined. It seems he'd been somewheres and had been taught to play shinny in a way I never saw it played when I was a youngster. They call it golf, I'm told, and it's destructive to discipline. There ought to be something agin it in the articles of war or in the general orders of the lieutenant general commanding."

"Well, this new lieutenant hadn't been at the post more'n long enough to turn his things out of his trunk, and maybe tack a few pictures on the wall of his quarters, when he came out on parade with the most amazing collection of all styles of shinny sticks that ever was. The sticks and a little rubber ball lying on the grass were the whole outfit; but if anybody had known what was coming, charges ought to have been preferred, and the whole business confiscated as contraband of war. He gesticulated with his club footed club, and whizzed it around his head until he managed to hit the little ball a wipe. There was a sharp click like the snap of the trigger in an empty Krag, then the ball went sailing into the air like a one pounder Maxim, only with reduced velocity and a higher trajectory."

"In less than no time all the people of the post were clean gone on the game, and wherever you went there was some of the officers or their families trying to learn to hit the ball. If you didn't see them, you learned to dodge as soon as you heard the cry of 'fore.' Do you know, it was only a short time until they had laid out what they called links all over the post, with tin flags and sign boards? They rechristened the glacis a bunker, and the moat a hazard, and the parade was the first green. And it wasn't long before an infantry regiment challenged ours to a match, and we were beaten."

"I ought to have tumbled when the senior major sent for me and turned over a new recruit to me, with strict orders to look after him; but I didn't. Even when the post adjutant sent for Private McTavish up to his quarters, and kept him out after taps, I didn't get wise. Next morning I sung out to him as friendly as you please:



"I OUGHT TO HAVE TUMBLED WHEN THE SENIOR MAJOR SENT FOR ME AND TURNED OVER A NEW RECRUIT TO ME, WITH STRICT ORDERS TO LOOK AFTER HIM."

"'Hey, Bill, you want to tumble out of that bunk on the sunny side, for it's stable call.'"

"That's all I said, and I leave it to you if it was any wise hostile."

"But he rounded on me in a mighty bad temper."

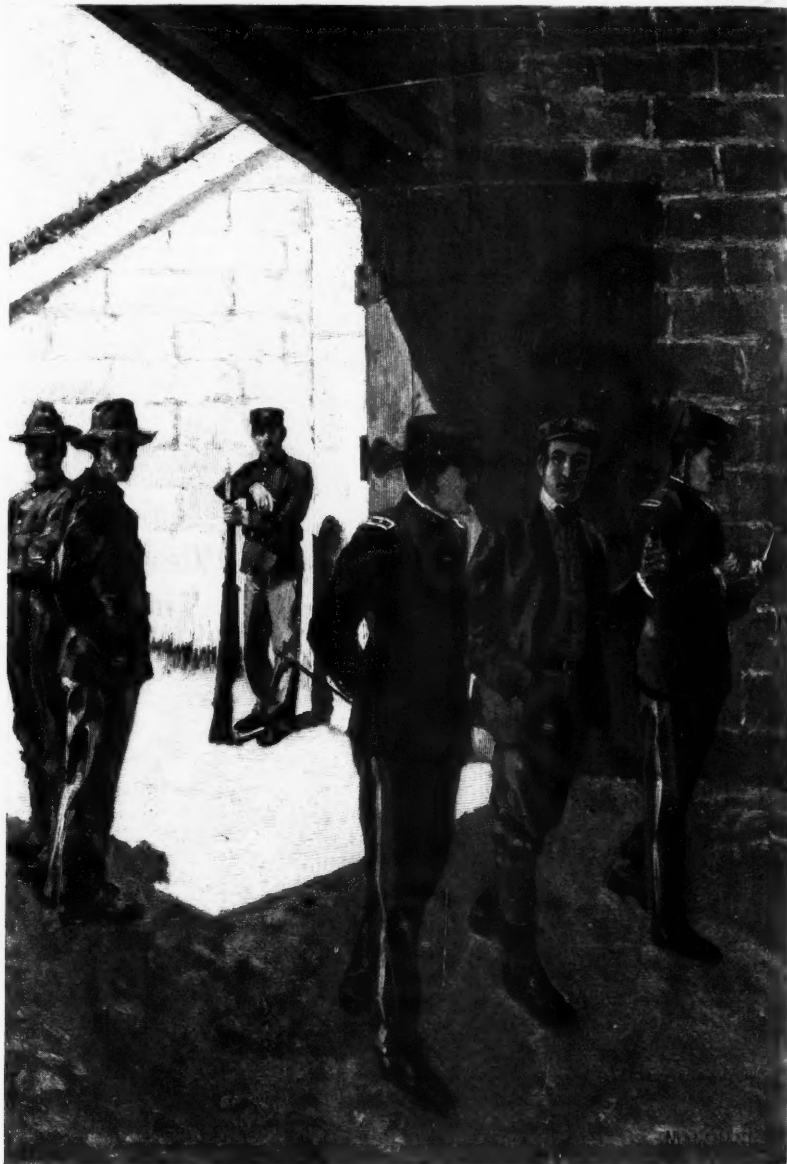
"'I'll have you know, me man,' says he, 'I never respond to the vulgar nickname of Bill. Not only is Wully my name, but it is my professional appella-a-a-tion as well.'"

"I recollected in time what the major said about looking after him. So all I said was this, and I must have said it considerable sarcastic: 'Corp'r'l!' says I, 'I leave it to you to assure Mr. Wully that from now on he's Private McTavish of this battery, and that the sooner he gets ready to answer to the name of Bill the more he's likely to enjoy the military profession. It will also be your pleasant duty to instruct him that just about this time of day his professional occupa-a-a-tion is

stable police, and that you are ready to put him next the details.'

"When next I saw Private McTavish

cycle pants, and the thunder and lightning shirt of him was like a declaration of war. He was laying down the law to them,



"YOU'VE GOT A FINE PIECE OF GROUND, BUT THE LINKS YOU HAVE ARE NO GOOD AT ALL."

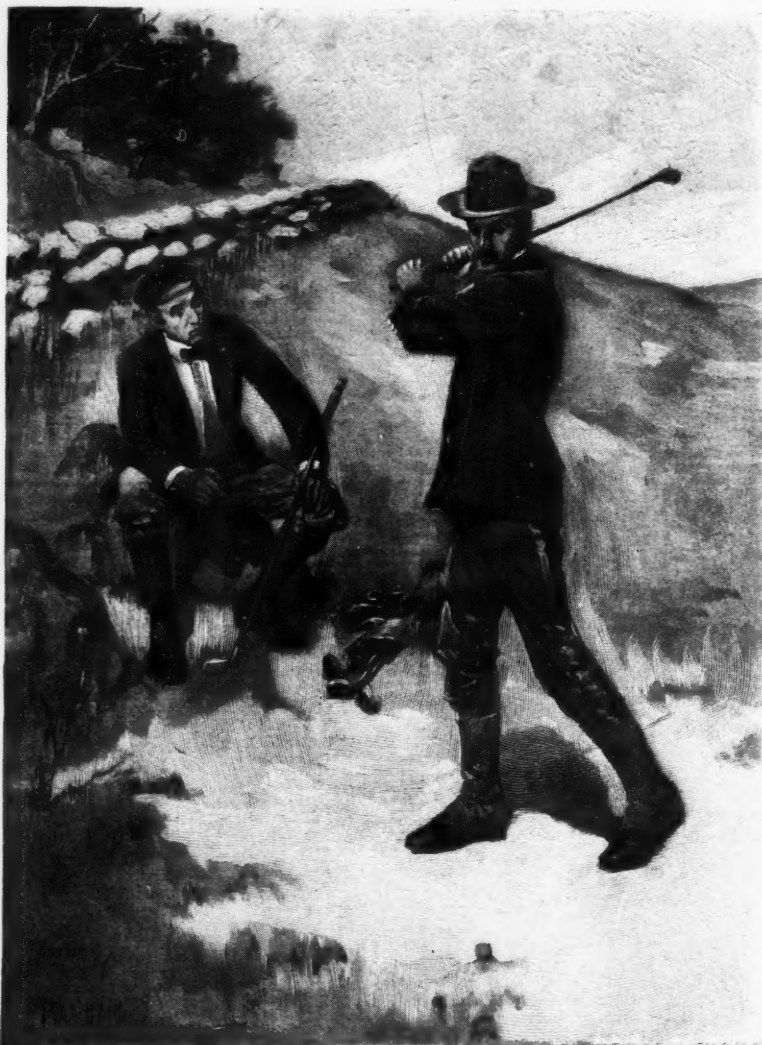
he was walking a little bit lame, so I guess his education had begun. But all the sight I had of him that day was to see him wandering over the parade with the major and the juniorest lieutenant. He had on bi-

and the juniorest lieutenant had his note book out, and was writing down what he said and stepping off the distances, just as if he were recorder of a board of survey. But when they got around again to

the sally port I heard Private McTavish say: 'Well, I have been the rounds with you, just walking—for you wouldn't ask me to make a stroke over a course like

that the course would be laid all over again according to his directions, as the juniorest lieutenant had noted them down.

"That night it was written in the or-



"HE HAD THE COLONEL OUT IN A SECLUDED SPOT TEACHING HIM HOW TO WELT THE LITTLE BALL WITH THE CROOKED CLUB."

that. You've got a fine piece of ground, but the links you have are no good at all. I'm surprised that any man of sense should have laid them out that way.' And him a private! And talking that way to a major of artillery! I fully expected to have to lead him off to clink with the prospect of a long stretch in the casemates. But the major only thanked him, and said

derly book that Private McTavish was excused from stable duty until further orders. We tried to get him for setting up drill. He got just one dose in him, as the regulations prescribe, and as interpreted by them that knows how. All the time he was crying out that his stance would be spoiled and his usefulness lost, but not one of us knew what a stance was,

and we didn't care. After this one dose of drill he had the colonel out in a secluded spot teaching him how to welt the little ball with the crooked club. Naturally, the commanding officer saw the private limp, and as a result it was written in the orderly book that Private McTavish was excused from all drill and duty except such as he might be assigned to by the colonel.

"We were all pretty mad over the favoritism shown the new recruit until the major tipped me off. He just mentioned that the return match with the infantry officers was to be played the next week, and we might get back what we had lost.

"We're pretty good now," said the major, "since Private McTavish joined."

"Who is Private McTavish, sir?"

"He's Wully McTavish, of St. Andrew's, but don't let it get out to a soul, and the major winked."

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

The Rubaiyat of Baron Vignot.

MERRY, poetic, impulsive little Baron Vignot was having a dull time of it. Paris was at her gayest, and he was being *sage*!

Now, being sage in English means being wise, and wisdom is to be purchased with experience, and experience is always amusing. But in French—oh, *mon Dieu*!—being sage means nothing in the world but being good. Young Vignot was being very good. That is another way of saying that he was poor; so he had abandoned the fashionable quarters for the studios.

The baron was walking along the Quai Voltaire, where all the endless boxes of second hand books are ranged along the river wall. He caught sight of "Lalane on Etching" and bought it, because he was on his way to see a chap who would find it useful. Vignot was always thinking of such little things.

As he stood waiting for the bookseller to change a five franc piece, he picked up a thin volume, bound in what had been cream colored vellum and gold, and printed in English. It was a copy of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, a poem which he had never read. The lines that caught his attention as he opened it were:

A muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cried,
"Fools! Your reward is neither here nor there."

Vignot read the poem, and looked for the name of the person who had been so unfortunate as to have to part with the little volume. There was a book plate inside the cover, on which was the name, "Gwendolyn Sayre." In very small writ-

ing was the address, "15, Rue du Cherche-Midi." On the fly leaf a man had written, in a bold American hand:

A little talk of thee and me;

And then—no more of me—and thee.

Vignot was charmed. It suggested a romance, and romance was as the breath of life to him. On the spot, he determined to return the volume to Gwendolyn Sayre. Buying the book, he set out briskly for the Rue du Cherche-Midi, with a little smile in his eyes, pleasantly conscious that he was doing a remarkably foolish thing.

When he reached No. 15, the ivy covered courtyard, the rose bushes, and the Angora cat affected him pleasantly. He was told that mademoiselle would not return from the Louvre until six o'clock. He retraced his steps, crossed the river, and took counsel with a cigarette as he headed straight for the great picture palace.

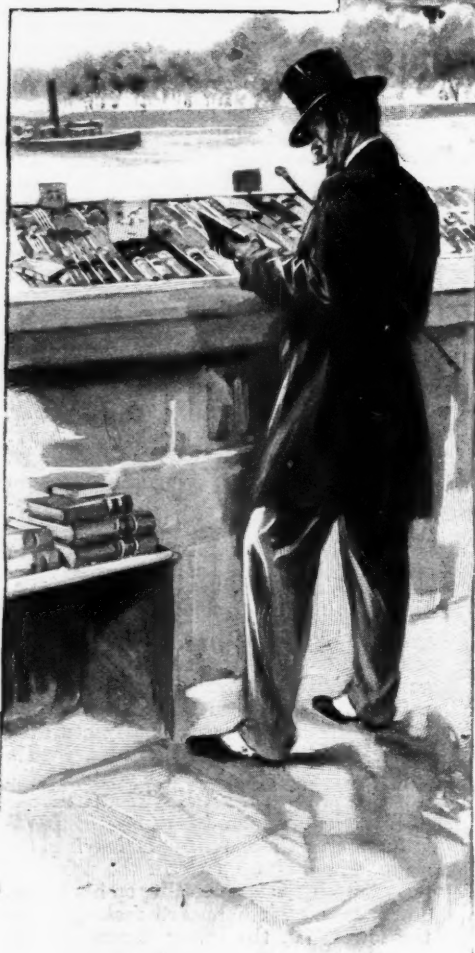
What if she didn't want the book, and what if she was copying "The Broken Pitcher," or the "Girl with the Muff," or any of those familiar subjects that students torture with their copies? Vignot smiled. He knew his Gwendolyn was not making old masters turn in their graves. He idealized every one whom he took into his friendship, and he tried to keep candles burning before his ideals. Sometimes an ill wind would extinguish them all, and then Vignot would disappear from the quarter for a month, returning to his comrades with the old quizzical look in his eyes and the old tenderness in his smile.

He made his way to one of the smaller galleries, where, among vast canvases painted by the Vernets, Delacroix, and men of their day, is a small picture by Gleyre, "Les Illusions Perdues." He loved it best of all the splendors of the Louvre. Into a low twilight a shallow—filled with just such dream figures as Vignot sought all his life—is leaving the shore, where sits a man in the prime of his strength, his head resting on his hands. There is a certain hushed feeling about the low tones, the lovely dream figures, and the lonely figure in the foreground, and many pass it by without seeing it.

There was an easel before that very canvas. On the back of the canvas, as Vignot approached, he read the name he was looking for—Gwendolyn Sayre. He stood still. If she were making a poor copy of his dearly loved picture, he would never forgive her—never!

The girl did not look up as he came and stood beside her. She was absorbed in her work, and it was more than good. He drew a long breath, and watched with wonder the strong, sure touch of her brush.

She was very small, with a face that looked painfully intense, and was of that transparent pallor through which the fire of the spirit burns like a pure flame. She had fine brown hair that waved.



"A MUEZZIN FROM THE TOWER OF DARKNESS CRIED, 'FOOLS! YOUR REWARD IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.'"

Her hands and wrists were pitifully thin, and she was badly dressed, like all women painters; yet neither this, nor her exceeding smallness, nor her look of physical ill health, overcame the impression she made upon Vignot. He felt that he was in the presence of a true artist.

She laid down her palette on her color box when the guards called out that the

galleries were closed, and he saw the dark ring around her thumb where she had held it so long.

"Bring me my crutches, Jules," she said in French. "I want to see what I've done before the light is quite gone."

Vignot shivered a little. He had not thought of her as crippled. He

shrank from suffering of any kind, and crutches had always seemed to him to be the very badge and token of suffering and deformity. Just then she turned and looked at him.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought the visitors had all gone, and that you were one of the guards."

"Permit me to get them for you, so that I may feel excused for lingering," said Vignot. He could not speak that cruel word "crutches." "You see," he added, "you are the first one I have ever seen copying the 'Illusions,' which I adore." He drew the little book from his pocket. "Is this not yours?"

She took it with a little cry of surprise. "No," she said. "It—it belongs to some one else, unless he—sent—you—with it to me."

"I found it. It had your address. I thought you had lost it."

"You found it? Where?"

"On the Quai Voltaire, mademoiselle."

"I see," she said very slowly. "I think I shall have to go now. I thank you very much."

"I hope you will pardon me," Vignot said. He saw the whole story now. She had given this little book—along with something else—to some one who had wearied of both gifts. The book he had sold with other things, and the something else he had

thrown away.

"Will you let me carry your color box and chair?" Vignot asked gently.

"I think so," she said, and he saw that she did not know what he had asked her. "I was afraid of this. He couldn't keep on caring for any one like me."

"I will set the picture here against the wall, where you can get it easily tomor-

row," the baron said, taking it from the easel. "I should like to see it when you have finished working on it." He felt that

There was a quick, firm tread through the gallery, and Vignot turned, to see a young fellow, who looked like an Ameri-



THE GIRL DID NOT LOOK UP AS HE
CAME AND STOOD BESIDE HER.

she would turn to her work, and that it would be a refuge to her and bring her peace.

"I have finished it," she said quietly. "I shall never work on it again."

8 M

can, stoop and pick up the little book that Gwendolyn had let fall upon the floor.

"Where did this come from?" he ex-

claimed in English. "I lost it, Gwen, and I didn't like to tell you. Where did you find it? How have you been? Why, what's the matter, little girl?"

He halted suddenly, seeing a stranger in the shadow near the wall. But the girl had run to meet him, letting her crutches drop. They sounded like chains falling, as they rattled on the hard waxed floor.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "where have you been all these days? I thought—thought——"

Vignot was bewildered, but he saw that he was not absolutely needed, and so he stole away without attracting any attention whatever. An hour or so later, still pensively rehearsing what he had heard and seen, and taken



"OH, ROBERT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THESE DAYS?"

so unsatisfactory a part in, the baron drifted from force of habit into a brilliantly lighted café on the Boulevard des Italiens, where he was soon busy watching the absinthe drip through the sugar, drop by drop.

"I don't believe good deeds are at a premium any more," he told himself, "or I

should not have been led to buy that book and make a young girl wretched when I hoped to please her, and then have the book belong to the man who already has the girl.

"I wish this was a very naughty world!"

Marquerite Tracy.



TRAINED DOGS OF THE GERMAN ARMY—A SOLDIER TAKING
A DESPATCH FROM A POUCH CARRIED BY A
FOUR FOOTED COURIER.

Animals in Warfare.

*BY LIEUTENANT
WILLIAM KELLY, JR.,*

SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

IN SPITE OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC INVENTION, THE FAITHFUL HORSE AND THE TOUGH MULE ARE STILL THE MAINSTAY OF THE SOLDIER IN THE FIELD, WHILE ELEPHANTS, CAMELS, OXEN, AND DOGS ALSO HAVE THEIR PART IN MODERN MILITARY SYSTEMS.

ONE interesting result of recent and present wars is that they have enabled our old friend, the horse, to prove that, despite the development of steam and electric traction, he is as valuable as ever in warfare.

Science has served the soldier well, and today a commanding general has at his call many mechanical and electrical devices that were unknown a few years ago. The invention of smokeless powder, the magazine rifle, the rapid fire gun, the traction engine, the bicycle, and the automobile have enormously increased the powers of offense and defense—especially the latter; but in spite of all this scientific progress, the horse and other less noble

animals have kept their place among the essentials of modern campaigning.

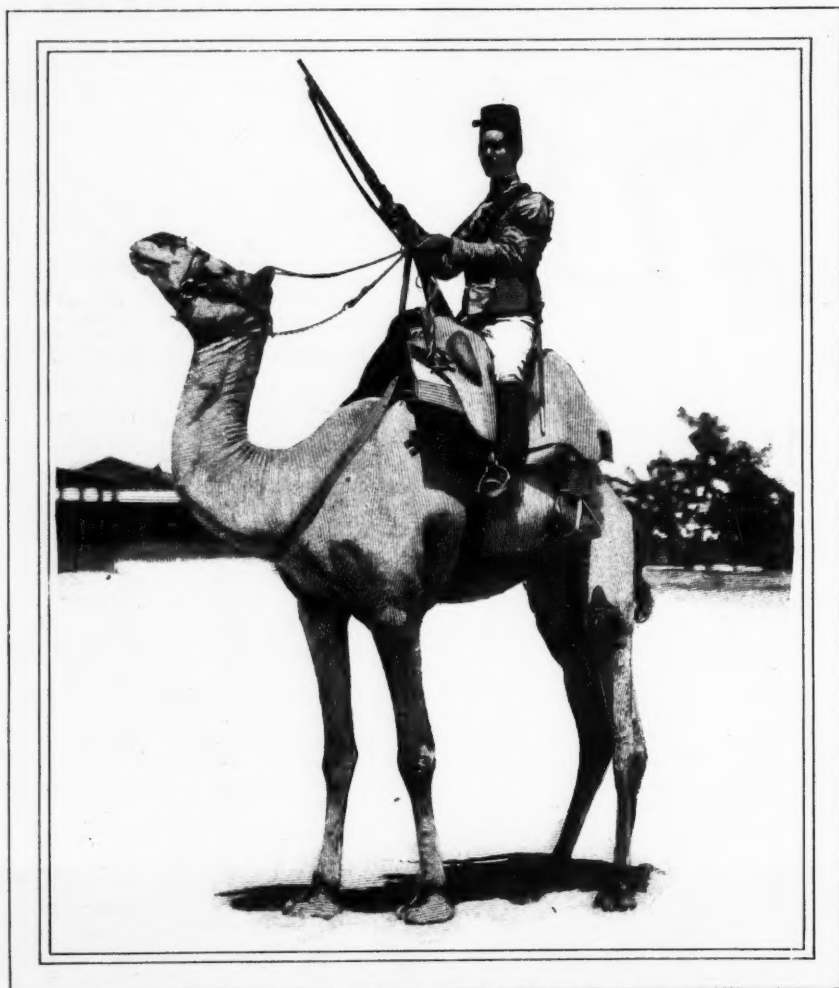
In South Africa and in the Philippines there has been no more pressing need than that of good, well trained mounts for the soldiers in the field. Mere "crocks" on four legs can be had by the thousand, but the army horse must be sound in wind and limb, and, to be trustworthy, he must have his education. The systems used in different armies to impart this education vary somewhat in detail, but the general principles are the same. The horse must be taught the supremacy of his master, and perfect confidence and affection must exist between the animal and his rider. The horses in our army are bought by



GROUP OF DOGS AND THEIR TRAINERS BELONGING TO THE GERMAN ARMY. THE ANIMALS ARE TAUGHT TO CARRY MESSAGES, SEEK OUT THE WOUNDED, AND DO SCOUT DUTY.

quartermasters detailed for the purpose, and are required by the "Army Regulations" to meet the following requirements:

horses. The same apply in general to artillery horses; they are required for quick draft purposes, and the details of the specifications vary accordingly. On



THE CAMEL IN WARFARE—A SUDANESE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN OF THE ANGLO EGYPTIAN ARMY.

A gelding of uniform and hardy color; in good condition; $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 hands high; weight not less than 950 nor more than 1150 lbs.; from 4 to 8 years old; head and ears small; forehead broad; eyes large and prominent; vision perfect; shoulders long and sloping well back; chest full, broad and deep; forelegs straight and standing well under; barrel large and increasing from girth towards flank; withers elevated; back short and straight; loins and haunches, broad and muscular; hocks well bent and under the horse; pasterns slanting and feet small and sound.

The above requirements are for cavalry

the day they are received, horses for the cavalry and artillery must be branded "U. S." on the hoof of the left forefoot, other animals on the shoulder. A complete descriptive list of each animal is made at the time of purchase, and should accompany him wherever he may be transferred. When horses are received at the regiment they are assigned to troops, according to color, under the direction of the commanding officer. Troop commanders then make permanent assign-

ments of horses to men. After an animal is so assigned, his rider is not allowed to exchange him, nor to let him be ridden by any other person, without permission of the captain.

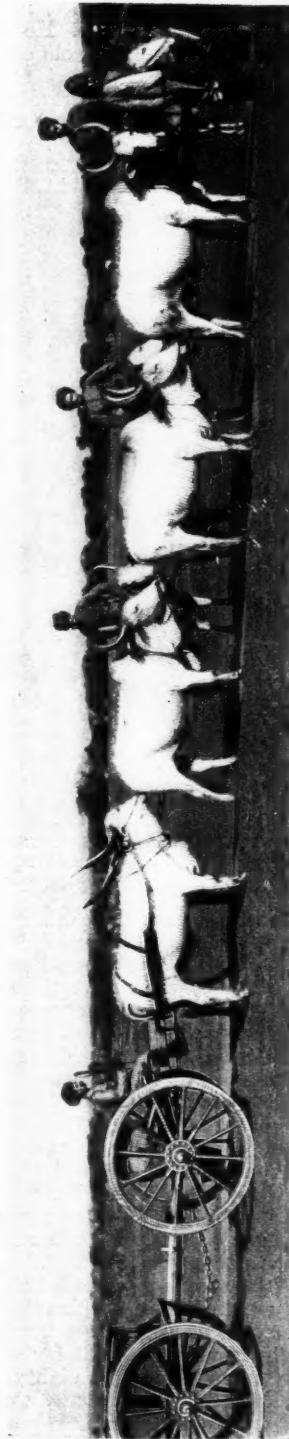
Few can fully realize the depth of affection that exists between the soldier and his horse. I have seen old troopers cry when their mounts died, or were sold off as being past their usefulness. At Fort Wingate, New Mexico, an old horse, "Kentucky," which had grown gray in the service, was condemned and sold at auction. The men of E Troop took up a collection, bought him, and had him comfortably provided for during his remaining days.

Sometimes, in an action, it falls to the lot of the trooper to put his wounded horse out of misery. There are men who cannot do it. After the charge of the Twenty First Lancers at Omdurman, some of the wounded animals had to be shot. One lancer stood with his revolver for several moments beside his horse, which sniffed and rubbed its bleeding nose against his sleeve. It was only after a great effort that the lancer raised his hand and fired the fatal but kindly shot.

In a recent native war in India, an officer was shot, and fell from his horse, which raced on without him. After a time, however, the animal seemed to realize that it had lost its master, and actually sought out the officer among the wounded, enabling him to scramble to its back and escape from the field.

Some of the best military rides for testing the endurance of horses have been made in this country, but, unfortunately, no official record was kept of them. The greatest feat on record is that of Count Stahrenburg, an Austrian, who covered three hundred and fifty miles in seventy hours on one horse. The animal was carefully trained for several months, and was kept up on stimulants during the ride, only to die twenty four hours afterwards. The weight carried was one hundred and thirty eight pounds.

In countries where there are no available railroads, the animals used for purposes of transportation are generally horses, mules, ponies, oxen, elephants, or camels. When the ground is very rough and stony, as it is in South Africa, the bullock is undoubtedly the most available draft animal for hauling guns and wagons across country, but he is a very exasperating beast to handle. No matter how urgent the need of haste may be, he steadily declines to be hurried, and crawls along at his usual two miles an hour, heeding neither threats nor blows. Of course he has his good qualities, his utter indifference to the enemy's fire being one of the most important. A few shells or bullets do not trouble him in the least, whereas no one, I believe, has ever succeeded in making elephants stand fire quietly. Indeed, the latter, when wanted to drag guns into position on the field of action, often have to be withdrawn, and replaced with oxen.

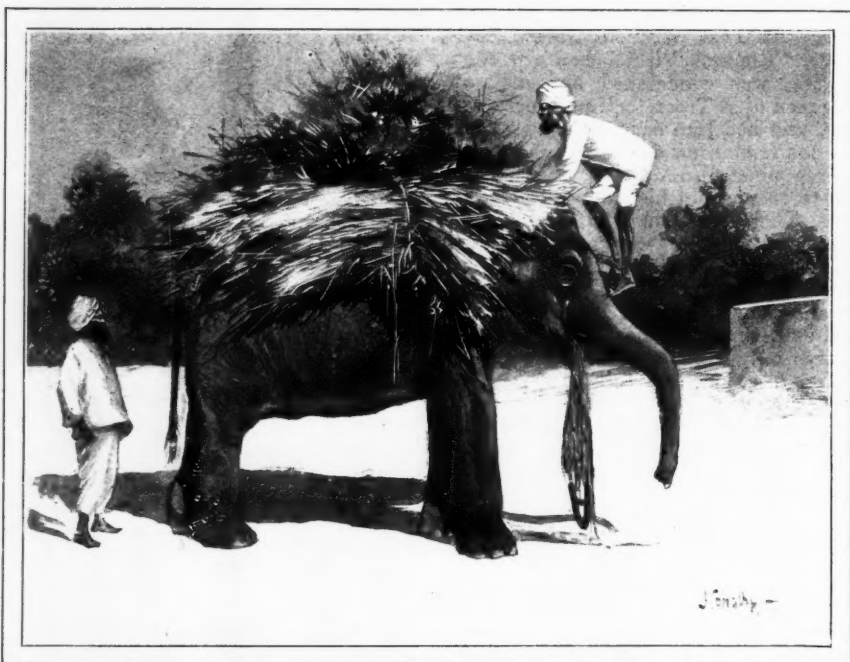


A BULLOCK TEAM IN BRITISH INDIA DRAWING THE CAISSON OF A SIEGE GUN—THE EIGHT ANIMALS TRAVEL AT THE GIDDY RATE OF TWO AND A HALF MILES AN HOUR, BUT NOTHING CAN FRIGHTEN THEM.

In mountainous countries, no animal can compare with the mule. He is strong, sure footed, lives to a ripe old age, and is rarely liable to disease.

Horses can hardly be regarded as successful draft animals, because they need

pounds; artillery elephants have been known to carry eighteen hundred. Their rate of travel is about three miles an hour in cool weather, but they always flag in the heat, so that cold water has to be thrown over them at intervals.



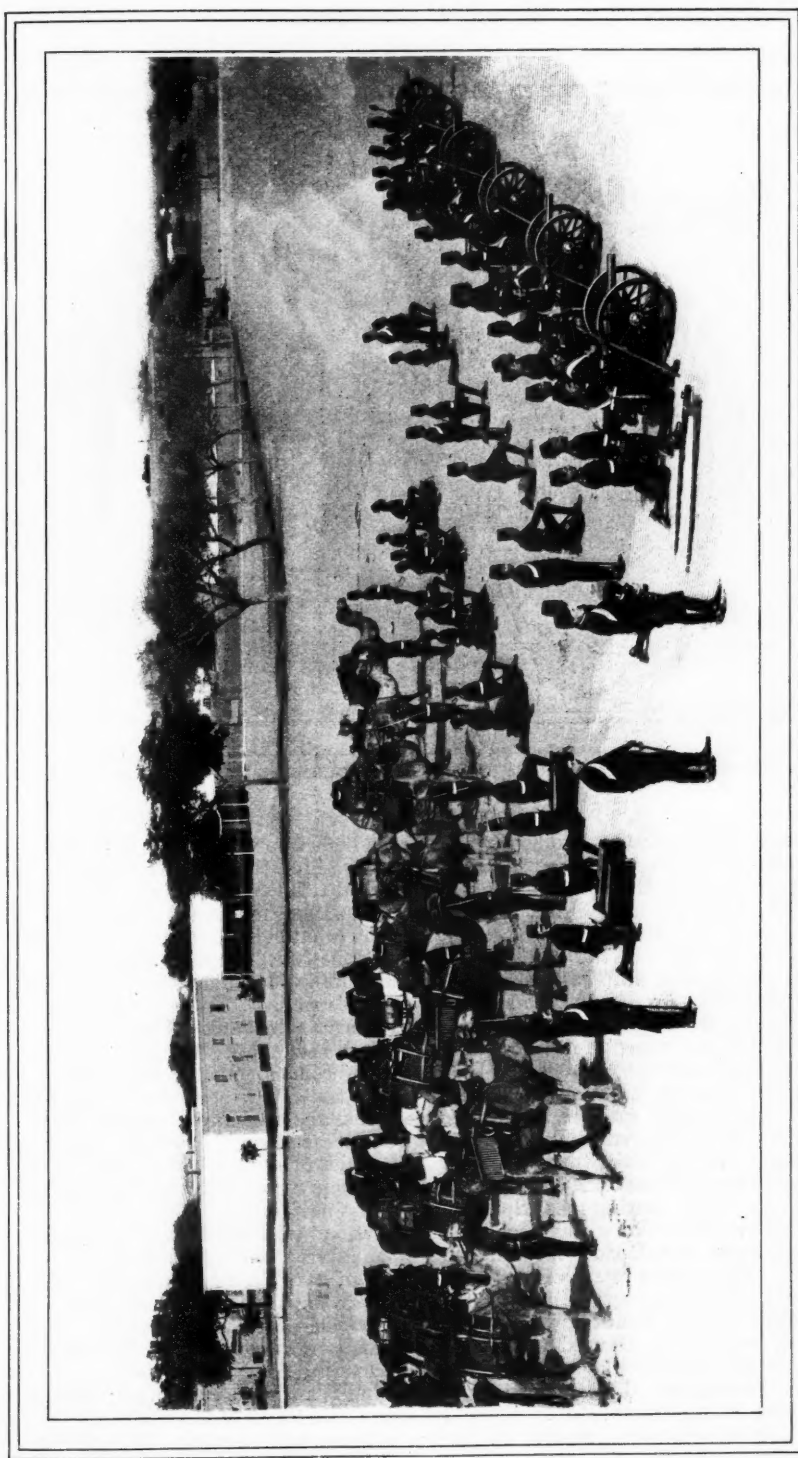
MY LORD THE ELEPHANT, AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE BRITISH MILITARY SYSTEM IN INDIA, BEARING FODDER WHICH HE HOPES TO CONSUME HIMSELF.

so much more care than other beasts of burden—such as bullocks, for instance, which can forage for themselves more or less, or camels, which ask a trifle of about six steady hours for their meals, and are then ready to jog on again. In the desert, camels are the only animals that can be used, because they can do without water for a long time, and can easily carry loads of from three hundred to five hundred pounds. The single humped Arabian camels used in India travel from two to two and a half miles an hour, and while this cannot be considered very rapid progress, they make up in endurance what they lack in speed.

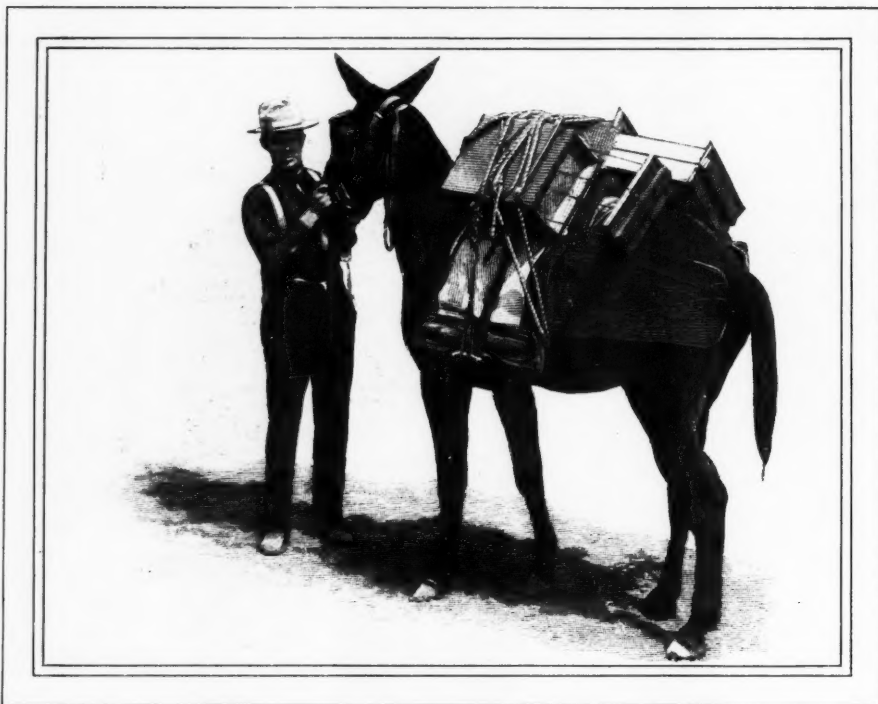
The elephant is often called the king of transport animals. The females are better than the males, because they are more tractable, and they are fit for work from twenty to sixty, or even eighty, years of age. For steady labor they can usually be counted upon to carry twelve hundred

A well trained elephant is said to understand that it is necessary to break down small trees and crush underbrush to make a path. He will go along using his trunk to bend small trees, and then putting his big feet on them, so as to crush them with his huge weight. When in a good humor, he will dodge projecting limbs, or clear them away, so that his rider may not be hurt, but when angry he will run under branches that hang just high enough to sweep the man off his back. An English military writer has said that "one elephant is worth a dozen traction engines."

In their last Afghan campaign, the British are said to have lost and disabled about sixty thousand camels. The British government is now the owner of more than twenty five thousand camels. Several thousands are used in India, to carry stores and equipments when regiments change station by line of march.



A CAMEL BATTERY IN EGYPT, CONSISTING OF SIX SMALL FIELD GUNS, AND NATIVE GUNNERS WITH AN ENGLISH OFFICER IN COMMAND. THESE BATTERIES DID MOST EFFECTIVE WORK IN THE LAST SUDAN CAMPAIGN.



THE PATIENT MULE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY—THE BUSINESS OF THIS PARTICULAR ANIMAL IS TO CARRY AMMUNITION.

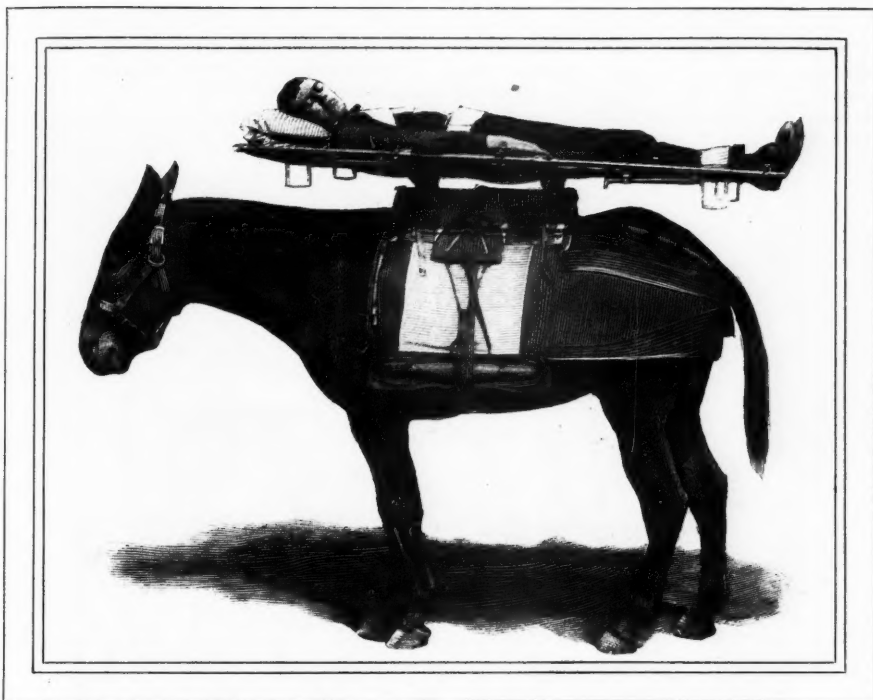
In South Africa, besides bullocks, many thousands of mules have been used as transport animals. They are usually harnessed in teams of six, eight, ten, or twelve. The "leader" holds the reins, while it is the duty of the "driver" to use his thirty foot whip, attend to the brake, and talk Kaffir or Dutch to his animals. Mules work at a trot, as a rule, and it would fill many a member of a coaching club with envy to see the boys maneuver a team of ten mules in an ambulance with only a quarter lock. The mule boys are principally Basutos and Cape boys, and are paid three shillings a day and "scoff," or rations.

In Porto Rico, during the Spanish-American war, native ox teams were used, wherever there were roads, for hauling supplies. There were few good roads in the island, with the exception of the military highway from Ponce to San Juan, and pack trains had to be used on the narrow mountain trails.

In the Philippines, the carabao, or native ox, has been pressed into service as a dray horse, and in this capacity he has good points. He does not shy at cable cars or at anything else, and has never

been known to run away. It takes energy to drive him, though. After having been hitched to a cart, he usually lies down, as if to enable the driver to perfect himself in the pronunciation of his stock of Spanish expletives. Having sufficiently aired his profane vocabulary, the man kicks the animal's ribs, or batters its head with the first available stick. These formalities having been gone through, the carabao finally condescends to rise; the driver gives vent to a series of indescribable sounds, and the animal moves slowly on. The driver prods it incessantly, continues his series of sounds, and by dint of perseverance and patience the team arrives at its destination.

German military authorities seem bent upon giving the familiar phrase, "the dogs of war," a more realistic meaning than it has hitherto possessed. The Eighth German Army Corps has some fine animals trained to assist relief parties in discovering the whereabouts of men wounded in battle. Several other regiments own packs of war dogs drilled to assist in ambulance work. Experiments for testing the utility of dogs in war have been conducted by the German authorities



A UNITED STATES ARMY MULE WITH A STRETCHER, CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN.

at Vels, in Silesia. The points tested include the aptitude of the animals as watch dogs, their docility while being led in leash, their ability to take the result of a reconnaissance back to the main body, to rejoin a patrol some time after its departure, to carry ammunition along the firing line, and to find the wounded and announce their whereabouts by barking. Sixteen animals were examined, including German pointers, German sheep dogs, collies, water spaniels, and nondescripts. Of the sixteen, only seven announced the approach of an enemy's patrol by low growling as they have been trained to do; five of the others so far forgot themselves as to bark, while the other four did nothing. In carrying messages, a distance of three kilometers (nearly two miles) had to be covered. Nine of the dogs accomplished this task satisfactorily, at an average speed of one mile in a little more than seven minutes. In rejoining patrols, only eight were successful. The water spaniel was found to be the most satisfactory in all tests. The collies also proved serviceable, but the German sheep dogs were of little value.

It was reported some time ago that two packs of trained dogs had been sent from

Germany to aid the Boers. These dogs are trained to dismount cyclists by pulling them from their machines, and any wheelman will admit that a dozen or so of such assailants would be likely to throw a cyclist corps into great confusion. There has been no mention made of them in the despatches, however, so it is safe to conclude that the value of dogs in actual warfare still remains to be demonstrated.

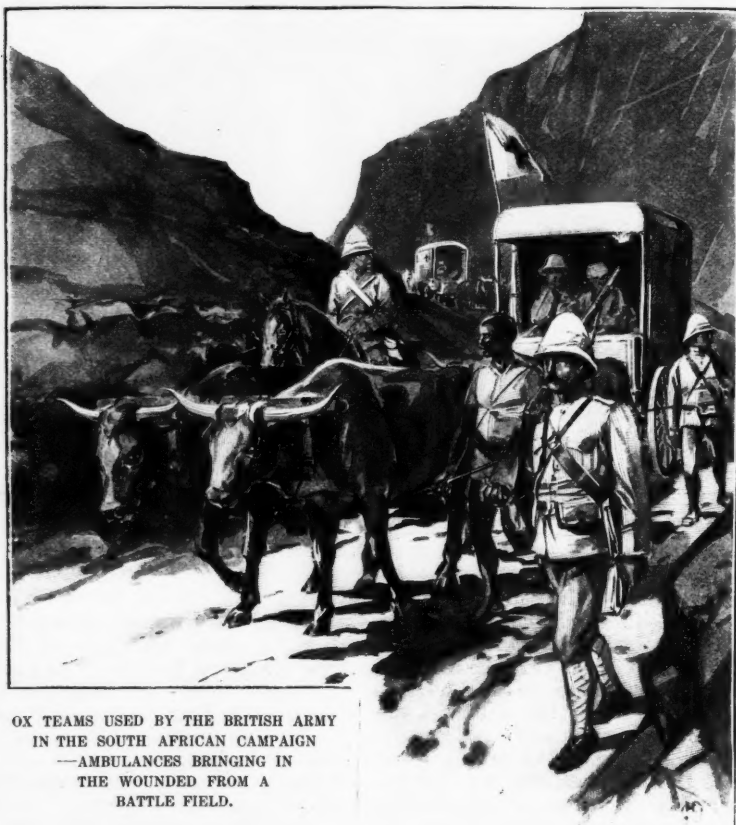
It has been said by some military authorities that had Colonel Broadwood had a pack of trained dogs, he would never have met with the disaster that befell his artillery at Sannas Post, as the dogs would have discovered the proximity of the Boers, and thus warned his soldiers of the ambush.

Dogs can, no doubt, be used successfully within one's own lines as messengers, to carry ammunition, bandages, or to find the wounded; but there are two drawbacks to using them as scouts, or to sending them into the enemy's lines for any purpose. First, no matter how well trained a dog may be, he is likely to bark when he shouldn't, which would be fatal in a night or day surprise. Second, an enemy, knowing that his opponents are using dogs, will be on the lookout for them, and

it would not require an expert marksman to kill a dog at short range. Should the dogs be intrusted with any important message, it would fall into the hands of the enemy, whereas a spy could dispose of it before being captured.

follows the bell without swerving from the trail. In our army, pack mules are drilled just as recruits are, and there is no other country where packing is so far advanced, theoretically and practically.

During the war with Spain, a camp was

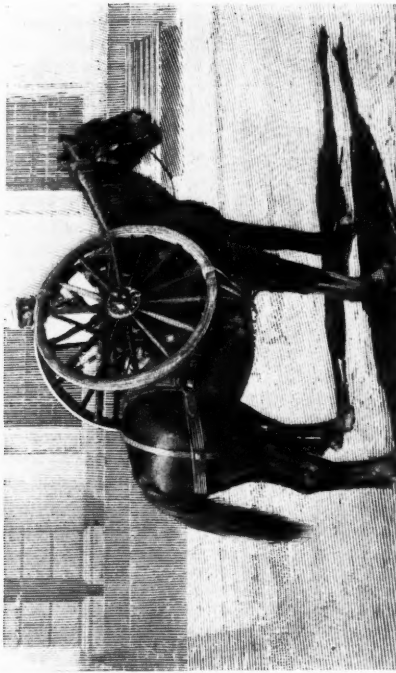


OX TEAMS USED BY THE BRITISH ARMY
IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN
—AMBULANCES BRINGING IN
THE WOUNDED FROM A
BATTLE FIELD.

In a country where roads are few and poor, and where trails are numerous, pack trains of mules are the best means of transportation, especially for mounted commands, which must move rapidly. Properly trained and organized pack trains will travel day after day with cavalry over the roughest mountain trails, getting into camp with their command, and often ahead of it. It always fills the tired trooper's heart with joy to arrive at the camping place and find the pack train there, the kitchen fire going, and to hear the welcome "Come and get it," as soon as the horses are unsaddled and cared for.

The training of pack mules is very interesting, and it is surprising how soon a "green" or "shavetail" mule can be converted into the businesslike gentleman who

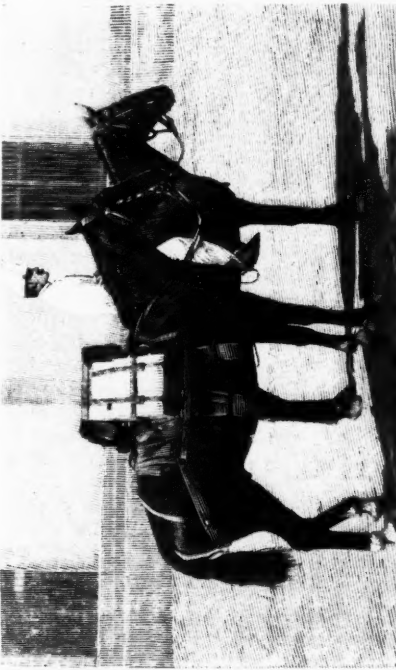
established near Tampa, Florida, for the purpose of organizing, drilling, and preparing pack trains for service in the field. The animals and equipments were shipped from the quartermaster's depot at Jefferson Barracks, and trains were sent to the front as soon as they were ready. There were nineteen trains of sixty five animals each in the camp, which was commanded successively by Lieutenant (now Captain) Cabaniss, of the Twenty Fourth Infantry; Lieutenant C. C. Smith, of the Second Cavalry, and myself. Six trains were sent to Cuba with General Shafter's command, and one with Lieutenant (now Captain) Carter P. Johnson's. Later, two more trains were sent to Cuba, and I was ordered to report with the remaining ten trains to General Miles in Porto Rico.



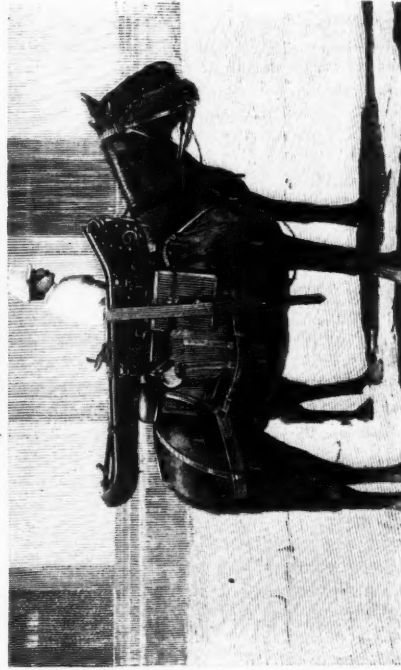
THE WHEELS OF THE CARRIAGE.



THE GUN ITSELF.

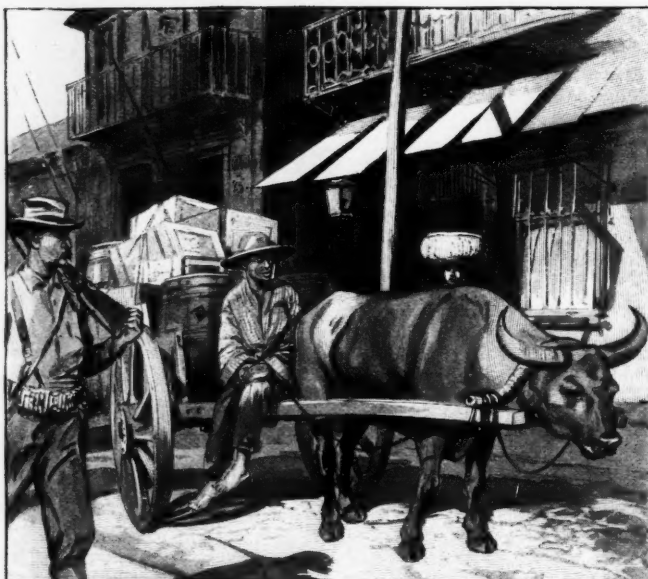


THE AMMUNITION CHEST.



THE GUN CARRIAGE.

THE COCKERILL SYSTEM OF HORSE ARTILLERY, USED IN THE BELGIAN ARMY, WITH THE GUN TAKEN APART AND PACKED ON THREE HORSES.



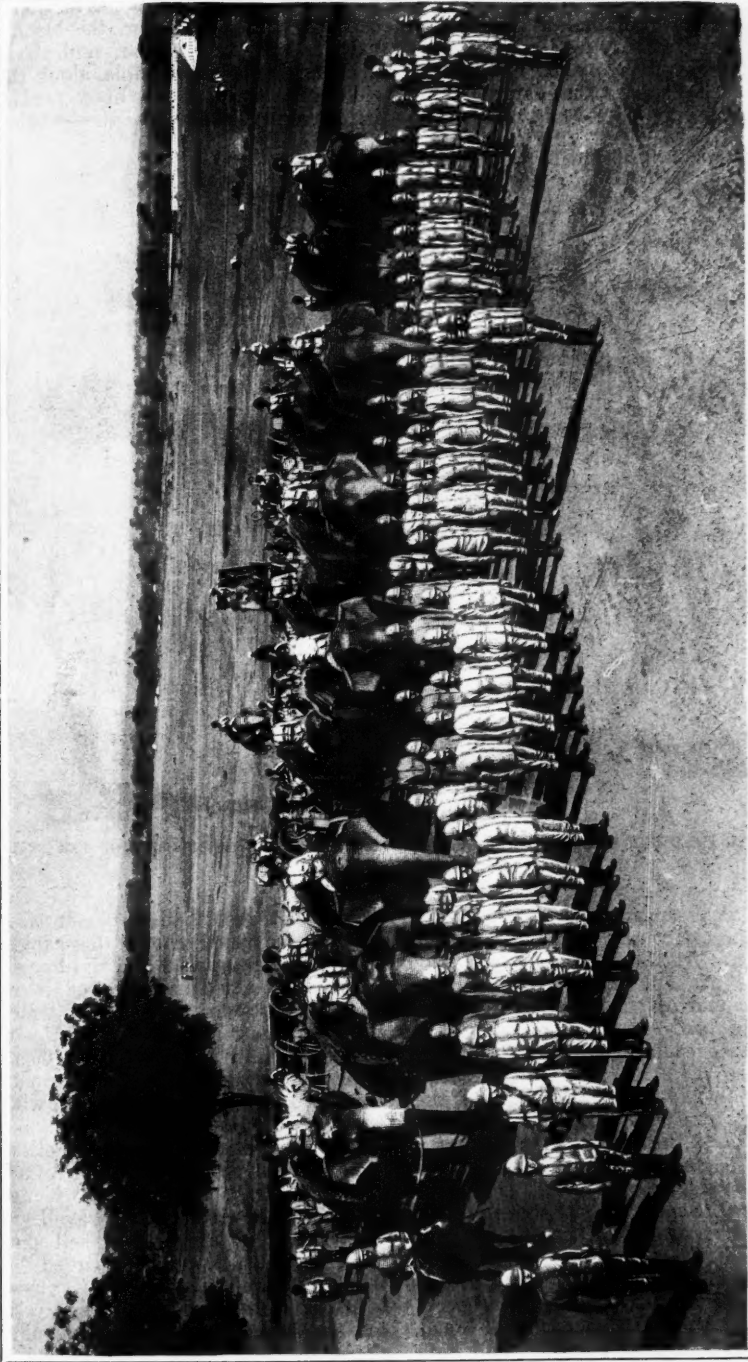
A UNITED STATES TRANSPORT WAGON
IN THE PHILIPPINES, DRAWN BY
ONE OF THE NATIVE OXEN
OF CARABAO.

Each pack train was made up of fifty pack mules, fourteen saddle mules, and one bell animal. There were fourteen packers in each train—a packmaster, a cargador, a blacksmith, a cook, and ten first class packers. The packmaster, as the name implies, is in charge of the train, and is held responsible for the property in his charge, and for the proper performance of duty by his men. He receives his orders from the chief packer, if there be one; if not, from the officer in charge of the trains. The cargador (a Spanish word meaning "loader") is the second in rank, so to speak, in the train, and takes charge of it in the absence of the packmaster. He keeps the pack saddles properly fitted to the mules, sees that all equipments are in order, and that the mules' backs are sound. He makes up the cargo or load for his train into packs, distributing and assigning them according to the strength and condition of the animals. The blacksmith keeps the mules properly shod, and should always be required to have two hundred fitted shoes on hand for field service. The cook performs the usual functions of that office, and leads the bell animal (called the "bell"). The packers might be called the crew of the train, and are instructed in their duties daily by the packmaster and the cargador.

The equipment for each pack mule includes the aparejo, or pack saddle, shown on the mules in the photographs, with its cinch and crupper; the corona, or saddle pad, made of blanket wool, and lined on the inside with canvas; the pack blanket, placed between the corona and aparejo; the pack covers, or mantas, used to cover perishable articles in packing; the lash rope and cinch, used to bind the loads on the aparejo by forming a diamond hitch; the sling rope, used to sling and hold the packs on the aparejo while the diamond hitch is being formed with the lash rope; and the layer rope,

used to bind the pack covers around the packs.

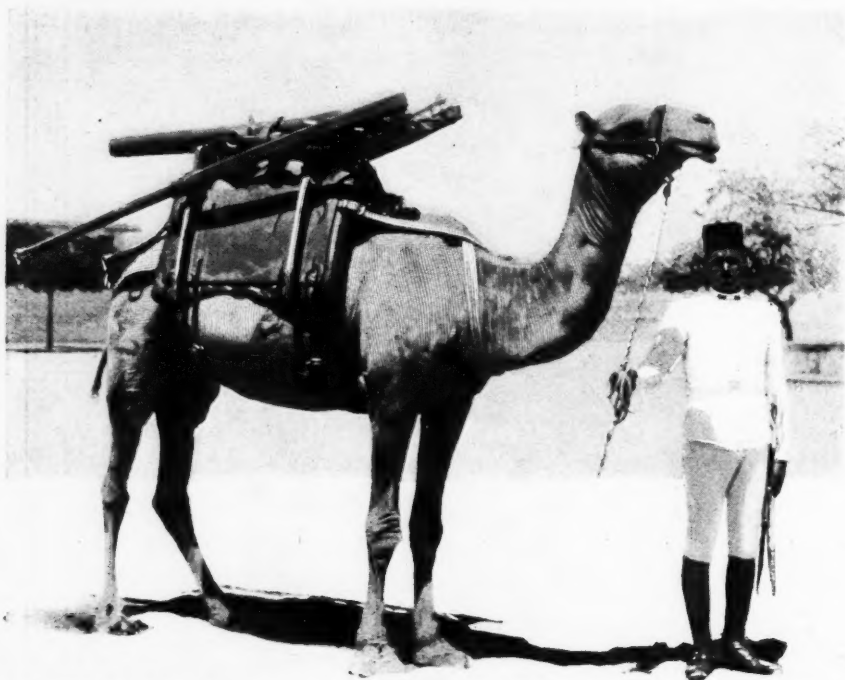
To organize and drill a train in which all the mules are "shavetails" is a task of some difficulty. The presence of a few "old timers" greatly simplifies the problem. A picket line is stretched, to which are tied the animals that are to compose the train. After riggings are fitted to the mules, they are sent out on herd. The "bell" is led out, and the mules are released and made to follow. This is not easy at first, and the packers are kept busy inducing the mules to follow the leader. While the mules are on herd, their riggings are lined up along their picket line, and when they return from herding they are made to "come to rigging," that is, to line up opposite their riggings, a mule opposite each aparejo. The packmaster and cargador stand in front of the rigging to prevent mules from jumping over or knocking down any of the aparejos, while other packers in the rear force the mules up to the rigging, and close them in towards the bell mule. If any break away, the herders drive them back into line. Men from other trains are used for the first few days to help break in a new train. After a train is broken in—or "broke in," as the packers are more likely to call it—two men take a whole train out on herd.



AN ELEPHANT BATTERY OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA, CONSISTING OF FOURTEEN ELEPHANTS AND SIX FIELD GUNS. THE DRAWBACK OF THE ELEPHANT BATTERIES IS THE UNSTEADINESS OF THE ANIMALS WHEN UNDER FIRE.

When the mules are in line, they are tied together by their halter shanks; the train is then "at rigging," and is ready for the aparejos to be put on at the command to "load up." The cargo having been "layered up"—that is, made into

cook leads the bell in the direction indicated by the packmaster, the blacksmith "drives up" in the rear, and the other packers ride, when possible, along the left side of the train, about thirty yards from it, carefully observing the mules and



A SMALL FIELD GUN BORNE BY A CAMEL BELONGING TO THE ARTILLERY CORPS OF THE ANGLO EGYPTIAN ARMY.

packs—it is arranged in two rows, parallel to the aparejos and about twenty feet from them. At the order to "load up," the mules are led out and tied to the cargo, the end of the lash rope of each load being used for this purpose. The animals face each other, twenty five on each side of the cargo, and eight packers, two at each of the four corners of the cargo, begin to load, working towards the center until all the loads are on.

A mule's load usually consists of the "near" pack and the "off" pack, as nearly equal in size and weight as possible. Single packs are often carried as top loads, but it is preferable to have one on either side of the saddle, so that they balance each other. Hay, grain, flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, beans, rice, hard bread, canned goods, tentage, and ammunition are some of the articles usually carried by pack trains.

When the loads are all adjusted, the

loads. All mules whose loads are not properly adjusted should be caught at once, the load squared and tightened, and the mule released and allowed to rejoin the train as soon as possible. Mules become very restless when taken from the train, especially if it gets out of hearing; hence the necessity of teaching packers to catch a mule and adjust a load with the least possible loss of time.

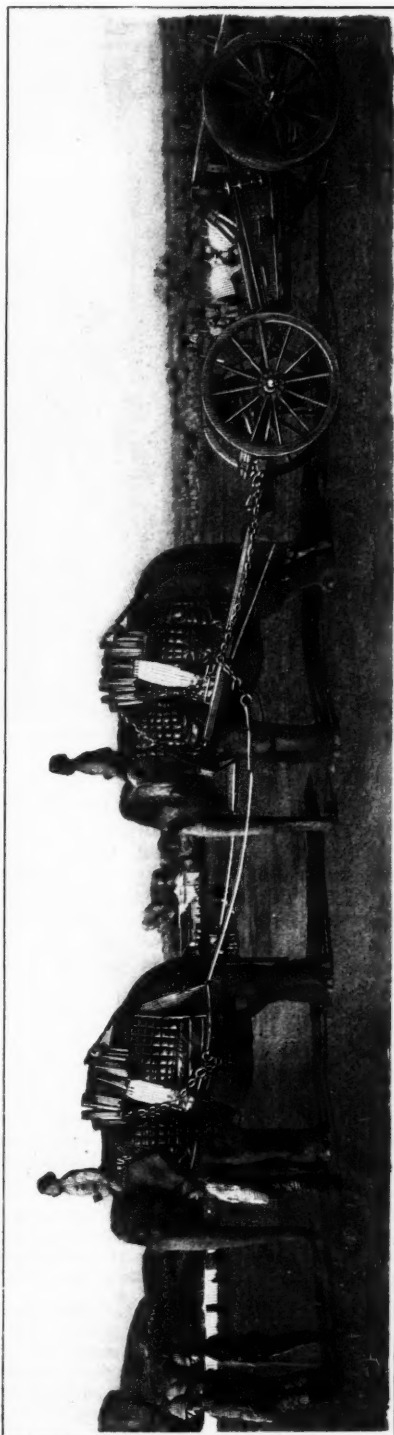
When traveling, each mule follows in the trail of the "bell," and bunching should never be allowed. There are always some that insist upon traveling near the bell. They are called "bell sharps," while those at the end are called "drag-tails." Bell sharps win their places by fighting. The best kicker is always nearest the bell. I have seen an old bell sharp on herd stand near the bell, and with his forefeet as a center, kick all the way around, and clear a circle equal to his extended length.

A bell animal should be gentle and of a conspicuous color, so that it can be readily seen and recognized by the other mules.

No one knows why mules will follow the bell, but they do, and without it a train cannot be handled successfully. While in command of the pack train camp near Tampa, I condemned about one hundred mules, and was authorized to exchange them for mules better built for packing. The condemned mules were turned into the quartermaster's corral, and the packers were directed to muffle the bell after they had turned them in. They did this, but one of the packers had a bell under his coat, and began to ring it before he was out of hearing from the corral. As soon as the pack mules heard the familiar sound, they tore down the gate and part of the fence, and most of them got away and returned to camp before the corral hands could check the stampede. The following morning, the same packers were required to catch and lead the runaway mules back to the corral under my personal supervision, and no more bells were rung within hearing distance.

The average load for a mule is two hundred and fifty pounds, and the average distance traveled per day is about twenty five miles. On forced marches much greater distances have been covered and heavier loads carried. Henry W. Daly, now in the employ of the government, has made fifty, seventy-five, eighty, and even ninety miles in one day's march with his trains. During the Garza disturbances on the Mexican border, in 1891-'92, he made one hundred and eight miles in sixteen hours with Troop G, Third Cavalry, some of his mules carrying more than three hundred and fifty pounds.

The mule's usefulness for military work is a fact of no small industrial and commercial importance at the present time. Not since Napoleon was crushed at Waterloo have we had more wars and rumors of war than within the last two years; and as a result, governments have needed mules as well as soldiers and guns. The United States is well to the front in mule raising, and there has been a run upon its stock. The breeders have waxed rich, but the American farmer, especially in the South, is not so happy. The cotton planter is finding it exceedingly difficult to get the mules he needs to work his crops. It is calculated that in two years not less than fifty thousand of the long eared animals have been purchased for army transport service, chiefly by England for the South African campaign, and by our



ELEPHANTS BELONGING TO THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA DRAWING A SIX INCH GUN. THE HUGE CREATURES TRANSPORT THE HEAVIEST ORDNANCE ON WHEELS, AND MAKE GOOD TIME SO LONG AS THERE IS NO FIRING GOING ON.



A MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF THE ITALIAN ARMY MARCHING THROUGH THE ALPS, WITH THEIR GUNS PACKED ON MULE BACK.

own government for use in the Philippines. Prices have been driven up, until a pair of ordinary "cotton mules" will command about three hundred dollars; and as the demand continues, while the supply can be but slowly replenished, the situation is becoming serious for the Southern farmer who is not a mule raiser.

In this article I can refer but briefly to

the four photographs illustrating the Cockerill system of gun transportation, now in experimental use in several European continental regiments. It seems to have met with general approval. Our system of gun transportation is very much the same, but as a change in our mountain gun is contemplated, a new packing outfit will probably be made for its transportation.

TO THE PAST.

THOU passionate sadness of the fallen leaves,
Thou hectic wood of autumn, silent, sere,
Great souls have passed away, another year
Gathers remembrance with the withered sheaves.

On the horizon of oblivion's eyes
A dim light flickers at the shade of fear;
The night of memory's muffled pulse is here—
Man is immovable, though nature grieves.

As decades pass and centuries roll by,
We mortals come, and go, and come again;
A chosen few, enrolled by fame on high,
Though of the past, live still in minds of men.
Forgetfulness is sweet, but sweeter yet
Remembrance of a past without regret.

John B. Swann.

CAMPAIGN ORATORS.

BY LUTHER B. LITTLE.

THE "SPELLBINDERS," AS THEY ARE COMMONLY CALLED, OF WHOM MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND ARE EMPLOYED IN A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—THEIR METHODS, HOW THEY ARE RECRUITED AND ORGANIZED, AND THEIR ACTUAL INFLUENCE UPON VOTERS.

THE most prominent feature of a national campaign is the political orator—the "spellbinder." This latter name is a technical term, which has been in use for a little more than a decade, and which applies only to those on the stump. An association of such campaigners as were popularly supposed to hold their audiences spellbound was organized in one of the Presidential campaigns in the eighties, and from this all stump orators are known, in political slang, under the name given to this body. Senator Chauncey M. Depew was, naturally, chosen as the president of the organization.

It is advisedly said that the orator is the most prominent part of the national campaign. Every one sees and hears him. He is the central figure of all mass meetings. He is the advertisement that a campaign is on, and that his side is the right one. Whatever ways that are dark may figure in the campaign manager's plans, the orator is the one thing always in the open. In other ways, too, his prominence is established. He is the most expensive part of the work. In the aggregate, the amount paid to spellbinders exceeds that for any other single item, and this in campaigns where millions of dollars are spent.

The campaign orator is likely to hold a high place in public life, in his profession, or in the business world. Even a former President does not lose his dignity by becoming a stump speaker, and men of keenest intellect, of greatest energy, the most scholarly, the most graceful exponents of the arts of oratory, are to be found among the campaigners. But if the matured Demosthenes is on the stump, so, too, is the boy orator, who ought to be on some lonely beach, practising with pebbles in his mouth until he can overcome his mental and physical stammering. Close beside the Senator who awakes the applause of listening thousands with his genuine eloquence is the ignoramus whose only stock in trade is a campaign text book, powerful lungs, and a ready gift

of loud and inconsequential babble before a multitude.

Both classes are of use in a political campaign. The scholar, with the skill and polish of a Cicero, the serious earnestness of a Lincoln, the magnetism of a Blaine, may count for no more than the bullet headed, rough and ready, quick witted cart tail orator who wins mighty bursts of enthusiasm by withstanding and silencing a crowd of dangerous hoodlums in the sand lots or in the gas house district. Between these extremes there is room for orators of all degrees.

HOW THE ARMY OF SPELLBINDERS IS MOBILIZED.

The chief of the speakers' bureau in a national political headquarters has a stupendous task in organization. There is an army to be collected, instructed, and kept constantly on the move, with every soldier on the firing line. It has to be done in quick time. The machinery which runs as an organized business, handling millions of dollars systematically, and in pursuance of a fixed idea, for four months preceding a national election, collapses in a week after the polls are closed on election day. The bills are paid, and for four years the committee's business is limited to routine affairs. So the speakers' bureau must be organized anew at the beginning of every national campaign. The chief must have orators qualified to speak lucidly on the party questions in all languages, in every State, before every variety of campaign meeting, and at all hours of the day and evening. It is his business to find men, and direct them when and where they may instruct, amuse, inspire, inform, convince, and convert. These men must be within call, and their movements must be as constantly and accurately known as the movements of railroad trains in the train despatcher's office. In some instances the method of keeping in touch with the orators is precisely that of this important railway employee. A huge map of the country hangs before

the chief of the spellbinders' bureau, on which are traced the routes or itineraries of the orators. Small pegs, properly named, are driven into it, and these are moved from day to day as the speakers proceed on their missionary journeys. Instructions are given by wire, and each orator reports by wire when he has kept his assignment. The chief is in close touch with the campaign managers. He knows where the great movements are to be made; what issues are of most concern to the people in particular localities. It will be a waste of powder to send an orator to talk free silver to practical financiers, or to discuss "wool schedules" on the cotton plantations.

The army of orators is recruited from all ranks and walks of life. United States Senators and Representatives in Congress, who are familiar with forensic arts, and with the party policy on all the issues, are the heavy weights. Most often they contribute their energies free of charge, regarding it as a duty, which they enjoy as the most feasible way of making a party contribution. Students of political economy who are blessed with the ability to talk in public, and who earnestly strive to impress their theories of government on the plastic minds of the nation, are in the ranks. Often they are willing to serve "for expenses," that they may have the glorious opportunity to exploit their doctrines. Lawyers of all grades, who are supposedly logical in their construction of arguments, find the speakers' bureau a means of bringing themselves into public view in a way that will win them clients later on. There are lecturers, who can speak for one party as well as the other, and whose only hope of reward is the weekly salary check. Veteran soldiers are on the list, whose business it is to arouse the patriotism of their hearers by talks of battle for the old flag.

A vast and miscellaneous number of other speakers cannot be classified. Some want office, and expect to get it, if their party wins, as a reward for services in the campaign. Some have held office, and are supposed to be familiar with public affairs. Some are newspaper men, unattached, whose practice at quickly grasping ideas and situations renders them valuable in certain varieties of campaigning. Young men just out of college, who took prizes for oratory as students, appear on the list of spellbinders, led there by the allurements of the weekly stipend, and by the possibility of gaining recognition which will stand them in good stead as they begin their struggle with the world.

There are those who know nothing of the solid, serious facts of the campaign, but can tell good stories. They have their use, for they keep great meetings good natured while waiting for the principal speaker of the evening.

METHODS OF CAMPAIGN ORATORS.

Many of the applicants for a place on the speakers' list are moved wholly by love of party. Others have a desire to help their party cause which is measured exactly by their expectations in the line of cold cash when the work is done. And these are effective speakers, too. They are in every way worthy of their hire. They make a business of campaigning, and from long experience they know how to do it scientifically. They go upon the stump precisely as they would undertake a legal case, with the expectation—probably fortified by a written contract—of certain pay for prescribed work. Their speeches are, doubtless, better than they would be otherwise, because the speaker feels that he is honestly earning a dollar. Moreover, a well paid spellbinder naturally takes an optimistic view of his party and its politics.

The chief of the speakers' bureau is wise in engaging orators of all varieties. He must provide for large and small mass meetings. He has on his list the really strong men of the party, men of national renown, whose arguments have originality and weight, and whose speeches will be published in the newspapers. They give serious discussion to the issues on which the parties divide. They inform not only that part of the public which hears them, but the other spellbinders, who will review and rehash and reconstruct the speeches to meet their own abilities and the demands made on them. They set the pace.

Of these there are two classes, and if the public, and the speakers themselves, have never thought of the classification, the campaign managers have done so. First are the constructive orators. They are optimists. They talk of the beneficent policies of their own party. They are the heralds of all the good and lasting benefits which will follow if it be continued in power. They predict certain victory. They "point with pride." They lift their audiences up to the very skies, and show the beauties that have come to all the nation with their party in control. They arouse enthusiasm by painting pictures of great and glorious things to come, and they lift up the patron saints of the party with halos, while their admiring partisans

whoop it up, in the belief that all is well with the republic.

The destructive orators, on the other hand, have a streak of pessimism in their make up. They are of exceeding great use at certain stages of almost any campaign. They show the evils of the other party. They see calamity and dire distress, to say nothing of treason and national dishonor, in every plank of their opponents' platform. With ghoulish glee, they review all the great panics since the foundation of the republic, and foresee and foretell a repetition of them if the other party comes into power. They shoot holes through their opponents' banners. They "view with alarm." They ridicule the arguments of the orators in the other party. They challenge the enemy to show a single act which has redounded to the national glory. They inspire their hearers to renewed zeal by painting the evils from which they must fly if they would escape.

Inasmuch as it counts in a campaign to injure the enemy as much as to help one's friends, the two orators, speaking from the same platform, make a strong combination, of which campaign managers often avail themselves.

HOW "GENERAL APATHY" IS OVERCOME.

The campaign orator is useful for two reasons, and those who manage campaigns take two considerations into account when determining the speaking program. One is to present the issues that divide the parties so as to win votes away from the opposition, and the other is simply to awaken an interest in a slumbering, apathetic campaign. The orator is needed to arouse the voters of his own party. The rock ribbed partisan, whom there is no more possibility of moving out of the beaten path than there is of moving a mountain, often needs as much attention as the voter who is undecided which candidate he will support.

In the older and more settled parts of the country, politics is closely allied to religion. In some parts of rural New England, it would be as hopeless a task to ask Republicans to vote the Democratic ticket as to try to convert them to Mohammedanism. Their political faith is part of their inheritance, along with a belief in the creed of the Congregational church. There is no danger that they will change their political attitude. They vote as they voted in the sixties. In the same way, there is a class of Democrats equally unchangeable. They are the salt of the party, who cannot be better described than

in the common phrase, "They are still voting for Andrew Jackson."

But in a Presidential year mass meetings are held where the halls are filled with voters of this class alone. Not a convert is made by either party. None is expected. Why, then, take the trouble to send a campaign speaker to those places?

Simply to arouse interest. The Presidential campaign is the political revival meeting. It is necessary to get people talking, to start political discussion at the country stores and crossroads post offices; for these discussions wax hot among the local leaders, and the hotter they get the more the fighting blood is aroused, and the greater is the resolve to get out the very last voter on election day. The stay at home vote is likely to be the largest in the sure counties. Local conditions govern. Certain voters are too busy, or too old and infirm, or too lazy, to look beyond their county lines. They know their county is sure to elect local officers of their own party faith, and their interest extends no further than the board of supervisors which fixes their tax levy.

How shall these men be brought to the polling place on election day?

The local managers have it duly impressed upon them that they must "get out the full party strength." A mass meeting is held. An orator is sent by the national or State speakers' bureau. It is a fact well known to party managers that many a spellbinder suitable to a large city will not be tolerated in a rural settlement. The man who goes there must take his politics seriously. He must be stocked with hard facts and figures. He must know whereof he speaks. A mountebank, a demagogue, or a buffoon will not do.

But suppose that a really able speaker enters the little hall, and, between the horrible moments of torture when the town band is playing, delivers himself of the party doctrine in forceful, earnest fashion. The next evening, the group about the stove in the country store dissects his speech. His statements are disputed by the wiseacres of the opposition; his figures are declared to be misleading. His illustrations are twisted, and his conclusions pronounced false. A vast deal of political history will be recited in support of both sides, and the dingy store becomes the scene of violent debate. In the heat of it, bets will be made on national, State, and local success at the polls, and the session will break up with a general determination to hustle to bring every last voter to the voting place on election day.

This is only the beginning. The excitement grows, and there is a vigor and enthusiasm that was unknown until the campaign orator came and woke things up.

If the party stands two to one in the township, the majority party will be the gainer by that much.

It happened not many years ago in New York State that one of the Republican strongholds was neglected by the campaign managers until almost the close of the campaign. Two adjoining counties, which were as sure to go Republican as the sun was sure to rise on election day, had no campaign meeting until within a week of election. No one seemed to care. Every one knew that the local Republicans could not lose. "General Apathy" was in command. No one talked politics. No arrangements were made by the local managers to get the absentees to the polls. A few days before election the precise situation was laid before the State managers. They acted promptly. It was decided to send the most popular and the best known speakers available into those counties. Orders for advertisements of the meetings were sent by wire. A delegation of leaders of the party was sent to accompany the speakers, to give *éclat* to the occasion; and as a result of this vigorous style of campaigning the Republican vote was increased by several thousands, according to the estimate of the local leaders.

SOME FAMOUS REPUBLICAN SPEAKERS.

Who are the greatest campaign orators?

Among Republicans, no man ranks higher than ex President Harrison. There are more magnetic speakers. There are those who soar more loftily. There are those who may win more prolonged applause. But there is not one in whom the confidence of his hearers is greater; not one whose diction is more pure, nor through whose speech there runs the thread of loftier sentiment. Not one will utter more sound sense in a given time. No speaker's words will make a deeper impression next day, and none can make so many consecutive speeches with so few repetitions of ideas and phrases.

Senator Depew is always in demand. He began when Frémont was the Republican candidate. He has been on the stump in every national and most State campaigns since that time. He has spoken in almost every State, and for thirty years has not failed to deliver one address in his home town of Peekskill, New York, usually on the Saturday night before election.

Thomas B. Reed is one of the great men among Republican speakers. He has originality of expression beyond most men. He has keen wit, biting sarcasm, and horse sense. He lacks imagination, but he carries a trip hammer. He is more a destructive than a constructive speaker. His popularity in many States is second to that of no man of either party.

Governor Theodore Roosevelt is a marvel as a campaigner, more from his tremendous strength, energy, force, and endurance than from finish and grace of delivery or diction. In the campaign of 1898 he accomplished a task of campaigning which has seldom been equaled. Starting from New York on Monday morning, he went through the southern tier of counties to Buffalo, and, returning through the central and northern counties, reached Schenectady at noon of Saturday, where he delivered his one hundredth speech. Reaching New York at dusk, he addressed three large mass meetings that night, and on Monday morning started for a fresh trip to the counties in the extreme western end of the State.

Senator Foraker of Ohio, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, and Representative Dolliver of Iowa are among the spellbinders of national repute among Republicans.

SOME DEMOCRATIC SPELLBINDERS.

Among Democrats, there is no orator who can draw larger crowds, or impress them more favorably at first acquaintance, than William J. Bryan. He has a sympathetic voice, an ease of manner, a force in gesture and enunciation, coupled with the ability to impress his listeners with his sincere belief in what he says, that give him a remarkable hold upon his audiences. Moreover, he has powers of endurance in campaigning that have never failed him in an almost unrivaled series of tours through the country.

Ex Senator David B. Hill ranks high among Democrats as a campaign orator. He is logical, cold, emphatic, and takes his political arguments seriously.

Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, is one of the old school orators. His features are classic, his gestures graceful, his diction scholarly, and his arguments profound from the standpoint of his party believers.

The late Roswell P. Flower, of New York, during his last years developed a great deal of power as a campaigner. He was never an orator. He frequently violated the simplest rules of grammar. He knew none of the forensic arts, but he had

a stock of every day information and illustration, and a rural honesty of speech and manner that carried conviction. He was an energetic campaigner, and a meeting every night, with an address at a county fair in the afternoon, was boy play to him.

One of the most effective of all the campaign orators of the last quarter century was Solon Chase, of Maine. He was a farmer, and because of one of his homely illustrations was known as "Them Steers." His figures of speech were from the garden, the cornfield, the stable, and, while expressed in the plainest language, were forcible because true to life, and known to be true by every farmer. He had a thorough knowledge of the tariff, its theory and its schedules, and fifteen years ago constructed a unique speech in which he illuminated the entire Republican policy of protection by a discussion of his "crop of sweet corn."

Bourke Cockran, of New York; Senators Vest of Missouri and Tillman of South Carolina, and George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, are among the orators who may be counted upon to discuss the Democratic issues with grace, force, and enthusiasm.

CAMPAIGN ORATORICAL BUREAUS.

The national headquarters of both parties, in recent campaigns, have had thousands of orators on their lists. In 1896, for the first time, and again this year, the campaign has been prosecuted from two points—Chicago and New York—each with a prescribed territory in which to labor, and with careful watch that there should be no duplication of the work. Naturally, the political machinery has

been doubled, and because of the smaller territory to cover by the managers in the two cities, the details have been more thoroughly watched, and the actual work made more systematic and thorough. Two speakers' bureaus have been in operation, and on the list, as speaking "under national auspices," there have been, probably, not fewer than five thousand men of each party.

In addition, the State committees have their own bureaus and a large force of orators, of which the national committees hear nothing. In some years the Republicans in New York have made it a rule to hold at least one meeting each night in each of the sixty counties of the State during the last week or two of the campaign. This requires the services of several hundred speakers, and the State and national speakers' bureaus, working in harmony, sometimes draw on each other for orators to meet the convenience of all concerned.

Campaign orators are paid according to their ability, as judged by popular verdict. The highest of the regular salaries paid by the national committees rarely, if ever, exceeds two hundred dollars a week, and but few come anywhere near that figure. The average would be much nearer fifty dollars a week and expenses.

There are instances, however, where for a single speech national committees have paid two or three hundred dollars, but the orator in such cases is one of those peculiar and rare individuals who, possessing both high reputation and ability as a speaker, lacks that party zeal which would lead him to contribute his eloquence as a willing offering.

"STAR IN THE DARKEST NIGHT."

If some sweet lady were to die in youth
And with her take a heaven of joy and truth,
Might not the Master dear of life and death,
Repenting of the act that quenched her breath,
Employ her loveliness and radiant grace
To fashion some swift star of further space?
So would she brightly shine in death's disdain
To comfort him who loved her to his pain—
His heart's sore pain.

Then, if he watched from cloud enshrouded heights,
All reverent, in still of limpid nights,
And if the eyes and soul of him were clear,
Perchance he would behold his lady dear—
Through driving cloud and specter mist and rain
And all obscurity, behold again
Her tender radiance! Oh, God, through tears
Behold her beckoning him as in old years—
The unforgotten years!

Elia W. Peattie.

In the Palace of the King.*

A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DON JOHN of Austria, the half brother of King Philip of Spain, loves Dolores de Mendoza, and the girl returns his love, but her father is determined to keep them apart, fearing that, should he permit them to marry, reasons of state might compel Don John to renounce his bride. Dolores refuses to obey her father when he orders her not to see her lover, whereupon the fiery old don threatens to have her immured within a convent on the morrow. When Mendoza goes out he locks the girl in her apartments, and with her his other daughter, Inez, who is blind; but with the assistance of her sister, Dolores escapes. She has intended seeking out the Duchess Alvarez and going to court with her, but she has gone only a little way when she meets Don John, who has been coming to her. The young prince is in despair when she tells him of her father's determination, for he realizes that Dolores must remain in concealment for a time. He takes the girl to his own apartments, and leaves her there while he goes to wait upon the king. Doña Ana de la Cerda, the Princess of Eboli, noticing that Dolores is not at court, seeks out Mendoza, and by skilful questioning ascertains why Dolores was not present, and then persuades Mendoza to place his daughter in her charge, for she hopes thereby to further a plot in which she is interested, which is to make Don John king. When the princess goes to the girls' room, Inez tricks her into believing that she is Dolores, and after accompanying her a short distance, escapes from her. After leaving the king, Don John returns to Dolores and tells her that his majesty purposes paying him a visit. Presently the king comes, accompanied by Mendoza. Finding that the door leading into the room in which Dolores is concealed is locked, Philip grows suspicious and sends Mendoza for the key. On his way out the old soldier encounters Inez, who is seeking Dolores, and as she is clad in Dolores' garments, he takes the blind girl for her sister. He strives to intercept her, but she escapes from him. In the mean time the king upbraids Don John for his conduct towards him, and then, becoming more angry, threatens to have Dolores de Mendoza tortured. Don John, now thoroughly infuriated, makes a threatening gesture, at which the king whips out his rapier and stabs him. At this moment Mendoza appears and, seeing that Philip has slain his brother, offers to give himself up as the murderer of Don John. After the king and Mendoza go away Dolores comes from her place of concealment, where she has overheard all that has passed, and throws herself on the body of her lover. Here "Adonis," the king's jester, finds her and, despite her struggles, takes her to a more secluded spot. A few moments later she is joined by Inez, who has heard of the prince's death. In the mean time Philip rejoins his court, for there is a fête in progress.

XIV (Continued).

"LIFE is very uncertain, princess," observed the king. "My lord"—he turned to the English ambassador again—"do you consider melons indigestible in England? I have lately heard much against them."

"A melon is a poor thing, of a watery constitution, your majesty," replied the ambassador glibly. "There can be but little sustenance in a hollow piece of water that is sucked from a marsh and inclosed in a green rind. To tell the truth, I hear it ill spoken of by our physicians, but I cannot well speak of the matter, for I never ate one in my life, and, please God, I never will."

"Why not?" inquired the king, who took an extraordinary interest in the sub-

ject. "You fear them, then! Yew you seem to be exceedingly strong and healthy."

"Sire, I have sometimes drunk a little water for my stomach's sake, but I will not eat it."

The king smiled pleasantly.

"How wise the English are!" he said.

"We may yet learn much of them."

Philip turned away from the ambassador and watched the dance in silence. The courtiers now stood in a wide half circle to the right and left of him as he faced the hall, and the dancers passed backward and forward across the open space. His slow eyes followed one figure without seeing the rest. In the set nearest to him a beautiful girl was dancing with one of Don John's officers. She was of the rarest type of Andalusian beauty, tall, pliant

* Copyright, 1900, by F. Marion Crawford.—This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

and slenderly strong, with raven's wing hair and splendidly languorous eyes, her creamy cheek as smooth as velvet, and a mouth like a small ripe fruit. As she moved she bent from the waist as easily and naturally as a child, and every movement followed a new curve of beauty from her white throat to the small arched foot that darted into sight as she stepped forward now and then, to disappear instantly under the shadow of the gold embroidered skirt. As she glanced towards the king, her shadowy lids half hid her eyes and the long black lashes almost brushed her cheek. Philip could not look away from her.

But suddenly there was a stir among the courtiers, and a shadow came between the king and the vision he was watching. He started a little, annoyed by the interruption and at being rudely reminded of what had happened half an hour earlier, for the shadow was cast by Mendoza, tall and grim in his armor, his face as gray as his gray beard, and his eyes hard and fixed. Without bending, like a soldier on parade, he stood there, waiting by force of habit until Philip should speak to him. The king's brows bent together, and he almost unconsciously raised one hand to signify that the music should cease. It stopped in the midst of a bar, leaving the dancers at a standstill in their measure, and all the moving sea of light and color and gleaming jewels was arrested instantly in its motion, while every look was turned towards the king. The change from sound to silence, from motion to immobility, was so sudden that every one was startled, as if some frightful accident had happened, or as if an earthquake had shaken the Alcazar to its deep foundation.

Mendoza's harsh voice spoke out alone in accents that were heard to the end of the hall:

"Don John of Austria is dead. I, Mendoza, have killed him unarmed."

It was long before a sound was heard, before any man or woman in the hall had breath to utter a word. Philip's voice was heard first.

"The man is mad," he said, with undisturbed coolness. "See to him, Perez."

"No, no!" cried Mendoza. "I am not mad. I have killed Don John. You shall find him in his room as he fell, with the wound in his breast."

One moment more the silence lasted, while Philip's stony face never moved. A single woman's shriek rang out first, long, ear piercing, agonized, and then, without warning, a cry went up such as the old

hall had never heard before. It was a bad cry to hear, for it clamored for blood to be shed for blood, and though it was not for him, Philip turned livid and shrank back a step. But Mendoza stood like a rock, waiting to be taken.

In another moment furious confusion filled the hall. From every side at once rose women's cries, and the deep shouts of angry men, and high, clear yells of rage and hate. The men pushed past the ladies of the court to the front, and some came singly, but a serried rank moved up from behind, pushing the others before them.

"Kill him! Kill him where he stands!"

And suddenly something made blue flashes of light high over the heads of all; a rapier was out and wheeled in quick circles from a pliant wrist. An officer of Mendoza's guard had drawn it, and a dozen more were in the air in an instant, and then daggers by scores, keen, short, and strong, held high at arm's length, each shaking with the fury of the hand that held it.

"*Sangre! Sangre!*"

Some one had screamed out the wild cry of the Spanish soldiers—"Blood! Blood!"—and the young men took it up in a mad yell, as they pushed forward furiously, while the few who stood in front tried to keep a space open round the king and Mendoza.

The old man never winced, and disdained to turn his head, though he heard the cry of death behind him, and the quick, soft sound of daggers drawn from leathern sheaths, and the pressing of men who would be upon him in another moment to tear him limb from limb.

Tall old Ruy Gomez had stepped forward to stem the tide of death, and beside him the English ambassador, quietly determined to see fair play or to be hurt himself in preventing murder.

"Back!" thundered Ruy Gomez, in a voice that was heard. "Back, I say! Are you gentlemen of Spain, or are you executioners yourselves that you would take this man's blood? Stand back!"

"*Sangre! Sangre!*" echoed the hall.

"Then, take mine first!" shouted the brave old prince, spreading his short cloak out behind him with his hands to cover Mendoza more completely.

But still the crowd of splendid young nobles surged up to him, and back a little, out of sheer respect for his station and his old age, and forward again, dagger in hand, with blazing eyes.

"*Sangre! Sangre! Sangre!*" they cried, blind with fury.

But meanwhile the guards had filed in, for the prudent Perez had hastened to throw wide the doors and summon them. Weapons in hand and ready, they formed a square round the king and Mendoza and Ruy Gomez, and at the sight of their steel caps and breastplates and long, tasseled halberds, the yells of the courtiers subsided a little and turned to deep curses and execrations and oaths of vengeance. A high voice pierced the low roar, keen and cutting as a knife, but no one knew whose it was, and Philip almost reeled as he heard the words.

"Remember Don Carlos! Don John of Austria is gone to join Don Carlos and Queen Isabel!"

Again a deadly silence fell upon the multitude, and the king leaned on Perez' arm. Some woman's hate had bared the truth in a flash, and there were hundreds of hands in the hall that were ready to take his life instead of Mendoza's; and he knew it, and was afraid.

XV.

THE agonized cry that had been first heard in the hall had come from Inez' lips. When she had fled from her father, she had regained her hiding place in the gallery above the throne room. She would not go to her own room, for she felt that rest was out of the question while Dolores was in such danger; and yet there would have been no object in going to Don John's door again, to risk being caught by her father or met by the king himself. She had therefore determined to let an hour pass before attempting another move. So she slipped into the gallery again, and sat upon the little wooden bench that had been made for the Moorish women in old times; and she listened to the music and the sound of the dancers' feet far below, and to the hum of voices, in which she often distinguished the name of Don John. She had heard all—the cries when it was thought that he was coming, the chamberlain's voice announcing the king, and then the change of key in the sounds that had followed. Lastly, she had heard plainly every syllable of her father's speech, so that when she realized what it meant, she had shrieked aloud, and had fled from the gallery to find her sister if she could, to find Don John's body most certainly where it lay on the marble floor, with the death wound at the breast. Her instinct—she could not have reasoned then—told her that her father must have found the lovers together, and that in sudden rage he had stabbed Don John.

Dolores' tears answered her sister's question well enough when the two girls were clasped in each other's arms at last. There was not a doubt left in the mind of either. Inez spoke first. She said that she had hidden in the gallery.

"Our father must have come in some time after the king," she said, in broken sentences, and almost choking. "Suddenly the music stopped. I could hear every word. He said that he had done it—that he had murdered Don John; and then I ran here, for I was afraid he had killed you, too."

"Would to God he had!" cried Dolores. "Would to Heaven that I were dead beside the man I love!"

"And I!" moaned Inez pitifully, and she began to sob wildly, as Dolores had sobbed at first.

But Dolores was silent now, as if she had shed all her tears at once, and had none left. She held her sister in her arms, and soothed her almost unconsciously, as if she had been a little child. But her own thoughts were taking shape quickly, for she was strong; and after the first paroxysm of her grief, she saw the immediate future as clearly as the present. When she spoke again she had the mastery of her voice, and it was clear and low.

"You say that our father confessed before the whole court that he had murdered Don John?" she said, with a question. "What happened then? Did the king speak? Was our father arrested? Can you remember?"

"I only heard loud cries," sobbed Inez. "I came to you as quickly as I could—I was afraid."

"We shall never see our father again—unless we see him on the morning when he is to die."

"Dolores! They will not kill him, too?" In sudden and greater fear than before, Inez ceased sobbing.

"He will die on the scaffold," answered Dolores, in the same clear tone, as if she were speaking in a dream, or of things that did not come near her. "There is no pardon possible. He will die tomorrow or the next day."

The present truth stood out in all its frightful distinctness. Whoever had done the murder, since Mendoza had confessed it, he would be made to die for it—of that she was sure. She could not have guessed what had really happened; and though the evidence of the sounds she had heard through the door would have gone to show that Philip had done the deed himself, yet there had been no doubt about Men-

doza's words, spoken to the king alone over Don John's dead body, and repeated before the great assembly in the ballroom. If she guessed at an explanation, it was that her father, entering the bedchamber during the quarrel, and supposing from what he saw that Don John was about to attack the king, had drawn and killed the prince without hesitation. The only thing quite clear was that Mendoza was to suffer, and seemed strangely determined to suffer, for what he had or had not done. The dark shadow of the scaffold rose before Dolores' eyes.

It had seemed impossible that she could be made to bear more than she had borne that night, when she had fallen upon Don John's body to weep her heart out for her dead love. But she saw that there was more to bear, and dimly she guessed that there might be something for her to do. There was Inez first, and she must be cared for and placed in safety, for she was beside herself with grief. It was only on that afternoon, by the window, that Dolores had guessed the blind girl's secret, which Inez herself hardly suspected even now, though she was half mad with grief and utterly broken hearted.

Dolores felt almost helpless, but she understood that she and her sister were henceforth to be more really alone in what remained of life than if they had been orphans from their earliest childhood. The vision of the convent, that had been unbearable but an hour since, held all her hope of peace and safety now, unless her father could be saved from his fate by some miracle of Heaven. But that was impossible. He had given himself up as if he were determined to die. He had been out of his mind, beside himself, stark mad, in his fear that Don John might bring harm upon his daughter. That was why he had killed him—there could be no other reason, unless he had guessed that she was in the locked room, and had judged her then and at once, and forever. The thought had not crossed her mind till then, and it was a new torture now, so that she shrank under it as under a bodily blow; and her grasp tightened violently upon her sister's arm, rousing the half fainting girl again to the full consciousness of pain.

It was no wonder that Mendoza should have done such a deed, since he had believed her ruined and lost to honor beyond salvation. That explained all. He had guessed that she had been long with Don John, who had locked her hastily into the inner room to hide her from the king. Had the king been Don John, had she

loved Philip as she loved his brother, her father would have killed his sovereign as unhesitatingly, and would have suffered any death without flinching. She believed that, and there was enough of his nature in herself to understand it.

She was as innocent as the blind girl who lay in her arms; but suddenly it flashed upon her that no one would believe it, since her own father would not, and that her maiden honor and good name were gone forever, gone with her dead lover, who alone could have cleared her before the world. She cared little for the court now, but she cared tenfold more earnestly for her father's thought of her, and she knew him and the terrible tenacity of his conviction when he believed himself to be right. He had proved that by what he had done. Since she understood all, she no longer doubted that he had killed Don John with the fullest intention, to avenge her, and almost knowing that she was within hearing, as indeed she had been. He had taken a royal life in atonement for her honor, but he was to give his own, and was to die a shameful death on the scaffold, within a few hours, or, at the latest, within a few days, for her sake.

Then she remembered how on that afternoon she had seen tears in his eyes, and had heard the tremor in his voice when he had said that she was everything to him, that she had been all his life since her mother had died—he had proved that, too; and though he had killed the man she loved, she shrank from herself again as she thought what he must have suffered in her dishonor. For it was nothing else. There was neither man nor woman nor girl in Spain who would believe her innocent against such evidence. The world might have believed Don John, if he had lived, because the world had loved him and trusted him, and could never have heard falsehood in his voice; but it would not believe her though she were dying, and though she should swear upon the most sacred and true things. The world would turn from her with an unbelieving laugh, and she was to be left alone in her dishonor, and people would judge that she was not even a fit companion for her blind sister in their solitude. The king would send her to Las Huelgas, or to some other distant convent of a severe order, that she might wear out her useless life in grief and silence and penance as quickly as possible. She bowed her head. It was too hard to bear.

Inez was more quiet now, and the two sat side by side in mournful silence, lean-

ing against the parapet. They had forgotten the dwarf, and he had disappeared, waiting, perhaps, in the shadow at a distance, in case he might be of use to them. But if he was within hearing, they did not see him. At last Inez spoke, almost in a whisper, as if she were in the presence of the dead.

"Were you there, dear?" she asked. "Did you see?"

"I was in the next room," Dolores answered. "I could not see, but I heard. I heard him fall," she added almost inaudibly, and choking.

Inez shuddered and pressed nearer to her sister, leaning against her, but she did not begin to sob again. She was thinking.

"Can we not help our father, at least?" she asked presently. "Is there nothing we can say or do? We ought to help him if we can, Dolores—though he did it."

"I would save him with my life if I could. God knows I would! He was mad when he struck the blow. He did it for my sake, because he thought Don John had ruined my good name. And we should have been married the day after tomorrow! God of heaven, have mercy!"

Her grief took hold of her again, like a material power, shaking her from head to foot, and bowing her down upon herself and wringing her hands together, so that Inez, calmer than she, touched her gently and tried to comfort her without any words, for there was none to say, since nothing mattered now, and life was over at its very beginning. Little by little the sharp agony subsided to dull pain once more, and Dolores sat upright. But Inez was thinking still, and even in her sorrow and fright she was gathering all her innocent ingenuity to her aid.

"Is there no way?" she asked, speaking more to herself than to her sister. "Could we not say that we were there, that it was not our father but some one else? Perhaps some one would believe us. If we told the judges that we were quite, quite sure that he did not do it, do you not think—but then"—she checked herself—"then, it could only have been the king."

"Only the king himself," echoed Dolores, half unconsciously, and in a dreamy tone.

"That would be terrible," said Inez. "But we could say that the king was not there, you know; that it was some one else, some one we did not know—"

Dolores rose abruptly from the seat and laid her hand upon the parapet steadily, as if an unnatural strength had suddenly

grown up in her. Inez went on speaking, confusing herself in the details she was trying to put together to make a plan, and losing the thread of her idea as she attempted to build up falsehoods, for she was truthful as their father was. But Dolores did not hear her.

"You can do nothing, child," she said at last, in a firm tone. "But I may. You have made me think of something that I may do—it is just possible—it may help a little. Let me think."

Inez waited in silence for her to go on, and Dolores stood as motionless as a statue, contemplating in thought the step she meant to take if it offered the slightest hope of saving her father. The thought was worthy of her, but the sacrifice was great even then. She had not believed that the world still held anything with which she would not willingly part, but there was one thing yet. It might be taken from her, though her father had slain Don John of Austria to save it, and was to die for it himself. She could give it before she could be robbed of it, perhaps, and it might buy his life. She could still forfeit her good name of her own free will, and call herself what she was not. In words she could give her honor to the dead man, and the dead could not rise up and deny her nor refuse the gift. And it seemed to her that when the people should hear her, they would believe her, seeing that it was her shame, a shame such as no maiden who had honor left would bear before the world. But it was hard to do. For honor was her last and only possession, now that all was taken from her.

It was not the so called honor of society, either, based on long forgotten traditions, and depending on convention for its being—not the sort of honor within which a man may ruin an honest woman and suffer no retribution, but which decrees that he must take his own life if he cannot pay a debt of play made on his promise to a friend; which allows him to lie like a cheat, but ordains that he must give or require satisfaction of blood for the imaginary insult of a hasty word; the honor which is to chivalry what black superstition is to the true Christian faith, which compares with real courage and truth and honesty as an ape compares with a man. It was not that, and Dolores knew it, as every maiden knows it; for the honor of woman is the fact on which the whole world turns, and has turned, and will turn to the end of things; but what is called the honor of society has been a fiction these many centuries, and though it came first of a high parentage, of honest

thought wedded to brave deed, and though there are honorable men yet, these are for the most part the few who talk least loudly about honor's code, and the belief they hold has come to be a secret and a persecuted faith, at which the common gentleman thinks fit to laugh lest some one should presume to measure him by it and should find him wanting.

Dolores did not mean to hesitate after she had decided what to do. But she could not avoid the struggle, and it was long and hard, though she saw the end plainly before her and did not waver. Inez did not understand, and kept silence while it lasted.

It was only a word to say, but it was the word which would be repeated against her as long as she lived, and which nothing she could ever say or do afterwards could take back when it had once been spoken—it would leave the mark that a lifetime could not efface. But she meant to speak it. She could not see what her father would see, that he would rather die, justly or unjustly, than let his daughter be dishonored before the world. That was a part of a man's code, perhaps, but it should not hinder her from saving her father's life, or trying to, at whatever cost.

What could it matter now, that the world should think her fallen from her maiden estate? The world was nothing to her, surely. It held nothing, it meant nothing, it was nothing. Her world had been her lover, and he lay dead in his room. In heaven, he knew that she was innocent, as he was himself, and he would see that she was going to accuse herself that she might save her father. In heaven, he had forgiven his murderer, and he would understand. As for the world and what it said, she knew that she must leave it instantly, and go from the confession she was about to make to the convent where she was to die, and whence her spotless soul would soon be wafted away to join her true lover beyond the earth. There was no reason why she should find it hard to do, and yet it was harder than anything she had ever dreamed of doing. But she was fighting the deepest and strongest instinct of woman's nature, and the fight went hard.

She fancied the scene—the court, the gray haired nobles, the fair and honorable women, the brave young soldiers, the thoughtless courtiers, the whole throng she was about to face, for she meant to speak before them all, and to her own shame. She was as white as marble, but when she thought of what was coming the blood sprang to her face and tingled in her

forehead, and she felt her eyes fall and her proud head bend, as the storm of humiliation descended upon her. She could hear beforehand the sounds that would follow her words—the sharp, short laugh of jealous women who hated her, the murmur of surprise among the men. Then the sea of faces would seem to rise and fall before her in waves, the lights would dance, her cheeks would burn like flames, and she would grow dizzy. That would be the end. Afterwards she could go out alone. Perhaps the women would shrink from her, no man would be brave enough to lead her kindly from the room. Yet all that she would bear, for the mere hope of saving her father. The worst, by far the worst and hardest to endure, would be something within herself, for which she had neither words nor true understanding, but which was more real than anything she could define, for it was in the very core of her heart and in the secret of her soul, a sort of despairing shame of herself and a desolate longing for something she could never recover.

She closed her tired eyes and pressed her hand heavily upon the stone coping of the parapet. It was the supreme effort, and when she looked down at Inez again she knew that she should live to the end of the ordeal without wavering.

"I am going down to the throne room," she said, very quietly and gently. "You had better go to our apartment, dear, and wait for me there. I am going to try and save our father's life—do not ask me how. It will not take long to say what I have to say, and then I will come to you."

Inez had risen now, and was standing beside her, laying a hand upon her arm.

"Let me come, too," she said. "I can help you, I am sure I can help you."

"No," answered Dolores, with authority. "You cannot help me, dearest, and it would hurt you, and you must not come."

"Then, I will stay here," said Inez sorrowfully. "I shall be nearer to him," she added under her breath.

"Stay here—yes. I will come back to you, and then—then we will go in together, and say a prayer—his soul can hear us still—we will go and say good by to him—together."

Her voice was almost firm, and Inez could not see the agony in her white face. Then Dolores clasped her in her arms and kissed her forehead and her blind eyes very lovingly, and pressed her head to her own shoulders and patted it and smoothed the girl's dark hair.

"I will come back," she said, "and,

Inez—you know the truth, my darling. Whatever evil they may say of me after tonight, remember that I have said it of myself for our father's sake, and that it is not true."

"No one will believe it," answered Inez. "They will not believe anything bad of you."

"Then, our father must die."

Dolores kissed her once more and made her sit down, then turned and went away. She walked quickly along the corridors and descended the second staircase, to enter the throne room by the side door reserved for the officers of the household and the maids of honor. She walked swiftly, her head erect, one hand holding the folds of her cloak pressed to her bosom, and the other nervously clenched and hanging down, as if she were expecting to strike a blow.

She reached the door, and for a moment her heart stopped beating and her eyes closed. She heard many loud voices within, and she knew that most of the court must still be assembled. It was better that all the world should hear her—even the king, if he were still there. She pushed the door open and went in by the familiar way, letting the dark cloak that covered her court dress fall to the ground as she passed the threshold. Half a dozen young nobles, grouped near the entrance, made way for her to pass.

When they recognized her, their voices dropped suddenly, and they stared after her in astonishment that she should appear at such a time. She was doubtless in ignorance of what had happened, they thought. As for the throng in the hall, there was no restraint upon their talk now, and words were spoken freely which would have been high treason half an hour earlier. There was the noise, the tension, the ceaseless talking, the excited air, that belong to great palace revolutions.

The press was closer near the steps of the throne, where the king and Mendoza had stood, for after they had left the hall, surrounded and protected by the guards, the courtiers had crowded upon one another, and those near the further door and outside in the outer apartments had pressed in till there was scarcely standing room on the floor of the hall. Dolores found it hard to advance. Some made way for her with low exclamations of surprise, but others, not looking to see who she was, offered a passive resistance to her movements.

"Will you kindly let me pass?" she asked at last, in a gentle tone. "I am Dolores de Mendoza."

At the name, the group that barred her passage started and made way, and going through, she came upon the Prince of Eboli, not far from the steps of the throne. The English ambassador, who meant to stay as long as there was anything for him to observe, was still by the prince's side. Dolores addressed the latter without hesitation.

"Don Ruy Gomez," she said, "I ask your help. My father is innocent, and I can prove it. But the court must hear me—every one must hear the truth. Will you help me? Can you make them listen?"

Ruy Gomez looked down at Dolores' pale and determined features in courteous astonishment.

"I am at your service," he answered. "But what are you going to say? The court is in a dangerous mood tonight."

"I must speak to all," said Dolores. "I am not afraid. What I have to say cannot be said twice—not even if I had the strength. I can save my father—"

"Why not go to the king at once?" argued the prince, who feared trouble.

"For the love of God, help me to do as I wish!" Dolores grasped his arm, and spoke with an effort. "Let me tell them all how I know that my father is not guilty of the murder. After that take me to the king if you will."

She spoke very earnestly, and he no longer opposed her. He knew the temper of the court well enough, and was sure that whatever proved Mendoza innocent would be welcome just then, and though he was far too loyal to wish the suspicion of the deed to be fixed upon the king, he was too just not to desire Mendoza to be exculpated if he were innocent.

"Come with me," he said briefly, and he took Dolores by the hand, and led her up the first three steps of the platform, so that she could see over the heads of all.

It was no time to think of court ceremonies or customs, for there was danger in the air. Ruy Gomez did not stop to make any long ceremony. Drawing himself up to his commanding height, he held up his white gloves at arm's length to attract the attention of the courtiers, and in a few moments there was silence. They seemed an hour of torture to Dolores. Ruy Gomez raised his voice:

"Grandeess, the daughter of Don Diego de Mendoza stands here at my side to prove to you that he is innocent of Don John of Austria's death!"

The words had hardly left his lips when a shout went up, like a ringing cheer. But again he raised his hand.

"Hear Doña Maria Dolores de Mendoza!" he cried.

Then he stepped a little away from Dolores, and looked towards her. She was dead white and her lips trembled. There was an almost glassy look in her eyes, and still she pressed one hand to her bosom, and the other hung by her side, the fingers twitching nervously against the folds of her skirt. A few seconds passed before she could speak.

"Grandeess of Spain——" she began, and at the first words she found strength in her voice so that it reached the ends of the hall, clear and vibrating. The silence was intense as she proceeded.

"My father has accused himself of a fearful crime. He is innocent. He would no more have raised his hand against Don John of Austria than against the king's own person. I cannot tell why he wishes to sacrifice his life by taking upon himself the guilt. But this I know. He did not do the deed. You ask me how I know that, how I can prove it? I was there, I, Dolores de Mendoza, his daughter, was there unseen in my lover's chamber when he was murdered. While he was alive I gave him all, my heart, my soul, my maiden honor; and I was there tonight, and had been with him long. But now that he is dead, I will pay for my father's life with my dishonor. He must not die, for he is innocent. Grandeess of Spain, as you are men of honor, he must not die, for he is one of you, and this foul deed was not his."

She ceased, her lids drooped till her eyes were half closed, and she swayed a little as she stood. Ruy Gomez made one long stride and held her, for he thought she was fainting. But she bit her lips, and forced her eyes to open and face the crowd again.

"That is all," she said in a low voice, but distinctly. "It is done. I am a ruined woman. Help me to go out."

The old prince gently led her down the steps. The silence had lasted long after she had spoken, but people were beginning to talk again in lower tones. It was as she had foreseen. She heard a scornful woman's laugh, and as she passed along she saw how the older ladies shrank from her and how the young ones eyed her with a look of hard curiosity, as if she were some wild creature, dangerous to approach, though worth seeing from a distance.

But the men pressed close to her as she passed, and she heard them tell one another that she was a brave woman who could dare to save her father by such

means, and there were quick applauding words as she passed, and one said audibly that he could die for a girl who had such a true heart, and another answered that he would marry her if she could forget Don John. And they did not speak without respect, but in earnest, and out of the fullness of their admiration.

At last she was at the door, and she paused to speak before going out.

"Have I saved his life?" she asked, looking up to the old prince's kind face. "Will they believe me?"

"They believe you," he answered. "But your father's life is in the king's hands. You should go to his majesty without wasting time. Shall I go with you? He will see you, I think, if I ask it."

"Why should I tell the king?" asked Dolores. "He was there—he saw it all—he knows the truth."

She hardly realized what she was saying.

XVI.

RUY GOMEZ was as loyal, in his way, as Mendoza himself, but his loyalty was of a very different sort, for it was tempered by a diplomatic spirit which made it more serviceable on ordinary occasions, and its object was altogether a principle rather than a person. Mendoza could not conceive of monarchy, in its abstract, without a concrete individuality represented by King Philip; but Ruy Gomez could not imagine the world without the Spanish monarchy, though he was well able to gage his sovereign's weaknesses and to deplore his crimes. He himself was somewhat easily deceived, as good men often are, and it was he who had given the king his new secretary, Antonio Perez; yet from the moment when Mendoza had announced Don John's death, he had been convinced that the deed had either been done by Philip himself or by his orders, and that Mendoza had bravely sacrificed himself to shield his master. What Dolores had said only confirmed his previous opinion, so far as her father's innocence was at stake. As for her own confession, he believed it, and in spite of himself he could not help admiring the girl's heroic courage. Dolores might have been in reality ten times worse than she had chosen to represent herself; she would still have been a model of all virtue compared with his own wife, though he did not know half of the princess' doings, and was certainly ignorant of her relations with the king.

He was not at all surprised when Dolores told him at the door that Philip

knew the truth about the supposed murder, but he saw how dangerous it might be for Dolores to say as much to others of the court. She wished to go away alone, as she had come, but he insisted on going with her.

"You must see his majesty," he said authoritatively. "I will try to arrange it at once. And I entreat you to be discreet, my dear, for your father's sake, if not for any other reason. You have said too much already. It was not wise of you, though it showed amazing courage. You are your father's own daughter in that—he is one of the bravest men I ever knew in my life."

"It is easy to be brave when one is dead already," said Dolores, in low tones.

"Courage, my dear, courage!" answered the old prince, in a fatherly tone, as they went along. "You are not as brave as you think, since you talk of death. Your life is not over yet."

"There is little left of it. I wish it were ended already."

She could hardly speak, for an inevitable and overwhelming reaction had followed on the great effort she had made. She put out her hand and caught her companion's arm for support. He led her quickly to the small entrance of the king's apartments, by which it was his privilege to pass in. They reached a small waiting room where there were a few chairs and a marble table, on which two big wax candles were burning. Dolores sank into a seat, and leaned back, closing her eyes, while Ruy Gomez went into the antechamber beyond and exchanged a few words with the chamberlain on duty. He came back almost immediately.

"Your father is alone with the king," he said. "We must wait."

Dolores scarcely heard what he said, and did not change her position nor open her eyes. The old man looked at her, sighed, and sat down near a brazier of wood coals, over which he slowly warmed his transparent hands, from time to time turning his rings slowly on his fingers, as if to warm them, too. Outside, the chamberlain in attendance walked slowly up and down, again and again passing the open door, through which he glanced at Dolores' face. The antechamber was little more than a short, broad corridor, and led to the king's study. This corridor had other doors, however, and it was through it that the king's private rooms communicated with the hall of the royal apartments.

As Ruy Gomez had learned, Mendoza was with Philip, but not alone. The old

officer was standing on one side of the room, erect and grave, and King Philip sat opposite him, in a huge chair, his still eyes staring at the fire that blazed in the vast chimney, and sent sudden flashes of yellow through the calm atmosphere of light shed by a score of tall candles. At a table on one side sat Antonio Perez, the secretary. He was provided with writing materials, and appeared to be taking down the conversation as it proceeded. Philip asked a question from time to time, which Mendoza answered in a strange voice, unlike his own, and between the questions there were long intervals of silence.

"You say that you had long entertained feelings of resentment against his highness," said the king. "You admit that, do you?"

"I beg your majesty's pardon. I did not say resentment. I said that I had long looked upon his highness' passion for my daughter with great anxiety."

"Is that what he said, Perez?" asked Philip, speaking to the secretary without looking at him. "Read that."

"He said: 'I have long resented his highness' admiration for my daughter,'" answered Perez, reading from his notes.

"You see," said the king. "You resented it. That is resentment. I was right. Be careful, Mendoza, for your words may be used against you tomorrow. Say precisely what you mean, and nothing but what you mean."

Mendoza inclined his head rather proudly, for he detested Antonio Perez, and it appeared to him that the king was playing a sort of comedy for the secretary's benefit. It seemed an unworthy interlude in what was really a solemn tragedy.

"Why did you resent his highness' courtship of your daughter?" inquired Philip presently, continuing his cross examination.

"Because I never believed that there could be a real marriage," answered Mendoza boldly. "I believed that my child must become the toy and plaything of Don John of Austria, or else that if his highness married her, the marriage would soon be declared void, in order that he might marry a more important personage."

"Set that down," said the king to Perez, in a sharp tone. "Set that down exactly. It is important." He waited till the secretary's pen stopped before he went on. His next question came suddenly.

"How could a marriage consecrated by our religion ever be declared null and void?"

"Easily enough, if your majesty wished it," answered Mendoza unguardedly, for his temper was slowly heating.

"Write down that answer, Perez. In other words, Mendoza, you think that I have no respect for the sacrament of marriage, which I would at any time cause to be revoked to suit my political purposes. Is that what you think?"

"I did not say that, sire. I said that even if Don John married my daughter—"

"I know quite well what you said," interrupted the king suavely. "Perez has got every word of it on paper."

The secretary's bad black eyes looked up from his writing, and he slowly nodded as he looked at Mendoza. He understood the situation perfectly, though the soldier was far too honorable to suspect the truth.

"I have confessed publicly that I killed Don John defenseless," he said, in rough tones. "Is not that enough?"

"Oh, no!" Philip almost smiled. "That is not enough. We must also know why you committed such an abominable crime. You do not seem to understand that in taking your evidence here myself, I am sparing you the indignity of an examination before a tribunal, and under torture—in all probability. You ought to be very grateful, my dear Mendoza."

"I thank your majesty," said the brave old soldier coldly.

"That is right. So we know that your hatred of his highness was of long standing, and you had probably determined some time ago that you would murder him on his return." The king paused a moment and then continued: "Do you deny that on this very afternoon you swore that if Don John attempted to see your daughter, you would kill him at once?"

Mendoza was taken by surprise, and his haggard eyes opened wide as he stared at Philip.

"You said that, did you not?" asked the king, insisting upon the point. "On your honor, did you say it?"

"Yes, I said that," answered Mendoza at last. "But how did your majesty know that I did?"

The king's enormous under lip thrust itself forward, and two ugly lines of amusement were drawn in his colorless cheeks. His jaw moved slowly, as if he were biting something of which he found the taste agreeable.

"I know everything," he said slowly. "I am well served in my own house. Perez, be careful. Write down everything. We also know, I think, that your daughter met his highness this evening. You no

doubt found that out as others did. The girl is imprudent. Do you confess to knowing that the two had met this evening?"

Mendoza ground his teeth as if he were suffering bodily torture. His brows contracted, and as Perez looked up, he faced him with such a look of hatred and anger that the secretary could not meet his eyes. The king was a sacred and semi divine personage, privileged to ask any question he chose and theoretically incapable of doing wrong, but it was unbearable that this sleek black fox should have the right to hear Diego de Mendoza confess his daughter's dishonor. Antonio Perez was not an adventurer of low birth, as many have gratuitously supposed, for his father had held an honorable post at court before him; but he was very far from being the equal of one who, though poor and far removed from the head of his own family, bore one of the most noble names in Spain.

"Let your majesty dismiss Don Antonio Perez," said Mendoza boldly. "I will then tell your majesty all I know."

Perez smiled as he bent over his notes, for he knew what the answer would be to such a demand. It came sharply.

"It is not the privilege of a man convicted of murder to choose his hearers. Answer my questions or be silent. Do you confess that you knew of your daughter's meeting with Don John this evening?"

Mendoza's lips set themselves tightly under his gray beard, and he uttered no sound. He interpreted the king's words literally.

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, sire, since I have your majesty's permission to be silent."

"It does not matter, said Philip indifferently. "Note that he refuses to answer the question, Perez. Note that this is equivalent to confessing the fact, since he would otherwise deny it. His silence is a reason, however, for allowing the case to go to the tribunal to be examined in the usual way—the usual way," he repeated, looking hard at Mendoza and emphasizing the words strongly.

"Since I do not deny the deed, I entreat your majesty to let me suffer for it quickly. I am ready to die, God knows. Let it be tomorrow morning or tonight. Your majesty need only sign the warrant for my execution, which Don Antonio Perez has, no doubt, already prepared."

"Not at all, not at all," answered the king, with horrible coolness. "I mean that you shall have a fair and open trial and every possible opportunity of justify-

ing yourself. There must be nothing secret about this. So horrible a crime must be treated in the most public manner. Though it is very painful to me to refer to such a matter, you must remember that after it had pleased Heaven, in its infinite justice, to bereave me of my unfortunate son, Don Carlos, the heir to the throne, there were not wanting ill disposed and wicked persons who actually said that I had caused his life to be shortened by various inhuman cruelties. No, no! We cannot have too much publicity. Consider how terrible a thing it would be if any one should dare to suppose that my own brother had been murdered with my consent! You should love your country too much not to fear such a result; for though you have murdered my brother in cold blood, I am too just to forget that you have proved your patriotism through a long and hitherto honorable career. It is my duty to see that the causes of your atrocious action are perfectly clear to my subjects, so that no doubt may exist even in the most prejudiced minds. Do you understand?"

"I understand that and much more besides," answered Mendoza, in low and savage tones.

"It is not necessary that you should understand or think that you understand anything more than what I say," returned the king coldly. "At what time did you go to his highness' apartments this evening?"

"Your majesty knows."

"I know nothing of it," said the king, with the utmost calm. "You were on duty after supper. You escorted me to my apartments afterwards. I had already sent for Perez, who came at once, and we remained here, busy with affairs, until I returned to the throne room, five minutes before you came and confessed the murder; did we not, Perez?"

"Most certainly, sire," answered the secretary gravely. "Your majesty must have been at work with me an hour, at least, before returning to the throne room."

"And your majesty did not go with me by the private staircase to Don John of Austria's apartments?" asked Mendoza, thunderstruck by the enormous falsehood.

"With you?" cried the king, in admirably feigned astonishment. "What madness is this? Do not write that down, Perez. The man is beside himself!"

Mendoza groaned aloud, for he saw that he had been frightfully deceived. In his magnificent generosity, he had assumed

the guilt of the crime, being ready and willing to die for it quickly to save the king from blame and to put an end to his own miserable existence. But he had expected death quickly, mercifully, within a few hours. Had he suspected what Philip had meant to do—that he was to be publicly tried for a murder he had not committed, and held up to public hatred and ignominy for days and perhaps weeks together, while a slow tribunal dragged out its endless procedure—neither his loyalty nor his desire for death could have had power to bring his pride to such a sacrifice. And now he saw that he was caught in a vise, and that no accusation he could bring against the king could save him, even if he were willing to resort to such a measure and so take back his word. There was no witness for him but himself. Don John was dead, and the infamous Perez was ready to swear that Philip had not left the room in which they had been closeted together. There was not a living being to prove that Mendoza had not gone alone to Don John's apartments with the deliberate intention of killing him. He had, indeed, been to the chief steward's office in search of a key, saying that the king desired to have it and was waiting; but it would be said that he had used the king's authority to try to get the key for himself because he knew that his daughter was hidden in the locked room. He had foolishly fancied that the king would send for him and see him alone before he died, that his sovereign would thank him for the service that was costing his life, would embrace him and send him to his death for the good of Spain and the divine right of monarchy. Truly, he had been most bitterly deceived.

"You said," continued Philip mercilessly, "that you killed his highness when he was unarmed. Is that true?"

"His highness was unarmed," said Mendoza, almost through his closed teeth, for he was suffering beyond words.

"Unarmed," repeated the king, nodding to Perez, who wrote rapidly. "You might have given him a chance for his life. It would have been more soldier-like. Had you any words before you drew upon him? Was there any quarrel?"

"None. We did not speak to each other." Mendoza tried to make Philip meet his eyes, but the king would not look at him.

"There was no altercation," said the king, looking at Perez. "That proves that the murder was premeditated. Put it down—it is very important."

(To be continued.)



The STAGE.

PLAYS READY MADE AND TO ORDER.

Three popular stars who have been accustomed to having characters and plays fitted to them, and then ambling gently along in old, familiar grooves, are this season earning their bread and truffles by downright hard work. It is plainly a painful experience.



MARCIA VAN
DRESSER, APPEAR-
ING IN "IN THE PALACE
OF THE KING."

*From her latest
photograph—Copyright
by Dupont, New York.*



CLARA LIPMAN, STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND,
LOUIS MANN, IN "ALL ON ACCOUNT
OF ELIZA."

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.



PERCY HASWELL, LEADING WOMAN WITH OTIS
SKINNER, APPEARING AS "SERAPHINA,"
IN "PRINCE OTTO."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

This process of dressing up an actor
like a paper doll has long been going on

in stageland. The star has done the same
tricks each season, depending upon new



MARGARET DALE, THE NEW INGÉNUÉ OF THE EM-
PIRE THEATER STOCK COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Savory, New York.



MRS. LANGTRY, TOURING THE ENGLISH PROVINCES
WITH "THE DEGENERATES."

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Purdy, Boston.



SUZANNE ADAMS, AN AMERICAN MEMBER OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY IN LONDON, WHO SANG BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR AS "MARGUERITE" IN "FAUST."

From her latest photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.



MAUDE ADAMS, APPEARING AS THE "DUKE OF REICHSTADT" IN ROSTAND'S NEW PLAY, "L'AIGLON."

From her latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston.

tints in clothes and scenery for novelty. The most serious result of this system has been to the player, who has stagnated.

Maude Adams was the elfin doll with a kittenish manner, a roguish smile—a sort of eighteenth century hoyden with a nine-



JOSEPH M. WEBER, OF WEBER & FIELDS.

From a photograph by McLan, New York.



LOU M. FIELDS, OF WEBER & FIELDS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MAX ROGERS, OF THE ROGERS BROTHERS.

From a photograph.



GUS ROGERS, OF THE ROGERS BROTHERS.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.



GERTRUDE BENNETT, APPEARING AS "AMY FALCONER" IN "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



MACKLYN ARBUCKLE, STARRING IN
"THE GENTLEMAN FROM
TEXAS."



EDWIN T. EMERY, JUVENILE AT
THE ALCAZAR THEATER,
SAN FRANCISCO.



CUYLER HASTINGS, PLAYING GIL-
LETTE'S ROLE IN "SHERLOCK
HOLMES."



JAMES O'NEILL AS "MONTE CRISTO" IN THE PLAY
OF THAT NAME.

*From his latest photograph by Rose & Sands, New
York.*



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS "DAVID HARUM" IN THE
PLAY OF THAT NAME.

*From his latest photograph—Copyright by Chickering,
Boston.*

teenth century ability to take care of herself. Even her experimental *Juliet* did not change these traits. But to be the *Duke of Reichstadt* in "L'Aiglon," she

John Drew has been the smart set's drawingroom doll for so long that playgoers had forgotten he had once been *Benedict* and *Orlando*. Sprigs of male



MABEL HOWARD, PLAYING MRS. CARTER'S PART IN "THE HEART OF MARYLAND."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

must alter more than her costume and the scenery. This clever young woman has had to work, and it will be a good thing for her, whatever its effect on the box office.

fashions deferred placing their orders until Drew made his autumn appearance at the Empire, so that they could be sure of knowing the latest thing in waistcoats.



FLO IRWIN, SISTER TO MAY, STARRING IN "MISS KIDDER."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



HENRY E. DIXEY, STARRING IN "THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS."

From his latest photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

There are unsympathetic persons to whom John Drew suggests the elegant precision of an authority on clothes and manners as he appears in society. There is a

certain nattiness and correctness about his clothes, a delicate deference mingled with audacity that makes the aforesaid fault finders feel that they are peering into



NELLIE THORNE, THE NEW "ESTHER" IN "BEN HUR."

From her latest photograph by Rockwood, New York.



OLIVE MCCONNELL, WHO WAS IN "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

the private life of the star. After all, that is a tribute to his art.

In "Richard Carvel" Mr. Drew is entirely out of his element. As the young, energetic, magnetic hero, he is little less than a caricature. His youth is of the painted sort, but unfortunately cosmetics are not potent with the voice.

The play itself is a travesty. It could have been more appropriately staged in any little country village, where there is genuine youth at command, than it is in Charles Frohman's pet theater. To turn the gentle, sweet *Patty Swain* of the story into a playhouse soubrette is a crime. In short, it is a fraud on the public to trade on the popularity of a book's title with such balderdash. It is a deception that sends an audience away damning the management, the play, and the players.

Mr. Sothern is deadly serious in his effort to make his *Hamlet* truly worth while, and it cannot be called a doll fitting. It was a long way from "Lord Chumley" to the flash of steel and the hop, skip, and jump drama of action; and between the swashbuckler and *Hamlet* there is no wider chasm. Mr. Sothern has worked strenuously, and no man on the stage has higher aims or greater capacity for work than he.

But lest the public should fret under these attempts at the elevation of the stage, the managers have provided a goodly list of the paper doll costumes for stars whose position is established. There is Viola Allen, for instance. No tailor made girl was ever fitted so neatly by Parisian milliner, for Miss Allen journeyed all the way to Italy that Mr. Crawford might model the heroine of his "In the Palace of the King" on the lines of the actress who was to impersonate her. Then, there is Mrs. Le Moyne. Her "mothering" of Frank Worthing in "Catherine" was of the sort to draw tears from sympathetic womanhood, whereupon two women playwrights set to work to build around her a drama in which she should be the mother of two young men, and behold, we have "The Greatest Thing in the World."

There is James O'Neill, too, who is going back to his tried and seasoned "Monte Cristo." He does not have to learn new lines, but merely puts on freshened costumes. Alice Nielsen is another who yields to the paper doll habit, continuing in her opera of last season, "The Singing Girl." Francis Wilson has also found it more wholesome to his exchequer to slip into the garments of the mountebank to which he is accustomed of old, than to fret and fume while he teaches himself

new tricks that fail to amuse; so with his "Monks of Malabar" goes a guarantee that it's the same old thing.

Julia Marlowe is perhaps the one in the list who comes forth in a guise practically certain to take with the multitude, and entailing no great amount of hard work; and yet she is the only one who is complaining. She is said to look enviously upon a sister player who has won what Miss Marlowe evidently considers the prize of the season. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" has the ready made public waiting for it which is the happy fortune of almost all the dramatized novels, but to play in "L'Aiglon" was the chosen goal of Julia Marlowe's ambition. Her penchant for masculine rôles was only whetted by her brief essay with "Chatterton" a few years ago.

In the case of "Janice Meredith," the part sought the actress, so that Mary Manning has little to do beyond letting her natural impulses have full sway in order to realize the public's conception of the Revolutionary maid. And it is the same with Crane and "David Harum." The first thought that comes from the linking of the man and the character is that the part was made for him.

All of which being so, there will be an interesting showing when the books of the season are balanced and we learn whether the actors who have worked the hardest have as much to show as their more numerous brothers and sisters in art who have been content to slip into what may be termed the wrapper rôles, requiring no pinching of the form in the adjusting.

CRANE'S EARLY CAREER.

How many people recall William H. Crane as the notary *Le Blanc* in the original presentation of "Evangeline"? This, of course, was before he and Stuart Robson threw in their lot together and made large sums out of joint starring tours, culminating in the wonderful success of "The Henrietta." Their two *Dromios*, in Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors," also did them a good turn, but when they split, and each tried Shakspeare on his own account—Robson with another mate in the "Errors," and Crane with "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—disaster overtook them, and they made haste to abandon classic heights. Crane struck great luck with "The Senator," and thereafter found Martha Morton a very serviceable playwright with her adaptations of German comedies. But one direful day Miss Morton married, and for the

past two seasons Crane has staggered under three as dead weight comedies as ever dared show themselves behind the footlights. He has had two white mile stones in his career—"The Henrietta" and "The Senator." All his friends—and he has plenty of them—are hoping that "David Harum" will prove the third.

Robson, by the way, is this season continuing with "Oliver Goldsmith," varying it with performances of "She Stoops to Conquer," whose rehearsal forms an episode in the first named play.

DIXEY UP TO DATE.

If Henry E. Dixey's career were to be traced out as the operations in Wall Street are sometimes reported, the chart of it would resemble the fluctuations of a most unstable stock. His three hundred nights as *Adonis* in New York made him the most noted actor in the city. Since then he has had as many ups and downs as his old time manager, E. E. Rice. He played *Adonis* about a thousand times in all, making a fortune, which he promptly dissipated. Now he is to be starred in the title part of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "The Adventures of Francois," and as fortune's wheel has once more brought him out of the deep waters, it may be a good time to record some of the events of his life.

Dixey was born in Boston in 1859. His real name was Dixon, and he wanted to be an actor almost from the start. His parents didn't wish him to be anything of the sort, but the boy managed to get on the stage of the Howard Athenæum, with a crowd of other youngsters, when he was only seven. He stayed there, too, and at nine actually played a part. He was sixteen years old when "Evangeline" received its first production at the Globe, and on that occasion, and on several others following, Dixey was the fore legs of the famous heifer—not the hind ones, as tradition has it. The latter were intrusted to the tender mercies of Richard Golden, whose own legs have come to possess a value peculiar to themselves in comic opera. Later on, when the Gilbert & Sullivan fever was burning its wildest, Dixey was *Sir Joseph Porter* in "Pinafore," *Bunthorne* in "Patience," and the *Lord Chancellor* in "Iolanthe." It was shortly after that "Adonis" was produced, just about the time when Henry Irving first came to this country. Dixey's imitation of the great English actor did much to give "Adonis" the great vogue it attained. As a matter of fact, it was the best bur-

lesque ever presented in this country. In passing, Dixey's opinion of Irving, expressed in an interview in a dramatic journal in 1896, is worth quoting. "In my opinion," he said, "Mr. Irving is a good burlesque actor gone wrong."

Dixey's next venture after "Adonis" was an attempt to duplicate its hit on similar lines in "The Seven Ages." It was a financial failure, like so many similar endeavors, and Dixey, like many another, sought to account for the result by laying it to a hoodoo theater, to his own illness at the opening, to anything but the true cause, which was the fact that the play wasn't what the public wanted. After that he went into the stock at Daly's, and played a wide variety of parts—old men, fat characters, light juveniles. What pleased him most during his term here was the critics' praise of his *Malvolio*, the steward, in "Twelfth Night."

During one of his "down" spells, Dixey was the *Lone Fisherman* in a revival of "Evangeline." He was with Charles Frohman for a while, appearing as *John Rimple*, Mayor of Upcomb, in the race horse comedy, "Thoroughbred." Last season he emerged from obscurity again and gave a fine performance of *David Garrick* (and appended thereto that of a bailiff) in Stuart Robson's production of "Oliver Goldsmith."

THE IRWIN SISTERS.

May Irwin and her sister Flo, who are Canadians by birth, sang in church together once upon a time, and then appeared as a team in the variety halls. Later May became ambitious for the legitimate, and for one season was a member of the stock company at Daly's. But her increasing embonpoint defied both make up and apology, so she decided to take the bull by the horns and play only those parts in which personal solidarity might contribute to the humor of the occasion. And so successful was she in this sensible departure, that it was not long before she became the whole show—in other words, turned star—and made one of the most paying stars on record.

MUNSEY'S has printed two or three pictures of May Irwin, but in this issue appears the first one of Flo, who, although she is called "jolly" on her manager's letter heads, has not yet succeeded in making so many people laugh as has her sister. She is a star, too, in the same line, and this season she has a play written by Glen McDonough, who wrote "Kate Kip" and "Sister Mary" for May Irwin. He calls

the Flo Irwin comedy "Miss Kidder." May Irwin's new comedy, by the way, makes her the daughter of a millionaire department store proprietor, and has been named "The Belle of Bridgeport."

The Irwin sisters, as they were called then, first appeared in public—except as members of an Episcopal church choir—in 1873, at the Theater Comique, Detroit, in songs and recitations.

TANGLED LANGUAGE COMEDIANS.

There have been few more remarkable successes on the stage than those won by four men whose footlight faces are familiar to thousands of theatergoers, not ten of whom would recognize the portraits herewith published were it not for the names under them. Weber and Fields and the Rogers Brothers are two German dialect teams, who have been working the same mine of humor for years, with such profit that the first named are owners of one of the best paying theaters in New York, while the other two enjoy the proud distinction of being the only actors who have their own names appear in the titles of their plays.

No longer ago than when Mr. Hammerstein first opened the Olympia, Weber and Fields were still simply variety men, with a billiard table act as their leading specialty. Their fun was of the slap dash order, the little fellow getting all the hard knocks. Jokes from the comic paragraphers, distorted in pronunciation, furnished their stock in trade of "lines." But these "went," in the lingo of the calling. The Imperial Music Hall, after struggling along under various managers, was again on the market, and these two variety actors conceived the idea of investing their savings in a theater of their own. The hoodoo hall was hired, and then Messrs. Weber and Fields proceeded to avoid the blunder nine out of ten men in their shoes would have committed.

Their scheme revolved about burlesque, but instead of hiring a lot of nobodies for their support, in order that their own work should not be overshadowed by the cleverness of their associates, they engaged men who were worthy of being stars in their several fields. The first travesty put on was a skit on "The Geisha," called "The Geezer," and both play and players made such hits that the outcome of the new venture did not linger long in the balance. From that time forward Weber and Fields' has been the most uniformly successful playhouse in New York, and, with ever increasing prosperity, its managers have added to its attractiveness

by employing the best people that money could secure. Not a few stars have been snuffed out that the constellation about Weber and Fields might burn the brighter. The first year it was Peter F. Dailey; another season it was Fay Templeton. Last year it was Lillian Russell; this, De Wolf Hopper. No wonder the place is packed at every performance. The tendency in other lines of our drama is to weaken individual companies by subtracting the best people from them to head troupes of their own. At Weber and Fields' an exactly opposite policy has been observed. If one man from the clever bunch secedes, a still bigger gun is at once obtained to take his place.

The best thing in "Fiddle dee Dee," their first bill of the season, is what may be called the autobiographical comic opera duet sung by De Wolf Hopper and Lillian Russell. The lines are a clever burlesque of the conventional thing in this type of entertainment, which opens with a chorus of villagers before an inn singing a drinking song, with empty glasses that seldom meet in the clink called for in the score. Hopper lets himself out in the byplay of a tenor impatient for his turn, while Miss Russell actually displays sufficient energy to mimic the soprano for a few minutes. So the thousand a week which Hopper is said to get may be considered as well invested, aside from its value received in the comedian's services. It evidently has inspired the fair Lillian to do something towards earning her own large stipend beyond airing her perennial beauty, her new gowns, and her diamonds.

Max and Gus Rogers, who are New York boys and "really truly" brothers, although their real name doesn't sound anything like Rogers, were picked out of the halls by Klaw & Erlanger some four years ago, and put into their summer extravaganza, "A Round of Pleasure." People said at first, "Why, they are just like Weber and Fields," but they laughed at their antics, nevertheless. When Hammerstein opened his new Victoria the Rogers Brothers were put in as stars in a play written around them, and they have continued to be the mainstay of the establishment ever since. Last year we saw "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," this year "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park," and next—well, why not "The Rogers Brothers at Weber and Fields"? Nobody will deny that the title would draw, and as their playwright seems to have set out to treat of the institutions of New York, he should not neglect one right in the line of his patrons.

Impressions by the Way

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

Another Fifty Cent Number.

I AM inclined to believe that this is another fifty cent number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Its merits cannot properly be measured by the small price at which we sell it, but by comparison with other magazines and by its own intrinsic worth. The fact is, we could not have put more thought on it than we did, no matter what the price, and I doubt if it could have been much better written. We got the best writing we could buy, and we employed the cleverest men among the journalists of New York.

This word "journalist," as I use it, is broad enough to cover both newspaper men and magazine men. I am not quite sure, though, that writers should be divided into these two classes. There are scarcely enough strictly magazine men to make up an independent class. The metropolitan newspaper is the great training school for literary men. My own idea is that more brilliant work can be had from the young, ambitious journalist, than from the man of letters, whose freshness of ideas and youthful dash are things of the past.

I should think that this November issue, as a whole, is an improvement on the October number. At all events, it is equally good. It contains eight special articles, and all on themes that should, it strikes me, be interesting to a large percentage of the four million readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. There are, in addition, two first rate serial stories—one by Marion Crawford and the other by Max Pemberton—five short stories, a rather good stage department, and perhaps as good a chat on literary matters as we have ever given.

This department, by the way, has reached a point of excellence that is attracting a good deal of attention, and is receiving a good deal of praise. Formerly, we ran only about four pages of "Literary Chat," but now that we are giving an average of a dozen or more pages, it is becoming an important feature of the magazine. But however good its standard of excellence today, it will be better in the

coming issues. It will be cleverer, keener, stronger—a department that no one, who is interested in books and the writers of books, can afford to miss reading.

"Literary Chat," by the way, is one of the two departments that have survived the many changes I have made in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE since its very early numbers. The other is "The Stage," and this I have all along regarded as the banner department in the magazine. From the information I have gathered from all sources, the section devoted to the drama, with its attractive pictures, has a wider number of followers than any other feature of THE MUNSEY.

But there is another department, now, and of much later origin, that is perhaps crowding "The Stage" pretty hard for first place in point of general popularity. I refer to the "Storiettes." They, too, have become a feature of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and, I am led to believe, one that gives a great deal of pleasure to a vast number of readers.

Mr. Croker and the Young Man.

MR. CROKER has recently been giving some advice to young men. He says they no longer have the chance to get on in the world they formerly had, and he assigns as the cause the big combinations of capital that are now employed in nearly every branch of industry. I am not quite sure that facts would sustain Mr. Croker in these views. I don't believe they would. He is partly right and partly wrong. If he had said that these combinations—trusts and big merchandising establishments—make it more difficult for young men to become individual business men, manufacturers, and merchants, I would agree with him. But the progress one may make by conducting an individual business, or by filling an important place in some concern involved in big enterprises, may differ very widely, and in favor of the salaried position. Money is not alone made by doing business for oneself. Wise investments roll up money much faster than we are wont to fancy.

The chief cry from all great institutions—railroads, big manufacturing es-

tablissements, trusts, insurance companies, publishing houses, banking and merchandising concerns—is for men of brains—clever, keen, enterprising men of executive ability, men who think, men who do things. For such men there is no practical limit to the salaries they can attain. Since the beginning of time there never was a period when genius, or even first rate ability, could command in the business world anything like the salary it commands today.

The fact is that capital alone is pitifully helpless. Brains mean more than capital, the world over. Capital is much more dependent upon man than man is upon capital. The human being who thinks and works can do something without capital; capital can do nothing without human aid.

In business it is not so much a question of money as of brains. The strongest house with a weak management, I care not how old or how respectable its history, will go to the wall, while the weak house with a strong management will become big and powerful. This is inevitable. Man is king, not capital, and this will hold true throughout the ages, whether there be trusts or no trusts, combinations of capital or no combinations. Brains must at all times and under all conditions be reckoned with.

* * * *

The ways of doing business are constantly changing, even as passenger traffic has changed since the days of the old stage coach. As this change in passenger traffic has been for the good of man, for his greater happiness and greater convenience, so, too, will the changes in business methods in the end be for the good of man and for his greater happiness. But no changes come about without losses and disadvantage to some. This has always been so and always will be so. The owners of stage coach lines and the hundreds of little inns supported by slow travel were ruined by the advent of the locomotive. No one, however, in the light of today would wish to go back to the old methods of transportation. The few often have to suffer for the good of the many.

I am not so pessimistic as Mr. Croker about the future of the young man. That is a problem that the latter will work out for himself. There doubtless will be fewer individual business men, but it doesn't follow at all that there will be less successful men, and measured, too, by the dollar standard, the gold dollar, if you please.

But what is success, any way? It cannot be measured alone by the accumulation of money. This would be a most

imperfect and misleading measurement. Many things enter into the problem of working out a successful career. The very brief span of life allotted to man must be taken into consideration. If one sacrifices health, comfort, pleasure, family, and friends merely to build up a name as the head of a business, gaining with all a fortune at middle life, has he lived wisely and well? Has his life been full and rich? Has he got all out of it that he was entitled to, has it meant to him what it should mean, according to his own estimate? With all his worries and strife—with all his financial obligations and serious problems to solve—with all his business losses from failures and dishonesty—with meeting ruinous competition, and a thousand other annoying and trying conditions inevitable in the life of the business man who has carved out his own career—has he worked out the problem of living as well as the chum of his boyhood who has had all these twenty odd years a snug berth and a good handsome salary?

The latter has had no serious cares, no worries, and no notes to pay. He has had time to be a good fellow—to be a good husband and a good father and to make friends—time to get pleasure out of each day and each week and each year as they went by—time to read and think and grow broader and sweeter and wiser—time to keep health and youth. Possibly he is not worth as much in hard cash at fifty as his boyhood friend, and possibly he is worth a good deal more. At all events, he has sipped daily of the sweets of life, while the other has waited for success to crown his efforts before tasting these pleasures. But pleasures do not wait on any man. They must be taken as they pass by, or they are gone forever.

As a sure road to happiness, the American habit of getting rich is a delusion.

Equipped to Do Better Work.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is today better equipped in its editorial department than at any previous time in its history. I have been applying myself to this branch during the last few months more closely than at any other period in my publishing experience. I have reorganized it and strengthened it, and added to it several bright young journalists. The whole department is laid out on bigger and broader lines—on better business lines. There is as good a chance for business sense and business system in the conduct of an editorial department as in other branches of the house.

With our present force and present way of doing things, not only are we able to make, and, in fact, shall make, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE better than ever before, but we shall set a hotter pace in magazine making than has ever been set by any other publishing house.

The Paramount Issue.

THE paramount issue in this Presidential campaign, it seems to me, is the one that means the most dollars in a man's pocket—in the pocket of the average American citizen. All other issues combined are as nothing beside this one. The great question for the individual voter to determine is, which party, if triumphant, would manage the affairs of the government to the best advantage *in a business sense*—so manage them that he would have more money for the comforts and luxuries of his family than he would have if the other party were in power. This is the problem that gets right home to a man, that bears on himself and those dear to him, and it is the problem that he should solve for himself, should think out independently of politics and politicians, and cast his vote accordingly.

It is not the province of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, or my purpose individually, to discuss the relative merits of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, or the relative merits of the two great parties. But it is my wish to urge men to think with independent, manly freedom.

One of the most healthy signs in our political life, it strikes me, was developed four years ago, when lifelong Republicans came out strongly for Bryan and cast their votes for him, and when lifelong Democrats came out strongly for McKinley and cast their votes for him. This was putting business considerations above party prejudices and party associations. I have a lot of respect and admiration for the man who is big enough to do this, big enough to break away from party affiliations, big enough to reason as a free man and live up to his conclusions.

The day of old time bitterness and narrowness in politics is passing. The light of a better day is beginning to break in upon us. The crack of the politician's whip is losing its terror. The thralldom of the past is yielding place to intelligent thought, to independent feeling and independent action.

It was only a few years ago that nearly all the newspapers of the country were so

narrow and so bitter politically that they could see nothing good in the party opposed to them, and nothing bad in their own party. Directly and indirectly, they grossly misled their subscribers by false pictures of both parties—painting the one as black and wicked as human ingenuity could paint it, and painting the other as white and pure as heaven. There are some newspapers, unfortunately, that indulge in this folly today, but they are fast disappearing, and even in these papers the old time bitterness and the brutal venality have disappeared. Our newspapers, as a whole, are getting to be what they properly should be—vehicles for carrying the news, not organs for political mud throwing and political misrepresentation.

* * * *

A generation ago the Democratic paper damned everything Republican, without reservation, and the Republican paper damned everything Democratic, without reservation. There was no fairness in this, no common sense in it that should appeal to the respect and confidence of voters.

The fact is, there is a good deal of good in both parties, and a good deal of bad in both parties. A perfect political party never has been and never can be. The ideal does not exist in any line. Everything, from the cradle to the grave, is a compromise to a greater or less degree. The rational thing is to compromise on the party that should handle this business machine of ours, this government, in the most businesslike and most successful way.

The directors of a great railroad, when they meet to discuss the business interests of the road, are not governed by what somebody thought about railroading half a century ago, and they are not governed by prejudices or affiliations, but by the conditions that confront them today. They are at the board meeting to vote for whatever thing or whatever policy will develop the road to the fullest extent and most increase its earning capacity.

Why shouldn't we do the same thing in the coming election? The government is a great business institution, and we are stockholders in it, in a sense, and we meet on November 6 to vote for the policy that will be productive of the greatest prosperity. As I see it, all the side issues combined are but a bubble on the surface as compared with the one great big issue—the dollars in a man's pocket. To me the whole thing is a business problem from first to last.

LITERARY CHAT

OMAR ON THE OMAR CRAZE.

What time I wrote of Wine and of the
Rose,
Of purple Bubbles and of scented Air,
I had my silver, crescent hope of Fame—
But what the Future holds, ah, what man
knows?

Methought some Idlers, when the world
wagged wrong,
Might find a line to mock the frowning
wise;
That ne'er drowells, against their empty
years,
Might sing and find some solace in the
Song;

That simple Lovers, glad in Paradise,
One verse might keep and hold me blest
for it,
And stupid Sages find their Reasonings
pricked
By thorny Wit which they claimed to
despise.

A call to comrades of the Bowl and Vine;
A jeer at pedants to outlast their lore;
The glove flung down to Fate; the Gar-
den shown
Where Nightingale and Moon make night
divine.

Ah, dream of Fame grown sweeter than
the Rose
Of Nishapur, and mellow as its Wine—
My dream of Fame what time I wrote
of those—
But what the Future holds, ah, what man
knows?

With brazen Bands and garish gleaming
Light,
Clubs eat and drink and call it Praise
of Me—
Of me, who quaffed in starlit pleas-
aunces
Not more of Wine than glamour of the
Night.

The Guide am I of ladies who have late
Outgrown a taste for Meredith's "Lu-
cile."
The Fashion in the half baked cynic set,
Philosopher of Fools—ironic Fate!

A silver, crescent hope I had—no more
Than finding Comrades, one or two,
always;
And I am a cheap literary Fad,
And of that race of Bores the chiefest
Bore!

THE VILLAIN HERO—He is an old figure in literature, but why not a villainess heroine for novelty?

Some one awoke, not long since, to the
fact that the villain hero had grown popu-
lar in this naughty world. His prevalence
was quoted as if it were a late develop-
ment in fiction, and as if it indicated sad
things of the manners and morals of the
reading world.

"See," cried the alarmist, "how the
hero of irreproachable habits has passed
from the novel and from the drama. See
how breathlessly we follow the career of a
spy in 'Secret Service,' a spy who trades
upon hospitality and love itself for his
own ends. See in 'Sherlock Holmes' how
tearfully, how almost prayerfully, we
watch for the climax which gives a sweet
and lovely woman to a morphine fiend.
See how, in the much vaunted 'Red Pot-
tage,' we are compelled to follow the for-
tunes of a rōu  and coward. In the same
author's 'Sir Charles Danvers,' all the
romantic interest centers in the man who
has squandered a fortune and gifts more
precious. *David Harum* is no knight of
unblemished record; *Rupert of Hentzau*,
as dear to our hearts as *Rudolph Ras-
sendyll* himself, is a villain self confessed.
Everywhere villainy is shown—not for the
gallery to hiss at, but for the pit to ap-
plaud. To what are we coming?"

The poor alarmist worries unnecessa-
rily. Fiction is not degenerating. The
villain has always been the hero. The
Master of Ballantrae pulled at our heart
strings harder than his virtuous brother.
That, to be sure, was only a few years ago,
but the generations crowd one another in
the book world. *Rochester* was an ogre
to make ladies shudder when Charlotte
Bront  wrote "Jane Eyre." And who
does not remember the hair raising terror
and delight of *St. Elmo* and his brethren?

Was the *Marquis of Steyne* or *Rawdon
Crawley* the model for a Sunday school

book? And yet between them lies the place of the hero of Thackeray's "novel without a hero." Was not the hero of "A Tale of Two Cities" at least an ex villain? And still farther back, was *Tom Jones* a paragon of virtue? Was there no villainy for the tiresome *Pamela* to contend against when Richardson built a hero for her to win?

There was *Iago*, there was *Macbeth*. Indeed, as one views English fiction, one wonders where the notion gained seed space that the hero must be a person of heroic attributes. The alarmist must have been confused. The prevalence of the villain hero is merely the continuance of a long established literary personage.

It may be time for anxiety over modern degeneracy when the villainess heroine begins to reign. Thus far she is rare. In books, as in existence, woman's rights are but a myth, and equality in picturesque wrong doing is not permitted the down-trodden sex.

THE TALES OF A TRAVELER—How his journeys were merely to a well equipped library, and what came of them.

A Boston publishing house of dignity and repute, and some half score geographical societies of even more dignity, had an interesting experience not long ago. They all accepted as true and creditable the experiences related by an alleged Tibetan traveler. The publishing house brought out the stories, and the geographical societies made the author a member and a fellow and what not in their ancient and honorable orders.

Presently it was discovered that the author had never been nearer Tibet than Medford, Massachusetts. He had gathered his convincing anecdotes, and gained his harrowing experiences of Tibetan manners and customs, at no greater personal inconvenience than was involved in journeying to the justly celebrated public library on Copley Square, and in asking the librarian for books on the subject. He was a journalist, and doubtless his training had fitted him for such an undertaking as writing his impressions of a Grand Lama when he had never laid eyes upon one in his life. The publishers, however, and the geographical societies, instead of applauding his ingenuity, held themselves aggrieved, and made various hostile demonstrations against him, such as ignominiously expelling him from their orders and denouncing him in the public prints. Their anger was not abated when he

quoted to them the precedent of Prosper Mérimée, who, wishing to travel in Russia, and not being in funds for such a trip, wrote a vivid description of it, full of local color, and thereby earned enough to take it.

The chief charm of this incident does not lie, however, in the fact that it is what is vulgarly known as "one on" the publishers and the geographical societies. It is in the fact that the discredited tales and maps and charts of the enterprising young Bostonian are not quite so lacking in verisimilitude as the still highly regarded tales and maps and charts of the real Tibetan traveler who smiles on his audiences from two clear eyes while describing the tortures with which the genial natives deprived him of one or both of those organs.

HAIR TONICS AND PIETY—Showing the value of placing a woman's crowning glory on "an earnest Christian worker."

As witness that humor still has an abiding place in literature, though one somewhat concealed from casual observation, the following paragraph is reproduced from a periodical called *Good Tidings for You*:

We would not advertise a hair restorer known to be injurious, as some are. Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Blank as an earnest Christian worker, we have no hesitancy in commending hers. Since Paul declared that a beautiful head of hair was a glory to a woman, has she a right to neglect it? Mrs. Blank carried out the injunction "Physician, heal thyself," and her beautiful hair bears testimony.

And on the next page is the regular advertisement, adorned with the picture of the earnest Christian worker and her Samsonian locks.

THE JARGON OF SCIENCE—Why can it not be translated for the lay reader?

An English critic, one A. T. Vance, has been calling the scientists to account for the way in which they make science unintelligible to the lay mind. Having been beguiled into reading a technical article, Mr. Vance ran across the word "idiodyctylæ." He looked it up, and a great white light of knowledge was let in upon him by the information that the word meant "a phalanx of coliomorphic oscine birds."

In a work on botany, not intended primarily for those whose business it is to

know scientific jargon, but merely for the enlightenment of general readers, he found the statement that "all the multicellular organisms propagate themselves not exclusively by fission or gemmation, but by sexual fertilization." Mr. Vance points out that the same idea could have been equally well expressed thus: "The higher plants multiply not only by divisions and buds, but by seed."

According to Mr. Vance, the simple stanza in which all the world's construction used to be stated to infants—

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land—

will appear in the new readers thus, unless a halt is called on science:

Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non adhering organic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse
of aqueous sections,
And there splendid superficial area of dry solidity.

As a matter of fact, the big word affectation is not confined to scientific writing. There is room for improvement all along the line.

EXPATRIATED GENIUS—Do American writers have to go to England for appreciation?

Some one has just been informing the world that the late Stephen Crane took up his residence in England because America had failed to pay his "genius" that respect which he thought it deserved, and which it immediately commanded among the Britons—in fact, that Mr. Crane was a sort of literary William Waldorf Astor. The statement is probably a libel on Crane, who never took himself with such seriousness as this would imply; upon America, which treated him very well, and upon England, which is even more conservative about the abuse of the over-worked word "genius" than this country is at present.

The writer who discovered that it was his high appreciation abroad which took Stephen Crane out of his own country goes on to say that Americans of letters have always received more homage in England than at home. He quotes the case of Emerson as one in point. No illustration could have been worse chosen. Not only was Emerson well loved at home, but he was in a position to ask unappreciated Englishmen of genius to come to this country. When England would not give Carlyle a mere living, Emerson tried to induce him to emigrate. Failing in this,

he engineered the sale of his books in America, so that the grouchy philosopher was getting returns from them long before his British publishers accounted him a farthing. As for intellectual England's appreciation of Emerson, Carlyle's own journal shows what that amounted to.

"I rather think," wrote the Cheyne Row bear when the gentle sage of Concord went to England, "his popularity is not very great. His doctrines are too airy and thin for the solid, practical heads of the Lancashire region"—where Emerson was lecturing. "We had immense talking with him here, but found he did not give us much to chew the cud upon—found, in fact, that he came with the rake rather than with the shovel."

And again he wrote after a personal visit from Emerson: "Emerson is now in the north lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes; in fact, though he knows it not, to a kind of intellectual *canaille*. Came here and stayed with us some days on his first arrival. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated, exotic, polite ways."

This does not sound like such mad appreciation that a man would be justified in expatriating himself in order to win the like of it.

After all, the trouble with America is not that she fails to honor her geniuses, but that she has a naïve and unsophisticated way of rating them so that impertinence and audacity pass for talent.

MISS CORELLI RAGES—In "The Master Christian" she foamingly attacks some institutions, some places, and all men.

The chip which Miss Marie Corelli always carries on her shoulder—perhaps for advertising purposes—is, in "The Master Christian," a good sized bunch of kindlings.

She first dares the religious world to approach and disturb one chip in her dedication, "To all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ." Then she defies all orthodoxy in her characters. Not a worthy citizen in the whole volume is allowed to be anything but heterodox; the *Cardinal*, whose life is a hymn of holiness, is permitted to be good only because in theory he is a doubter, a skeptic; the eager, humble seeker after eternal truth is not only a graduate from the ranks of sin, but is a present, active member of the class in skepticism. All the weakness, viciousness, and general undesirability center in those who are what are known

in primitive circles as "professors." The amusing part of it all is that the story itself could have proceeded just as logically and artistically—if one can speak of logic and art in connection with Miss Corelli—had an occasional virtuous character been allowed to be a conventional "believer."

Then Miss Corelli, with the zeal of a true Briton of an earlier period, challenges Paris to step up and touch the pile on her shoulder at its peril. Here is her tribute to it; and if Paris ever reads Miss Corelli, which is hardly conceivable, it will doubtless be much amused:

As goddess, as hollow to the very core of rottenness, as her sister of ancient days, wanton Lutetia shines—with the ghastly and unnatural luster of phosphorescent luminance arising from old graves—and as divinely determined as the destruction of the old time city splendid is the approaching downfall of the modern capital.

From which it may be seen that the writer has a vehement and pyrotechnic style not less remarkable than her knowledge of divine intention.

Finally, man, proud man, is invited by the raging authoress—one is impelled to call Miss Corelli an authoress—to step up, if he dare, and explain away his petty jealousy of woman, sweet woman, if he can. She cries:

Oh, no! No man was ever known to admit, even in thought, that a woman can do better things in art than himself. If a masculine creature draws a picture on a paving stone, he will assure himself, in his own ego, that it is really more meritorious simply as "man's work" than the last triumph of a Rosa Bonheur.

Poor Rosa Bonheur!—How she has had to carry on her capable shoulders all the incapacity of her sisters! But how comforting it must be to Miss Corelli to feel that nothing but the vast, the immeasurable conceit of men keeps her from a niche in the temple of fame side by side with Balzac and Thackeray, or—who can say?—even a little above them!

"LIVES" OF THE LIVING—A process whereby oblivion is delayed for the little great.

There are few things more amusing than to read the announcements of biographies of the living. Biographies are difficult matters at best. They cannot be written with courtesy by immediate posterity, or with intimate knowledge by remote. As for biographies by contemporaries, they are bound, in the nature of things, to be blatant praise. Imagine asking a famous statesman for data concerning his career, and then estimating with

impartial mind his virtues and defects and publishing them!

Still, biographies of the living are announced, a whole series of them. Actors and actresses are chosen as the subjects, with John Drew and Ellen Terry leading. Clement Scott has written of Ellen Terry, and Edward A. Dithmar of John Drew. The books will doubtless prove interesting enough, but as to biographies—Carlyle spoke for all men when he wrote:

I would say to my biographer, if any fool undertook such a task: "Forbear, poor fool! If thou write, it will be mere delusion and hallucination. The confused world never understood nor will understand me and my poor affairs. Not even the persons nearest to me could guess at them; nor was it found indispensable. Silence, and go thy ways elsewhere."

Still, there is one thing to be said in favor of "biographies" of the living: some will have their doings set down for whose lives the future would probably not be clamorous, and thus oblivion may be cheated, or at least delayed.

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS"

—They are a magnificent lot, and perform splendid feats, in Sienkiewicz's latest novel.

"Quo Vadis" will probably always remain the most popular of Sienkiewicz's works, although it is by no means the one which students of his novels would call the best. The great reading public has a sentiment of loyalty to the church, and of interest in religious matters, which accepts as great works those which are great chiefly in the theme they are not afraid to handle. This, of course, does not mean that "Quo Vadis" was not a remarkable book, but its enormous sales, its dramatization, and its popularity were due rather to its theme than to the handling. If it had been as great art that "Quo Vadis" was admired, some of the author's other works would have a wild fire favor.

His latest novel—the mere sight of which is enough to make one forswear reading it, so bulky is it—is called "The Knights of the Cross." In English this makes its formidable appearance in two ponderous volumes, and a world accustomed to leaflet literature looks doubtfully at it. But once begun, there is no leaving it. It outmouseth Dumas; in dash, vigor, splendid action, and breathless interest it is a magnificent romance. The school of small romanticists, with their invincible heroes and impossible feats, is outdone—doubly outdone—for while Sienkiewicz's characters are, like theirs, of superhuman strength and unbelievable skill, they

are also, unlike the others, convincingly real. The reader never pauses even to smile at his own absorption. He is as sure that these knights of the cross could bend the forest trees, break the bars of dungeons, and, unaided, put to flight small armies, as that he had bacon for breakfast or that his tailor's bill is due. If an impertinent doubt ever crossed his brain, he would brush it aside with the assurance to himself that in the thirteenth century, of course, men did these things.

Even the young women in the novel are marvels of strength and daring. A bear in the forest is not as much to them as a wildcat to a Western camper out. They meet, attack, and slay the monster, and do not faint afterwards according to the rights and privileges of their sex. They ride astride, they hunt, they are full of vivid color and courage; they are fit matches for the men.

And although one is led to see that they did not have delicate and refined customs in the thirteenth century, although they inflicted revolting tortures upon defeated foes, yet one fairly glories in their power, their freedom, and their truly magnificent courage.

Another thing should endear "The Knights of the Cross" to readers in these times of overdramatized novels. The name of the hero is almost a guarantee that it will never be staged. For what leading lady would ever consent to learn how to pronounce "Zbyshko"?

TEDIOUS "ROBERT ORANGE"—

The curious development of John Oliver Hobbes from entertaining flippancy to ponderous seriousness.

When Mrs. Craigie was merely "smart" and flippant, she was mildly entertaining. One might disapprove of her attitude towards life, as she revealed it in "Some Emotions and a Moral," or "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," but one was likely to accord her a lenient admiration and to be amused. Latterly this is reversed; the reader may approve her attitude, but his admiration is grudging, and he is, emphatically, not amused.

In "The School for Saints," Mrs. Craigie began to show distressing signs of a serious purpose. It was evident in the four hundred and five pages of closely printed type in which she told how *Robert Orange* fell in love with an archduke's daughter by a morganatic marriage, after she was already the wife of a tool of her father's; how the tool was induced, for mysterious state reasons, to disappear and

seem dead. *Robert* was shown as a very tiresome person who kept journals and wrote letters of vast length.

The awful seriousness of Mrs. Craigie's purpose was especially evident in a final author's note, which stated that in a sequel she would tell more about *Robert Orange*, his married life, his political, his social, and his religious career. In her latest book, named after her hero, the threat is made good. *Robert* continues through another thick volume to have agonies and struggles, to debate, to write, to pray, to have women fall madly in love with him. Do all women who fail to fall in love with brutes succumb to prigs? His marriage with *Brigit Parflete*, the archduke's daughter and the tool's wife, turns out to be illegal when *Mr. Parflete* reappears upon the world. *Robert* and *Brigit* part, with the agonies proper to the occasion. She goes on the stage, and he becomes a priest, Mrs. Craigie thoughtfully arranging this climax for the day when *Brigit* learns of the actual death of her wretched husband.

Mrs. Craigie's own conversion to Roman Catholicism is of such recent happening, that it is not at all surprising to find her laying great stress upon *Robert Orange's* religious experiences. He is a convert to that faith, also, as so many men in English intellectual circles were in the middle of this century. He corresponds interestingly, though perhaps not favorably, with Joseph Henry Shorthouse's *John Ingle-sant*, who, in Charles I's time, is represented as a sort of forerunner of the Tractarian movement.

TOLSTOY AND THE CHURCH—

The report of his excommunication from the ranks of Russian orthodoxy since the publication of "Resurrection."

The report that Tolstoy has at last been excommunicated by the Russian church is interesting. It is difficult to see how that institution, which is a state church, has so long remained passive under his denunciations, unless on the theory that he denounced all men and all institutions equally with those of Russia. In "Resurrection," however, it was no general arraignment; Russia, governmental, social, and ecclesiastic, was put at the bar in that remarkable book, and the empire must have felt that she made a singularly corrupt and disheartening showing. If the church was ever to excommunicate Tolstoy, it had to do it now.

To the average American reader the

book is valuable only as an exposition of the Russian administrative system. It is not a novel, in the sense in which that word means the unfolding of the characters or destinies of persons placed in certain surroundings. It is a detailed study of the surroundings rather than of the persons in the midst of them.

The chief of the characters, moreover, is one in whose reality it is difficult for an American to believe. *Nekhludoff*, type of the dandy, the libertine, the absolutely selfish materialist, is made capable of an emotion as incomprehensible as that which dominates a colored camp meeting, and which it strongly suggests. Such a man, were he an Anglo Saxon, would be unbelievable. But, as has been said, it is not he that is interesting or important in the story, but the Russian institutions with which his sudden conversion brings him into contact.

It is a matter of some interest to learn that the personal eccentricities of the great Russian novelist have not cut him off from all comforts so entirely as rumor sometimes indicates. He retains enough of this world's possessions to ride a bicycle and a horse, and to indulge in other diversions, harmless, but not tabulated among those of the primitive Christians.

LONDON ON OUR DULLNESS—It is "irredeemable," according to the "Saturday Review."

The London *Saturday Review* apparently does not think overmuch of the American literature of the day. In speaking of Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana," it grows quite vindictive:

Mr. Tarkington has set himself to depict the irredeemable dullness of provincial life in the United States. It is sufficiently surprising that such conditions of human society should be tolerated anywhere; that any one should found such a story as this upon them passes all comprehension.

American "provincial life" may not be madly exciting, but—shades of *Aunt Glegg!*—are the English critics going to carp at that? Or does England refrain from reading George Eliot in these days? And has she forgotten that all which saved the town of Cranford from "irredeemable dullness" was the gifted woman who wrote of it? And as for intolerable conditions of human society, does she recall the slums of "Bleak House," the school of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the almshouse and the thieves' resorts of "Oliver Twist"? Has she even forgotten "No. 5 John Street," about which she was talking a year ago?

Modern social conditions are not very pretty anywhere, but the *Saturday Review* would better find an unbreakable glass for its own house before it takes to shying stones about those outside the tight little isle.

A MODEST AUTHOR—Conan Doyle does not scruple to put his creations where he thinks they belong.

Nothing could be more delightful than Conan Doyle's estimate of his work as he expressed it to a visitor who went to see him in the South African military hospital where, as a volunteer surgeon, he was practising his primary profession of medicine. He declared that *Sherlock Holmes* was a mechanical creature, easy to create because he was soulless.

"Why," he is reported to have said, "one tale of Edgar Allan Poe's would be worth any number of stories on the plane of 'Sherlock Holmes.'"

THE RIVES FAMILY PLOT—Cousin Hallie uses it, or misuses it, in "A Furnace of Earth."

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, a young woman hitherto distinguished only by a surname which her cousin, Amélie, had made familiar, seems to think that one idea should serve a whole family of writers for a plot. Amélie Rives leaped into renown on a tale describing the conflict between a young woman's somewhat over-ardent feelings towards a live young man and her somewhat morbid recollections of a dead young man—a conflict, broadly speaking, between the merely human and what the heroine was pleased to call the spiritual side of her nature.

Now comes thrifty Cousin Hallie Erminie, apparently saying: "Go to, why should not I, too, use the family plot? There are no new situations under the sun, any way, so I will take Cousin Amélie's physical spiritual warfare idea and write a book of my own. Only, where her heroine was somewhat more fervent than wise chaperonage would have allowed, mine shall be a very tornado of passion; and where hers was merely a good deal of a fool, mine shall be every kind of a one—a very Bedlamite for incomprehensible behavior. And I will say these things in unmistakable English, even if my natural and acquired style will not permit me to use good English. Some people will consider me a radical, others will think me highly improper, and in both ways I shall have great fame and large emolument."

Such must have been the attitude of Cousin Hallie Erminie when she began "A Furnace of Earth." But a perfervid phraseology and a low suggestiveness are not in themselves exciting. Wickedness itself is frequently tiresome, and the mere straining after it is ridiculous as well. In "A Furnace of Earth," Miss Rives has achieved a very triumph of suggestive dullness. It would have been better had she managed to acquire the undeniable talent and the vivid and original style of her cousin rather than the family plot.

**A GEORGE ELIOT HOUSE GONE—
The place where she wrote "Adam Bede" pulled down.**

People who love literary landmarks would better engage passage to England while a few still remain. Each month, almost, it seems, some inn immortalized by Dickens gives way for a barroom on approved American lines; and as for the places where the great men and women of the last generation wrote, they are rapidly being given over to modern dwellings.

The latest piece of destruction is the demolition of the house at Richmond where George Eliot wrote "Adam Bede" and "Scenes from Clerical Life." It was her home from October, 1855, for more than three years.

**REPORTERS AS NOVELISTS—The
fiction which newspaper men are
turning out in book form.**

The journalist, as the newspaper man calls himself in his salad days, is no longer content with the swift vanishing glory of a good "story" for his paper. Literature more permanent than that which is cast into the kindling box each evening is his ambition, and he is benefiting permanent literature no less than himself.

Within a few months half a dozen newspaper men, either active or recently out of the ranks, have sprung dignified volumes upon the public. Irving Bacheller, whose "Eben Holden" is said to have stepped into "David Harum's" shoes, has been a newspaper man for many years, working on the Brooklyn *Times*, the New York *World*, and a syndicate which he himself founded.

Albert White Vorse, who wrote "Laughter of the Sphinx," was connected with a Philadelphia newspaper, and later with the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, before he attained the dignity of bound authorship. Nelson Lloyd, of "Chronic Loafer" fame, is an editor on the New York *Eve-*

ning Sun, which he has also served as a reporter. Joseph Altscheler, whose strong stories of American history are making a place for themselves, is not only a newspaper man, but slipped into fiction writing merely by a journalistic chance. He needed a serial story for the weekly edition of the New York *World*, which he managed, and he decided to write one to fit his needs, on much the same principle as a housewife decides to do the work herself rather than bother teaching a servant. His story was such a success that he has been writing more ambitious ones ever since.

Arthur Henry, whose first novel, "A Princess of Arcady," is already heralded as a sort of Americanized "Paul and Virginia," worked on both the Chicago *Herald* and the Toledo *Blade*. Presumably, Mr. Henry did not get the inspiration for his idyl from either of these sheets, latter day journalism being somewhat antipodal to Arcadian themes. At any rate, it is reassuring to note that newspaper work does not kill idyllic inspiration.

**INSANITY AND GENIUS—Rostand
only one of a long list of modern
writers whose intellects have failed
them.**

The latest news from literary circles in Paris includes the fact that Edmond Rostand has regained his health and his reason. That is cheerful, but the fact that he and so many other eminent writers have gone temporarily or permanently insane in modern times is almost enough to make a young person decide not to be an eminent writer. Cowper, Ruskin, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Heine, Poe, Nietzsche, Baudelaire, and De Maupassant—the list is a long one.

**SNOBBISHNESS IN LIBRARIES—
The custodian of books as a powerful
discourager of the gentle art of
reading.**

To make reading and study easy to the public is, presumably, at least secondary among the purposes for which libraries are founded. Even in those cases where it has to be admitted that the primary object is to aggrandize the founder, this idea does not seem too optimistic—until one meets the officials of the library.

With the exception of the Columbia University library, in almost no New York institution where the public is invited, under certain restrictions, to come in and use the books, is the man who ac-

cepts the invitation permitted to feel himself other than an intruder of most questionable bearing, or an ignoramus who really should not be allowed to interrupt the meditations of those wiser than himself. A shopper who dares to interrupt, with a request for stockings at three pairs for a dollar, an early morning conclave of "salesladies" in talk over the previous evening's gaieties; a book agent begging a Madison Avenue butler for an audience with the mistress of the house—even these must feel the confidence born of assured welcome compared with the seeker after books or information at most libraries. Familiarity with books—even such familiarity as comes of carrying them from their alcoves to a table—seems to breed a sort of intellectual pride which can scarcely restrain its contempt for the less bookish.

It has been noticed that to a certain extent the impatient and unhelpful spirit prevails even in some of the "home" libraries established to start and develop the love of books among children of the very poor. Instead of making the borrowing of books so simple and easy as to attract boys and girls, it has sometimes been made almost as difficult for them to obtain a book as to negotiate a note. The custodians of the volumes for tenement house circulation not infrequently seem to borrow their manners from the lordly beings who snub ignorance, and thereby promote it, in the richly endowed storing places of books.

Some day the course of training for librarians will include a study of the assiduously helpful, ingratiating, and persuasive methods of bookstore clerks, whose methods of arrangement might also be studied with advantage.

NOT PROUD OF MARKHAM—

Californians who treat the author of "The Man with the Hoe" to stop posing and get to work.

California, if the *Land of Sunshine* represents her feelings, is not full of undiluted joy over the pink tea and Sunday supplement popularity of Edwin Markham in the cultured East. California, it seems, gets no more joy from the spectacle of Mr. Markham telling how, when, where, and why he wrote it than the race of polar bears would take in watching one of their fellows reduced to the pitiful condition of accepting peanuts through the bars of a cage, and being rather proud of his popularity in winning the peanuts.

"Those of us who knew and loved Ed-

win Markham before the barbers discovered him as a palliative for their natural condition," says the writer in the *Land of Sunshine*, "are becoming restive. A man without effort and by natural growth a poet, until he broke his shins over a hoe! . . . It is as vulgar a presentment as ever I saw of a man of letters. . . . Shame, Oakland schoolmaster! Shame, California poet! Will you go on posing on your accident, or will you do something?"

JULIAN RALPH'S NOVEL—He is writing one dealing with the American woman.

Julian Ralph is exclaiming in London over the "sweet uses of adversity." The injuries he received in South Africa, as correspondent for the *Daily Mail*, still keep him from his journalistic work. Consequently he has time for more purely literary labors. He is writing a novel which is said to deal with woman in America, her doings and her opportunities. That is a delicate subject, after Robert Grant's pitiless satire on the kind of woman in America who is on the alert for opportunities.

THE POOR AND GOOD CHEER—Wanted, a story teller who will see that these are not mutually destructive terms.

The poor, whom we have always with us, have been a great boon to the story teller seeking unfamiliar fields to exploit, and unable to go to Tibet or Timbuctoo. He has been almost as unhampered by the necessity for entire truth as the traveler; for the poor do not read what is written of them and rise up to smite the writer, while the well to do, who compose the reading classes, are generally content to take their slums "between covers." So it often happens that the poor have been unfairly treated—sometimes with the very best intentions in the world, too.

"The Loom of Destiny," a collection of stories by Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, dealing mainly with the youthful denizens of unpleasant city regions, is a case in point. With rare exceptions, Mr. Stringer's heroes and heroines are buffeted by fate in a way which would prove fate a being utterly unacquainted with the rules of fair play—which, after all, fate isn't.

The lot of the very poor is not pleasant; the lot of the very poor children is particularly painful to contemplate—if one contemplates it in the abstract, without the

children in it. But as a matter of concrete fact, the wonder of life in the densely populated, impoverished regions is not its gloom; it is its cheerfulness. The amazing things are not the sadness of the children, the harrowing details of their lives, the wretchedness of their conditions, but their merriment and their joy in living. There is more jollity and probably as much health in the children who pour riotously out of the Chrystie Street school at noon as in those who decorously file from Miss Academia Smythe's on Madison Avenue.

No stories purporting to give anything like a unified notion of the life of a poor quarter are true to the life, no matter how true they are in individual detail, unless this feature of good cheer is brought out. One does not grasp the spirit of a situation when he says: "How melancholy it would make *me*! How melancholy, therefore, it must make *them*! How unutterably sad it is!"

"DOOLEY" ON THE STAGE—

Edward Townsend, of "Chimmie Fadden" fame, to fit him for the footlights.

Speaking of dramatizations, the philosopher of Archey Row, the inimitable *Mr. Dooley*, is to tread the boards. Popular imagination sees *Mr. Dooley* as a man of reflection rather than of action, and the shirt sleeves with which he beguiled the heat of summer nights seem scarcely adapted to stage wear. But he is to be dramatized, like every other popular hero. Edward Townsend, who wrote "Chimmie Fadden," is to fit the Hibernian sage for the footlights.

ROOSEVELT AS A "DAILY HELP"

—He is running Robert Louis Stevenson a close race in leaflet literature.

What used to be classified as "daily help" literature has changed its form of late. The little blue and white or purple and gold volumes of "thoughts," "meditations," and "aids," which formed the spiritual and intellectual food of many worthy persons, have given place to big cards whereon are inscribed uplifting sentiments. The inscription is in admirable type that recalls William Morris; the big card is always unobjectionable, and often artistic, with its dull gray mat and its fine etching or engraving of the face of the man who uttered the uplifting senti-

ment. Apart from the "daily help" idea, the card has esthetic value.

Robert Louis Stevenson has naturally been, up to the present, the favorite author of the publisher who issued the cards. Not often in the history of literature has such perfect art been joined with such wholesome, human thought to make an intimate personal philosophy. And even more seldom in the history of writers has a man maintained such optimistic views, such warm affections, such kindly interests, in the face of relentless circumstance. To see, each morning, the kind eyes looking out over the heartening words, that is a "daily help."

But—alas for moderation!—the card quotation and picture idea has spread, and Stevenson finds himself in strange company in the book stalls. Side by side with him, dressed like a twin brother, is Governor Theodore Roosevelt. He, too, is mounted on soft gray board; his eyes flash behind their glasses; his lips are in their favorite line of determination, beside the mild, wise, humorous face of Stevenson. His words are printed in the same decorative type as Stevenson's "Requiem," that hymn of the undaunted soul that faces all things with an equal courage, but longs at last for rest. And Mr. Roosevelt's words are those famous ones concerning the strenuous life—"The only life is the life of strife."

REGILDING CORONETS—A painful autobiographical novel of an American girl who became a countess.

The world of letters is irradiated by a new luminary—one bearing a name to delight the soul of every cash girl and kitchen maid. The Countess Loveau de Chavanne, fired by the noble aim of preventing American girls from following in her steps and marrying a title, has generously taken down the curtains from before her own doors and shown the gilded desolation of her house. For she says that "Ouirda, or, American Gold Regilding the Coronets of Europe," is an autobiographical novel. In it she has told what the Sunday newspapers for the last quarter of a century have printed quite as convincingly and generally with more literary charm—namely, that the American girl who buys a title seldom has anything else thrown in with it.

It is to be feared that the countess' worthy purpose—to save the American heiress from the clutches of the foreign fortune hunter—will fail, for "Ouirda"

is not likely to have a wide circulation among American heiresses; while the American factory hand, to whom it would undoubtedly appeal, is, fortunately, in little danger from the aristocracy of Europe.

ADVERTISING PLAYS—A possible explanation of the rage for the dramatized novel.

It must be hard for playwrights who have knocked vainly at managerial doors for many years, to hear that before more than one instalment of "The Helmet of Navarre" had appeared, its publishers had received offers looking towards its dramatization.

The fact is not altogether remarkable, nor altogether a tribute to the greatness of the work. The publicity which a publisher gives his offerings answers the theatrical manager exactly as well as a fresh batch of highly expensive new advertising. There is an element of thrift in the matter.

W. B. Yeats, who is taking the Celtic renaissance movement with a solemnity which would indicate that he is deficient in Celtic humor, dresses for the "young poet" part as carefully as Mr. Le Gallienne, though perhaps a little less self consciously. He allows his hair, which is properly black, to grow long, but instead of dividing it into two exact and bushy mops like Le Gallienne, he lets it fall in a disheveled, indifferent manner as it will. He wears a black slouch hat, puts his clothes on slouchily, adopts a slouching gait, and walks with eyes upturned towards the firmament at noonday as at midnight—to the anxiety and annoyance of street crossing Bobbies, fellow pedestrians, and the like.

Mr. Yeats, though he has lived in London since boyhood, is a genuine Irishman, born in Dublin in 1865.

The "mutual friend" blunder is the one for which there is the least excuse in these days. When Dickens made it, years ago, confusing "mutual" and "common" or "joint," the purists all howled, and ever since that time there has not been a class in English composition so benighted as not to include among its "horrible examples" the classic blunder, "our mutual friend." Even the newest dictionary which emulates charity in covering a multitude of sins—linguistic ones—regretfully says that the use of "mutual" to mean "common" is loose and improper. What, then, has happened to the

editors, copy readers, even proof readers, of one of the literary organs of thought which calmly announces, "Through the courtesy of a mutual friend we are able to print these entertaining early memories of so and so"?

* * * *

It is not often that a writer who has never made a popular success appreciates the commercial value of his work with approximate correctness. F. Frankfort Moore is an exception. But he had experience. He had published thirty one books before the literary public had heard of him. They were stories of adventure for boys, written while he was working on a Belfast newspaper, with only moderate success. When he had written "I Forbid the Banns" he said quietly to his wife:

"I have finished my story. I will resign my position on the newspaper, and we will move to London."

"Is it as good as all that?" she asked.

They went to London. Half a dozen publishers rejected the book before one took it. When it was placed upon the market, Moore's royalties for the first six months amounted to five thousand dollars.

* * * *

Richard Le Gallienne is another writer who understands the gentle art of advertising himself, and who also writes excellent stuff at times, though some of his work is atrociously bad. He keeps himself before the public pretty much all the time, and as a poseur he has few equals. His shock of hair, which resembles the wig worn by the Circassian lady in a dime museum, is a pose, as were the black satin knickerbockers and silken hose he once affected. There are persons who declare that his name, as he inherited it from his progenitors, is not Le Gallienne, but Gallen, or something like that.

When those who have heard and read much about the affectation of this clever Irishman, they are rather surprised when they meet him socially. Then he shows a realizing sense of things by dropping his pose and affectations, and being a charming, natural, normal, and altogether delightful companion who talks brilliantly with a delightful brogue.

The two sides of Le Gallienne are shown in his latest works. His monograph on Kipling was the production of a poseur. It was impossible when it was not humorous. On the other hand, "Travels in England" is not affected. There are a deftness and a sureness in Le Gallienne's touch, when he is not posing, which make one regret that the advertising mania should so possess him.